



**"MY STORY IS PROUD . . . The Entry  
of Truth with Chalk to Mark those Minds  
which are capable to Lodge and Harbour it."**

**Francis Bacon.**



THE ALFRED DODD EDITION  
OF  
*SHAKE-SPEARE'S SONNETS.*

This little Poetic Diary of  
"William Shake=spere"

is intended to live for All Time; to creep into the Schools, the Universities, the Homes of the World; to undermine all the Orthodox Positions; to focus Scholarly Thought on the Problems of the Elizabethan Era; to create a True Shakespearian Revival; to instal the "Solomon of his Age" in the Master's Chair of the Immortals . . . . the Temple of Apollo; and to vindicate for ever the Character of the Author.  
Francis Bacon.

THE SONNETS

OF

FRANCIS BACON...

(SHAKE-SPEARE)

Published in their Original Order

for the First Time...

and

Correctly Entitled:

“The Perfect Ceremony of Love’s Right,”

being

The Heart Cries of a Lover.

A. D.



Dedicated to the  
Treasured Memory  
of a  
Beloved Baconian  
BRO. A. C. HUNT, P.M.

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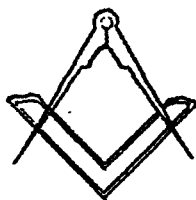
THE SECRET HISTORY  
OF  
FRANCIS BACON  
(OUR SHAKE-SPEARE)  
THE SON  
OF  
QUEEN ELIZABETH ✓

As revealed by The Sonnets arranged in the  
correct numerical and chronological order by

ALFRED DODD

Author of

- "The Marriage of Elizabeth Tudor"
- "Shakespeare : Creator of Freemasonry,"
- "Francis Bacon and the Brethren of the Rosicrosse,"
- "When was 'Shake-speares Sonnets' First Published ?"
- "The Secret Shakespeare," etc., etc.



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\*QUEEN ELIZABETH  
*Hilyard Miniature*



†FRANCIS BACON  
AT EIGHTEEN  
*Hilyard Miniature*



LORD ST. AIDAN  
*A portrait by Van Somer*

- \* Copy of the original Hilyard Miniature bound in Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book which was written in her own hand
- † Copy of the original Hilyard Miniature painted at the same time as that of Queen Elizabeth. The youth must have possessed an extraordinary personality to have so impressed the artist that he wrote in Latin round the miniature "Could I but paint his mind"

## THE PERSONAL STORY OF FRANCIS BACON.

Francis Bacon is the greatest genius and one of the most lovable men that the world has ever seen.

Pope said: "Lord Bacon is the greatest genius that either England or perhaps any other country ever produced." Lord Macaulay admitted that "he had the most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed on any of the children of men." Ben Jonson declared that "he stands as the mark and acme of our language. It is he that hath filled up all NUMBERS," all forms of versification.

"He was retiring, nervous, sensitive, unconventional and very modest" (Spedding); "a man most sweet in his conversation and ways" (Tobie Matthew, his friend); "all who were great and good loved him...a poet but concealed" (John Aubrey, a contemporary writer); "he was deeply religious for he was conversant with God and able to render a reason for the hope which was in him" (Dr. Rawley, his chaplain).

Francis Bacon was a great lawyer...the Great Code Napoleon is based on his digest of law; a great statesman... he prevented the depopulation of England; a Founder of new States, the Virginias and the Carolinas... thus making the New World English instead of Spanish; a great philosopher, for he acted as bell-ringer to all the Sciences and taught men to experiment for the good of humanity.

To comparatively few is it known that he is also the greatest dramatist and poet of all time; that he is the Immortal Bard "Shake-speare"; and that he used the word as a pen-name, taking it from the Goddess Pallas Athene—the Shaker of the Spear of Knowledge at the Serpent of Ignorance.



"crime" was his *VIRTUE* in a corrupt era...not his alleged sins.

Forget, then, the harsh things that have been written against him. There is a complete reply to every charge. Suspend your judgment, at least, until you have become acquainted with the other side. Do not believe that the truth about such a myriad-minded personality is accurately mirrored in the pages of Campbell, Church, Abbott, Macaulay. The actual documents, letters and a knowledge of the times in which he lived are sufficient to clear his name.

There is, moreover, a greater mystery in Francis Bacon's life than such biographers ever dreamed...a hidden life...the life of a man who was building great bases for Eternity to the glory of God and the good of humanity.

In one of his lectures, Ruskin says in effect, "In my early days I trusted the Authorities. I thought they would tell me the truth of things. I now discover I have been deceived."

I am, therefore, in good company when I say that pedants, with jaundiced eyes, are not safe guides. The "Authorities" are suspect, not only on Francis Bacon's character, but also the entire Shakespearian Problem, except, perhaps, purely textual matters. I have been driven to regard the orthodox mind—with its a priori judgments—as I would a "slippery customer." There are, I find, twisters in the Literary World as there are in the Marts of Commerce.

When Academic Scholarship libels the character of a man who cannot defend himself, when it robs a genius of his "good name which makes him poor indeed," when it disseminates misleading views, whether ignorantly or wilfully respecting the truth of matters regarding our National Poet, it is little short of criminal. The nation has a right to demand from the custodians of our Literary and Historic Heritage, the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth. The wilful manipulation of facts

by men like Sir Sidney Lee in his Life of "Shaksper," in order to bolster up a tradition, and by Lord Macaulay in his "Life of Francis Bacon," to perpetuate and largely originate a wanton lie merely to display rhetorical flourishes, is not only dishonest, it is CORRUPT.

It poisons the fountain of knowledge at the well-head.

## Who was Sir Francis Bacon ?

Who was Sir Francis Bacon ? History says he was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Keeper of the Great Seal to Queen Elizabeth. No one had any reason to suspect otherwise until some twenty-five years ago when a Mrs. Gallup discovered a series of cypher messages in some of Francis Bacon's works in which the author claimed that he was a son of Queen Elizabeth and a concealed dramatist—Shake-speare.

Three hundred years ago, not only had every King his "Cypher," but many common people used one also. A cypher is simply some definite system whereby a secret message is written or enfolded within an open message. Cyphers were arranged in many ways. Every first letter of an open communication might form a new hidden message such as : "Come, love, early. Anxious. Rachel...over-upset. Tired." The open message indicates that all is well for the recipient to return home. Actually it is a warning of danger. The first letters spell "CLEAR OUT."

In those dark days of political and religious persecution, coded messages were constantly resorted to as a means of communication. Mary Queen of Scots used forty different kinds. It was the alleged decoding of her secret cypher messages that really brought her to the block. All the Courts kept staffs specially for the writing and decoding of this form of secret writing. Francis Bacon indicates in his greatest work, "The Instauration," that he was familiar with at least six- *of his own contrivance.*

The cypher Mrs. Gallup discovered was a very difficult one. It was based on the use of two kinds of types which

had minute distinguishing characteristics. Only the trained eye of an expert could detect such differences. The average man could not follow it even if he had access to the original print. Its real strength lay in the beauty of some of the prose passages that were decoded, the absence of anachronisms. With few exceptions the learned authorities ridiculed her. The type differences were denied. It was alleged she had either concocted the messages or had been honestly deceived.

Since this time, records and letters have been ransacked by interested students of the Elizabethan era—chiefly amateurs. There are now abundant proofs that not only did Francis Bacon believe that he was the Queen's son, but that others knew it also—as a State secret.

I make no attempt to prove this theory. Neither a marriage certificate nor a birth certificate proves the *actual* parentage of a child. That is only known to the contracting parties. Even then, "he is a wise child that knows his own father." That Francis Bacon believed that the blood of the Tudors ran in his veins is unquestionable. "*Shake-speare's Sonnets*" prove he believed it.

The following brief summary of his life is drawn from historic facts and "cypher records," which may be termed "unofficial history."

When the Princess Elizabeth was imprisoned in the Tower by her sister Queen Mary, she became acquainted with Robert Dudley—later known as the Earl of Leicester. A violent affection sprang to life between them. On their release the attachment was maintained after Elizabeth ascended the Throne. The Queen found herself about to become a mother. Leicester's wife met with a fatal accident under very mysterious circumstances. A contemporary work, "*Leycester's Commonwealth*," declares that her husband connived at her death. Unofficial history declares that Leicester and the Queen were married privately to legitimate her offspring.

Four months after the death of Leicester's wife (Amy Robsart), a child was born, it is said, to the Queen. The



babe was taken charge of by Lady Bacon. The little one was registered at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, in the name of "Mr. Francis Bacon," on January 25th, 1560/1. The legal year then terminated on the 25th of March, so the registration 1560 really means 1561. The birth certificate with its prefix of "Mr." may still be seen by visitors to the Church.

The child was reared by the Bacons, who lived in the Strand, and, later, at Gorhambury, near St. Albans. "Mr. Francis" was thus nominally related to Lord Burleigh, Secretary of State to the Queen, who lived a short distance away from Gorhambury in the most wonderful palace in England.

He was reared in a strictly Puritanical atmosphere, his education being supervised by the Queen. Taken to Court when quite a child, he is patted publicly on the head by Elizabeth and called "My Little Lord Keeper." Unofficial history says he was constantly with the Queen and Leicester in their private apartments, that she saw him regularly at Gorhambury and at Burleigh's palace where Plays and Pageants were always being performed.

It is not without interest to note that "Leicester was the first man to receive a license for the performance of Plays in this country. His band of Players was organized the year after Elizabeth was enthroned and he maintained them all his life. The head of the band was James Burbage, the first man to build a theatre in England. Leicester had tremendous driving power and possessed remarkable literary ability according to the highest authority. Ascham." (Chamberlain)

Queen Elizabeth, too, was not only a youthful prodigy, but possessed genius administratively and intellectually. She was literary to the finger-tips. If Francis Bacon were their offspring it is easy to understand that he was exactly the type that would be the unique product of such a union.

Signs of precocious genius manifested early. At twelve he is sent to Cambridge. At fifteen he is a constant

attender at Court, and he learns for the first time the secret of his birth through a painful incident.

His nominal cousin is Robert Cecil, the hunchback, Lord Burleigh's son. One day he spitefully whispers the secret of "Mr. Francis'" birth to the ladies of the Court. The Queen, overhearing one of the Maids-in-waiting, Lady Scales, repeating the story, seizes the unfortunate girl and beats her furiously. Francis, who accidentally walks into the room while the fracas is taking place, impetuously intervenes. He learns the truth—and the cause of the incident—from the Queen's own lips, and, enraged that he should have taken the girl's part, she adds: "Though you are my own child, I bar you from the Succession for withstanding your mother."

The same evening, Lady Bacon confirms the truth of the story, adding that the Queen was married before he was born to Leicester, her husband being one of the witnesses.

The next day Francis is sent to France in the entourage of Sir Aymas Paulet, Ambassador to the French Court. He travels over the very scenes immortalised in the Shakespearian Plays. He visits Spain and Italy—Verona, Padua, Florence—which are described with such personal touches in the "Great Dramas."

While at the French Court, "Mr. Francis" falls in love with Marguerite of Navarre who was then taking steps to be divorced from her husband. Queen Elizabeth would not sanction the engagement—and the loss is bitter even to the end of life.

The exact length of time in which he was associated with Marguerite in France is alluded to in Sonnet 65 (CIV): "Three Winters, three Summers, three Springs since first your eye I eyed, Fair Friend."

Three years later Sir Nicholas Bacon dies.

Francis is recalled to England to find that while the family by a first wife, and Lady Bacon, with her own son, Anthony, are provided for in an elaborate Will, he is not left a single penny. It is a clear intimation, despite warm

highest bidder—when the proudest nobles in the land trembled at the nod of a young upstart named Villiers, the Favourite of King James, afterwards created the Duke of Buckingham.

Elizabeth was frugal. James and his Favourite were personally wasteful and extravagant. To secure monies, they exploited certain trades by creating them monopolies, using two men named Mitchell and Mompesson, a brother-in-law to Buckingham, as their agents. They were mercilessly oppressive and filled the jails in London with their victims who had infringed the monopolies.

In those days Officers of the State received their income not from the Crown but from free gifts and unfixed fees of suitors. Lord St. Alban was the head of the Chancery Court. To maintain this vast office, with its army of servants, he only received from the Crown £80 per annum. His income was derived from suitors who were expected to make a gift to the Court after their cases were heard.

The Leader of the House of Commons was Sir Edward Coke. His nature was the very antithesis of Lord St. Alban's in every respect. Throughout his life, Coke had been his bitterest enemy. He was a coarse man, narrow-minded, venomous, mean-souled and utterly unscrupulous. He had an active ally, a paid agent named Churchill, a man whom Lord St. Alban had dismissed because of his frauds on clients using the Chancery Court.

The moment Parliament was called together to vote monies to the Crown, it proceeded to impeach Mitchell and Mompesson for their extortions on behalf of the King and Buckingham. One fled the country. The other was imprisoned in the Tower.

The Commons then proceeded to question the legality of the Monopolies created by the Crown. The King, to evade the difficulty, explained that he thought he had a right inherent so to do because of the advice of his Law Officers—the "Referees"—and that he had been misled by them.

The Chairman of the Law Officers was Lord St. Alban. At the very meeting of the Referees called to deal with this point, he had advised the Crown to forego at least the most hurtful of the imposts. When the vote was taken Lord St. Alban actually voted against their continuance. The majority voted that the King had the inherent right to impose them. As the head of the Council, Lord St. Alban was technically responsible for its decision.

On the explanation of the King—which had the direct effect of shifting the blame on to the shoulders of another, his Minister—the House of Commons at once proceeded to attack the Lord Chancellor, who was thus placed in the false position of defending something technically legal with which he personally disagreed.

Coke, an old Parliamentarian, well knew how to direct the storm in an Assembly of fiery, inexperienced Members, who naturally looked to him for guidance in methods of procedure. His lieutenant was Sir Lionel Cranfield, an equally unscrupulous man who had amassed wealth by sheer roguery. Like Coke and Mompesson, he was related to Buckingham. Like Coke, he despised Francis Bacon's intellectual genius and his moral uprightness. These men were resolute, naturally, to save their benefactor, Buckingham. They were equally determined to find a scapegoat to satisfy the House of Commons in Lord St. Alban.

At their suggestion committees were appointed to deal with the matter of the Crown's legal right to create such monopolies and also to inquire into the abuses of procedure in the Courts of Law.

The moment the Committees are appointed Coke shows his hand. The "suborned Informer," Churchill, who has been promised re-instatement in the Chancery Court if he can only rake up sufficient evidence against the Lord Chancellor, lays a formal complaint that the Chancellor has been guilty of taking bribes and perverting justice in the Chancery Division.

The Committee reports the two alleged cases to the House of Lords who form themselves into a tribunal to collect evidence and also to try the offender. They act as prosecutors and judges. At once an anomalous position is created.

Shocked at the charges which he knows to be untrue, Lord St. Alban's health breaks. He takes to his bed, a sick man. He writes the Peers asking them to suspend judgment until he can call his own witnesses, produce rebutting evidence, instruct Counsel, until he knows the definite charges, is fit to attend to details. He asks for permission to cross-examine and the usual legal privileges attendant on a High Court action. Though ill, he makes active preparation for the defence, knowing that he has clean hands and a pure heart and can riddle the charges.

Unknown to him, the charges accumulate. There are twenty-two in all—expanded to twenty-eight counts.

The King becomes alarmed. The temper of the House of Commons is such that he knows if the Chancellor be acquitted, the House will turn on his Favourite—probably himself, with possibly disastrous consequences. Coward as he is, he seeks the advice of a cleric named Williams, who covets the Chancellor's Office. He and Buckingham urge the King to ask Lord St. Alban to abandon his defence, to plead "Guilty" in general terms, promising him to extend the Kingly prerogative to annul, later, whatever sentence be passed, by a full "Pardon." Their advice is *to command Lord St. Alban as the King, if necessary, to submit to his Will and to plead "Guilty."*

The King, full of fears of red ruin and revolution, sees the Lord Chancellor. He begs and implores him to submit lest the Throne be jeopardised. He makes all sorts of specious promises. At last—as King to Servant—he commands him to enter a general plea of "Guilty" to the charges.

The Lord Chancellor submits—

"Oh! From what Power hast thou this Powerful Might,  
With Insufficiency my heart to sway,"

are the words he writes afterwards of this interview. From his point of view, the King, in his Office as King, can do no wrong. He has, therefore, no free personal choice. The King carries his submission of guilt to the House of Lords, where it is announced by the Prince of Wales. The Lords are stunned at the bare news. For many minutes there is a dead silence.

But the Buckingham—Coke—Cranfield gang, armed with fore-knowledge, have laid their plans. Their enemy is helplessly in the trap. Their friends in the Upper House, to humiliate him, demand that he pleads "guilty" to *each particular charge*.

There is no way of escape. He cannot draw back. He receives the details for the first time. He writes "Guilty" and leaves his notes on each case.

"Excusing *their* sins more than *their* sins are," is the Sonnet line referring to his comments. They are sufficient to absolve him in the eyes of posterity from such trumped-up charges.

Coke presses that he should be executed and talks of precedents to justify such an act. He is, however, fined, imprisoned, stripped of his Office. Four Lords wait upon him—the same named four (contrary to history, for there were only two Lords) mentioned in the Shakespearian Play who wait on Wolsey—to relieve him of the Great Seal.

Dean Williams gets the Lord Chancellorship. Buckingham's crimes are forgotten until a later period when he is "knifed" to the joy of the nation. Churchill is reinstated in his office at the Chancery Court. Cranfield is given additional honours and wrings Lord St. Alban's home out of him to be passed on to Buckingham.

The triumph of evil is complete.  
"Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the Throne,

Yet that scaffold sways the future ; And behind the dim  
Unknown,  
Standeth God within the Shadow, Keeping watch o'er  
all His own."

The truth is... Lord St. Alban pleaded guilty to technical carelessness only, not to crime; carelessness on the part of his servants who had bought their freeholds from his predecessor and whom he could not discharge; carelessness, too, when he was new to the office, his registrars, his secretaries, his clerks.

In the first four terms, so heavy were the arrears of work through his predecessor's illness, that he made no less than 8,798 orders and decrees, freeing more than 35,000 suitors from the law's uncertainties.

Despite every vindictive effort and microscopic research by his enemies, nothing could be alleged against him during the last two years of his administration. The errors only occurred within the first twelve months, during his entry into a new office, when he was toiling at the bench and could not properly supervise his subordinates—a paltry twenty-two cases of technical carelessness! It is amazing there should be no more.

Not a single gift was given by a suitor that did not pass in the ordinary way through the Court by Clerk or Registrar. Not one gift is proved to have perverted justice.

Hepworth Dixon sums up the position after exhaustively going into each item in these words:—

“ Thus after the most rigorous scrutiny into his official acts, and the official acts of his servants, not a single fee or remembrance can by any fair construction be called a bribe: not one was given on a promise: not one in secret: not one is alleged to have corrupted justice.”

After his Fall, his enemies were in power. Dissatisfied suitors were encouraged to obtain reversal of his judgments. The fact emerges that though there were many attempts to set aside his verdicts, not one was reversed. They stand sound in law and sound in fact. That in itself is sufficient to acquit Francis Bacon from the common verdict passed by elementary history text-books.

A ruined man socially and politically, “ poor and penniless ” financially, he turns to his literary work—his dream children. Within five years, he turns out work after work

of prose philosophy and numerous secret volumes. He compiles the Shake-speare Folio. He completes his personal poems—"Shake-speare's Sonnets"—and issues them privately to his "Sons" ("Ad Filios"). He lives long enough to see Coke a disgraced man—a virtual prisoner in his own home; Cranfield in the Tower for swindling the State; Churchill again under sentence for fraudulent tricks; Dean Williams stripped of the Great Seal he coveted. His enemies fall like rotten apples.

One of his servants, Bushell, before he died—years after these events—leaves this written confession:—

"I most ingenuously confess that myself and others of his servants were the occasion of exhaling his virtues into a dark eclipse which grieves my very soul that so matchless a Peer should be lost by such insinuating caterpillars, who in his own nature scorn'd the least thought of any base, unworthy or ignoble act."

Against all Francis Bacon's traducers I simply set one witness—a man who knew him—a man who wrote when the shadows of the grave were closing upon him—a man who wrote these words deliberately: HONEST BEN JONSON, the Editor of the Shake-speare Folio:—

"He hath filled up *all numbers* and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred to insolent Greece or haughty Rome. He stands as the mark and acme of our language. . . . In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want: Neither could I condole in word or syllable for him as knowing no accident could do harm to *virtue* but rather help to make it manifest."

Note the significance of these words. Ben Jonson does not say Lord St. Alban possessed virtues, but that *he was VIRTUE*—the living embodiment of VIRTUE.

Such contemporary testimony is more valuable than all the mendacious calumnies of men who slander greatness three hundred years afterwards, men who write venially not knowing all the facts, men of mediocre judgment and less ability, or men whose



only distinction is the cheap notoriety of publicists whose mark has always been the fair, the pure, the virtuous.

"I was the justest judge," he writes, "that was in England these last fifty years. When the book of all hearts is opened, I trust I shall not be found to have the troubled fountain of a corrupt heart. I know I have clean hands and a clean heart. I am as innocent of bribes as any born on St. Innocents' Day."

He leaves this significant note of his interview with the King:—

"The law of nature teaches me to speak in my own defence. If, however, it is absolutely necessary, the King's Will shall be obeyed. I am ready to make an *OBLATION* of myself to the King in whose hands I am as clay to be made a vessel of honour or dishonour."

The reader can hear in this passage the echo in the Canopy Sonnet, 136 (CXXV),

"And take thou my *Oblation*, poor but free...

Which is not mixed with seconds...

But mutual render, *only me for thee*..."

In Ben Jonson's eulogy—found in his note-book after his decease—he specifically declares that *Francis Bacon is HE that hath filled up all NUMBERS*. This directly meant versification in Elizabethan days, sonnet, madrigal, blank verse, even cypher numbers. He uses exactly the same phrase that he applied to "Shake-speare" when he edited the Great Folio of Plays. He is simply telling posterity—in his note-book significantly entitled "Discoveries"—by his privately written record, that Francis Bacon is "Shake-speare."

The Latin eulogies published after his death prove conclusively that many scholars of the period regarded him as the greatest poet of all time. They prove that when he wrote to his friend Davies admitting that he was a "concealed poet," it was well known among the disciples of the Rosicrosse and Masonry that he was not only a Poet but regarded as a martyr for his King and connected with the Tudor Rose.

One writer calls him "Thou good martyr, no sad fate hath ever been sadder when thou fellest beneath the dire cloak of another." The Rector of King's College says: "He wrote stories of Love more refined which still do interpret Great Bacon's Muse with a vigour choicer by far than the Nine Muses fabled in story."

"To his magical fingers rang out the lyre strings; learning, too, thrilled at his touch. Oh, thou barren Tribunal (the House of Lords) that robbed the Famed of its Greatness," is the testimony of one writer. Another declares: "None who survive him can marry so sweetly Themis the Goddess of Law to Pallas the Goddess of Wisdom...Mourn, then, ye Muses."

R.C. of Trinity College writes: "Thou wert born of Minerva! Muses, now pour forth your waters in loud lamentations perennial! Thou the nerve centre of genius and the jewel most precious of letters concealed."

Robert Ashley of the Middle Temple says: "Part of thy works truly lie buried." Another writer has a reference to the Rose of Tudor: "In thy page Noble Bacon unite thy *Two Roses*."

He is variously called the "Master of Fable," "the Noble Day Star of the Muses," "the Tenth Muse," "the Learned Apollo," the "Leader of the Great Band of Muses," and "Phoebus' own Chorister."

One writes: "Thou madest the Muses Immortal." "Bacon the King of the Muses," declares Thomas Randolph of Trinity College.

A very enigmatical utterance is one by Henry Oakly: "He is gone. The word suffices for our grief: *That he is dead we say not.*"

These Latin eulogies are very voluminous and are packed with classical allusions. To the eternal discredit of orthodox Scholarship and popular Biographers of the Macaulay-Church School, they are suppressed and the ordinary student of the Elizabethan Era is totally unaware of their existence. They reveal an unexpected angle of vision into Francis Bacon's Life, Character and Literary

Work. They testify that his contemporaries knew that he was a *Great Poet*, the *Victim* of a despicable plot.

Harold Bayley, in "The Shake-speare Symphony," says :—

"The impression created by these Eulogies and other contemporary allusions to Francis Bacon is that the writers were possessed of some momentous secret which they were eager to impart, but were vowed not to reveal."

Mr. Bayley's judgment is profoundly accurate. He wrote wiser than he knew. The writers were simply loyal to Francis Bacon's last request in "Shake-speare's Sonnets." They were pledged by enfolded messages on the penal sign of the Third Degree in Masonry not to reveal his Birth, Life and Death Secrets until "some time be past..." until his Secrets could safely be made known to another generation without detriment to other individuals or to the State.

Yet, as I have said, Francis Bacon never wrote any poetry *openly* save one or two translations of the Psalms. Beyond ten short Essays, he never wrote anything over his own name until he was forty years of age—"The Advancement of Learning," the first great work of English prose to be written in the language apart from Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity."

Is it reasonable to suppose that this great genius never created a single work for publication until late in middle life? Can we credit that these Latin Scholars did not know what they were talking about when they associate him so pointedly with the Muse of Poetry? Did not Ben Jonson, the poet Laureate, know the precise meaning of the word "NUMBERS" when he applied it with such deadly significance to the literary work of Sir Francis Bacon? Who are most likely to know the truth of the Elizabethan Era: Scholarly witnesses, cognisant of his literary and personal secrets, Masons and Rosicrucians, or modern textual critics (?) of the "uninstructed world"?

There is only one possible answer to such a question. Yet men like Sir Sidney Lee, Prof. Nicholl, Dean Church and J. M. Robertson, say that Francis Bacon was not a poet, when his very prose bubbles over with the poetic spirit. It makes ordinary common-sense stand aghast at such utter foolishness!

Such modernists wrap Truth with the dark clouds of Error; facts are distorted and made to fit; and they trade on our lack of knowledge—largely, I fear, for personal, social and financial reasons—regarding the Tudor and Stuart era. Instead of enlightening the public on vitally essential circumstances, these are either shelved, ignored or misshapen. And it is left largely to amateurs to sift the false from the true.

No pen can adequately portray the pathos of the closing years of Francis Bacon's life. Think of the struggles of the old man—wearied, worn, sad, ruined. His income stopped, his creditors pressing him—conscious that he stands before the bar of posterity as a convicted criminal. Does he whimper or whine? Neither! He bends all his energies for a final spurt. He has lost much with time that he would fain recover ages hence. Under the greatest difficulties he pours out work after work—works of Philosophy openly, the Great Shakespearian Folio secretly. He will not allow the reputation of "Shakespeare" to be tarnished by his personal disgrace.

Then he publishes his little book of personal Sonnets—the key to the greatest literary problem of all time. It is "onlie sold to Brothers." He knows that some day the Revelation of his Personality will be made manifest.

They are published on the cheapest (fort vilain papier) paper. He is at his last gasp... But Francis Bacon is Francis Bacon still...

Listen to the old man...in the sere and yellow leaf, smothered beneath the rotten smoke of base, contagious clouds, playing the closing notes on the Great Organ of Life...music beyond the music of viols sobbing to a close adown the corridors of Time.

"This time of year thou may'st in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang..."

Can you read these lines unmoved? Does not the lump come into the throat—the tear into the eye—all unbidden?

And unless we are greatly mistaken, this broken genius, our Francis, our Shake-speare, was entitled to wear the English Crown.

There are four contradictory accounts of his death. There is no account of his funeral. Whether he really died on Easter Sunday, 1616, or whether he simply died to the world which had used him so ill, going into secret exile like an Eremite, we do not know.

Ring down the curtain! In the theatre of a man's life, only God and the angels are the privileged spectators.

Let me commend to you that wonderfully symbolic poem which Lee and Robertson do not understand—the last poem that Shake-speare wrote, in a volume published by the Rosicrucian Society entitled "*Love's Martyr*," which simply means the Poet's Martyr. The leading writers of the age contributed to this book of poems. The poem contributed by Shake-speare was entitled "*The Phoenix and the Turtle*." It typifies the self-immolation, death and resurrection of a Poet. It contains the prophetic suggestion that after the black crow of slander has gone among the generations of men for three hundred years the Poet will rise once more revealing his personality to his countrymen. The same suggestion is to be found in Francis Bacon's Will—"my NAME to mine own countrymen after some time be past."

In ancient mythology the crow was regarded as the symbol of longevity, its age being reckoned at three hundred years according to Pliny. Listen:

" And thou treble-dated Crow,  
 That thy sable gender mak'st,  
 With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,  
 'Mongst 'our mourners shalt thou go."

In those four lines can be seen with imaginative eye the generations of men and women who play their little parts on the stage of life; the breath of birth; the stillness of death...vulgar scandal circling round the Poet's name for three hundred years...

The poem, which is the quintessence of Platonic philosophy, tells of two birds who sacrifice themselves voluntarily that a nobler creation may arise from their ashes ultimately.

The Phoenix represents the creative, poetic impulse; the Turtle, the physical form of the exterior, mental man. The two are ONE.

" Hearts remote, yet not asunder...  
 Either was the other's mine...  
 And between them LOVE did shine...  
 Reason in itself confounded,  
 Saw *division* grow together  
 Till it cried, 'How true a twain  
 Seemeth this concordant ONE.' "

There you get the outer meaning of the poem... Francis Bacon the creative artist and Francis Bacon the man of the world. Behind that aspect is the deep Platonic significance of Shadow and Reality.

The ashes of the twain—in the poem-story—are placed in a Funeral Urn... And the *Urn* is a symbol for something else...

What is the Urn?

*The Sonnets of Shake-speare.*

They contain the ashes of a dead reputation... of a dead personality. They have lain hidden for three hundred years.

---

\* "Our Mourners" = the Rosicrosse and Masonic Brotherhoods.

Lovers of Francis Bacon have been chipping away at the funeral urn, the tomb, to free the awakening spirit. The personality within is still veiled from common eyes that see not and common ears that hear not. But to you that have vision, a sense of beauty, a love of Truth, the stone which has hidden and sealed Francis Bacon, will be rolled away at your sympathetic touch. From those dead ashes a new creation will arise as Ben Jonson foretells in the succeeding poem of Shake-speare in Chester's "Love's Martyr." He will burst the Sonnet tomb. He will be seen and walk and talk with you of the Via Dolorosa, of the Stations of the Cross, of Gethsemene, of Calvary.

Listen to the Solemn Note of "Francis Bacon's Threnos" or Death Song, while we stand with uncovered head by the Urn which contains the ashes of a great World Master:—

"Beauty, truth and raritie,  
Grace in all simplicity,  
Here enclosed in cinders lie.  
Death is now the Phoenix nest  
And the Turtle's loyal breast  
To eternity doth rest.  
*Truth may seem*—but cannot be;  
Beauty brag...but 'tis not she;  
Truth and Beauty buried be.  
To this URN let those repair  
That are either TRUE or FAIR...  
For these dead birds sigh a prayer."

Now...go...read the Sonnets published in their correct order for the first time—THREE HUNDRED YEARS after they were compiled—and sub-edited with captions based on the enfolded messages, the motifs, to be found in each Sonnet...messages pondered over by the Elizabethan Brethren of Masonry and the Rosicrucians. You will find the personality, the life of Francis Bacon revealed, line by line, from his eager youth as a Tudor Rose-bud to the final note. "No longer mourn for me when I am dead."

So Prospero (Pro-spero—" my hope is in the future ") the Great Magician, walks once more among the sons of men, Lord St. Alban, the Founder and Father of Modern Free and Accepted or Speculative Masonry, " Shake-speare," the Lover of Humanity.

In future it will be particularly the proud privilege and high honour of every Master Mason to see that Francis Bacon is dealt with justly by the world. Yet there is no need now for anyone to defend his character. He is his own Advocate. His lyrical utterances confound his traducers. He will re-write history. He will throw into confusion all the literary high-brows who have chattered so foolishly. He will dissolve fond myths, monuments and shrines with the charm of an indulgent smile. He will live as " Shake-speare," a personality to be loved, in the hearts and minds of men for ever.

The words engraved on his Monument at St. Albans will not have been written in vain—" Let Compounds be Dissolved," COMPOSITA SOLVANTUR, the true meaning of which is " May his compositions or his works be explained or solved."

Equipped with this knowledge—to those Scholars who for some time yet will continue to grub in the tomb of the old disarranged Quarto, gravely dissecting a dead Christos—you will be able to say with the Authority of one of old—

" He is not here...HE IS RISEN..."

Why seek ye the Living among the Dead..."

ALFRED DODD.

Easter Sunday,

20th April, 1930.



## The Prophecy.

Robert Chester's "Love's Martyr" bears two title pages, each with a different number to indicate that neither number must be regarded as a date determining the year of publication.

It was the Finale. It told the Brethren that the Poet had succeeded in his plan of retirement from the world, that the Sonnet-Urn was sealed and concealed his personality.

The Sonnets were published a few months previous to the "Death" in Easter, 1626...probably some three to six months before Easter.

"Love's Martyr" would be published at least six months after the Sonnets, probably three to six months after the Easter Sunday when Francis Bacon died to the world.

I discovered the Secret of the Sonnets in 1929, and by Easter, 1930, everything in connection with the Secret, enfolded messages, research work, etc., was complete in manuscript.

Having accepted the orthodox views, and having dismissed the Bacon hypothesis years ago after considerable textual examination, I was a Stratfordian until the autumn of 1929...until Francis Bacon revealed his personality to me in the Sonnets, thoroughly unexpectedly and to my utter consternation.

My little circle of literary friends was quite as staggered as I was when I very cautiously showed them the result of my researches.

This, of course, can be verified by sworn documents before a Notary Public if necessary.

The Three Hundred Year Prophecy is, therefore absolutely fulfilled with wonderful accuracy. Allowing a six months' margin, Chester's Book must have been published in 1626. I discovered the true personality of "Shake-speare" in 1929. Through some mysterious working of Fate, we thus get exactly...503 YEARS...

"TREBLE-DATED"

## The Song of the Rosicrosse Masons in 1640.

" For what we do presage is riot in grosse  
For we are the Brethren of the Rosie Cross ;  
We have the Mason Word and second sight,  
Things for to come we can foretell aright."

This verse enfolds a Secret Message. It has a direct reference to the Personality of the Founder who was buried in the Sonnets.

When our Ancient Brethren sang this refrain in the Fourth Degree, they were referring to the far distant time when his real NAME would be known through the elucidation of the Sonnets.

They were really chanting an enfolded message which runs—" FRANCIS WILL COME FORTH."

### Nota Bene.

The text in this edition is based direct on the original Quarto. The alterations by modern editors are vicious.

As the italics and capital letters in the Quarto have a direct connection with enfolded messages which modern spelling renders non-effective, the capitals and italics are employed in the modern sense—to emphasize shades of meaning.

The punctuation is based on the Quarto.

As the aim of this abridged edition is to bring the Sonnets before the great body of readers who have hitherto been repelled by them, that they may see the beauty and wonder of the story of a personal life, there is no attempt to offer any proofs of authorship beyond the inherent literary value of the re-arranged original Cantos.

There is, however, in manuscript a second volume in which the position is proved to the hilt. It will be published should there be a demand. Every alleged Quarto printing-error is explained.

## "TO MINE OWN COUNTRYMEN

AFTER SOME TIME

BE PAID."

"For my *Name* and *Memory*, I leave it to Men's charitable speeches, and to Foreign Nations, and the *next Ages*: And to mine own Countrymen after *my Time* be Paid."

Extract from Francis Bacon's  
last Will and Testament.

"Thence comes it that my NAME receives a Brand..."  
Sonnet 145 (crit.).

## THE ENIGMA OF THE SONNETS.

"Thou alone, who darest to weave together these hanging threads, shall know whom these Memorials enshrine."

Extract from an Ode by a Latin  
Scholar on the Death of Francis  
Bacon. 1626.

## "THE MAN... SHAKE-SPEARE."

"The reader will follow with eager interest the experiences which rent and harrowed Shakespeare's soul. He will rejoice in the insight afforded by these poems, which the crowd ignores, into the tempestuous emotional life of one of the greatest of men. Here, and here alone, we see Shakespeare himself, as distinct from his poetical creations, loving, admiring, longing, yearning, adoring, disappointed, humiliated, tortured. Here alone does he enter the confessional. Here more than anywhere else can we, who at a distance of three centuries do homage to the poet's art, feel ourselves in intimate communion, not only with the poet, but with the man."

George Brandes.

“ From the earliest beginnings of history we find that suddenly and inexplicably there appears on the earth from time to time some unique figure who seems to leap far forward from his own generation and to know what the mass of mankind will not really know till centuries after his death. And we notice that the appearance of these mysterious Beings is always accompanied or followed by some great movement of the human mind . . . a movement from things that have been toward things which are to come.” Harmsworth’s Children’s Encyclopædia.

### TO THE READER.

“ And now I will unclasp a SECRET BOOK,  
And to your quick conceiving discontents . . .  
I’ll read you matter deep and dangerous  
As full of courage and adventurous spirit  
As to o’er-walk a current roaring wide  
Upon the unsteadiest footing of a SPEARE.”  
Shake-speare.

“ I saw an injustice done and tried to remedy it. I heard falsehood taught and was compelled to deny it. Nothing else was possible to me. I knew not how little or how much might come of the business, or whether I was fit for it ; but here was the lie, full set in front of me, and there was no way round it but only over it.” Ruskin.

“ When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by the sign that all the Dunces are in confederacy against him.” Swift.

“ It is enough for me that I have sown unto  
Posterity and the Immortal God.”

Francis Bacon.

## FRANCIS BACON

The Prince of Poets, the Most Illustrious of  
Philosophers.

Imperator of Ages still unswept  
By all-revealing Time ! Three hundred years  
Are twined around thy soul where myriad spears  
Of deathless Thought were forged while Wisdom slept  
'Midst crowds in motley hast thou ages stepped  
Warring with Sloth... 'spite pedants witless jeers  
At centred-Truth, art-veiled by mystic spheres :  
The "mystery thou didst"\* have friends well kept.

The treble-dated crow† her course hath run !  
Blind Folly mocks thee... a despis-ed weed !  
Yet thy great genius, flashing like the sun,  
Still purifies with goodness human stain ;  
For far flung Time shall thy great riddle read...  
'Truth shines through every crannie not i' vain.

ALFRED DODD.

\* Ben Jonson "And in our midst,  
Thou (Bacon) standst as though a  
mystery thou didst "

† Shake speare "The Phoenix and the Turtle," a symbolic  
poem of revelation after three hundred years;  
the crow, a symbol of longevity, reputed to  
live three hundred years (Pliny).



THIS ORNAMENT placed at the head of the Sonnets in the Quarto is a specimen of Rosicrosse Symbolism. The light A and dark A design is one of a family of head pieces (fourteen in all) peculiar to books with which the Rosicrosse Literary Society had some connection, especially in the latter part of the Sixteenth and early Seventeenth Centuries. They are to be found in Francis Bacon's works, Shake-speare's poems, even the James' Bible, the same blocks being used in different books by different printers far apart. They were supplied by a central organization of which Francis Bacon was the head.

This particular emblem is not to be found in any other book. It is a variation of one used for the first time by John Baptist Porta, the first book to be written on cipher writing, in the reprint in 1591.

The light and dark shading of the "A.A.'s" ear-marked the book as one that contains in the shadow more than is openly revealed. They are designed in the form of ladders or a winding staircase... a Masonic Symbol.

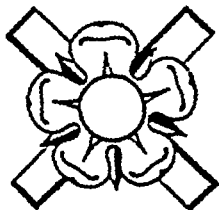
The centre ornament is an URN which, emblematically, contains the ashes of a dead personality mentioned in the "Phoenix and the Turtle." Underneath the Urn is the Shuttle of Time supported by a partially unwound skein... the thread of Fate. A Key on the point of entering the Lock completes the base... indicating that with this Key Shake-speare unlocks his heart. The Urn supports a basket vase which holds floral emblems. A Basket symbolises "Collections": Flowers denote Sonnets: On the right-hand side is a Palm branch which springs from behind rose leaves with a solitary rose-bud. The mystical Palm at once associates itself with Solomon's Temple... "Upon each post were palm trees... palms to the arches... and palms to the seven Steps" (EZEK. XLII.) The Ancients conceived the Palm to be immortal and that it could not be destroyed, and that in dying there was revival by renewal or resurrection. From its Greek name Phoinix, the fable of the Phoenix is said to be derived... hence the conjunction of the emblem, the Phoenix and the Palm. The rose-bud is the Poet himself... He is a Tudor Rose.

On either side of the Urn is a single leaf or fleur de lys of purity suspended by a knot indicative of problems to be solved.

A different type of bird ornament at each top corner... the Phoenix and the Turtle.' Rose leaves and fleur de lys complete the ornamentation. On the bottom right appears a very clearly marked scroll T emblematic of "the Sacred Word," known to Arch Masons. It hall-marks the Sonnets as a "T Book"—in all probability the "T Book" said to have been found in the grave of Christian Rosenkreutz written on parchment in letters of gold. A large initial "T" is often placed in books of the period to mark their Masonic connection being the repository of a secret.

THE AUTHOR'S INITIALS appear to be given in the opening lines by the manner in which the Capitals are printed in the Quarto. "Fr"=Francis; "T"=Tudor; "B"=Bacon. They are placed in such a position that "Francis Tudor" stands, as it were, on the head of "Bacon..." Francis Tudor Bacon. This may explain the very enigmatical phrase he makes use of in Sonnet 143 (LXVIII.) where he complains that he had been compelled "to live a *second life on second head*."

FR  
T  
B



This Testament  
of  
Truth, Love and Beauty  
by the World's  
Greatest Genius  
and  
The Immortal Lover of Humanity  
showeth  
*The Perfect Ceremony of Love's Right*  
To His Mother,  
His Sweetheart,  
His Wife ;  
To Apollo,  
Pallas Athene,  
Shake-speare...his Second Self,  
His Dream Child ;  
To Queen Elizabeth,  
King James ;  
To The Rosicrosse,  
The Masonic Brethren,  
and  
Secretly Sealed.



# THE QUARTO DEDICATION

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF  
THESE . INSVING . SONNETS .  
MR . W . H . ALL . HAPPINESSE .  
AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .

PROMISED .

BY .

OVR . EVER-LIVING . POET .

WISHETH .

THE . WELL-WISHING .

ADVENTVRER . IN .

SETTING .

FORTH .

T. T. \*

The full stop after each word in the published version indicated to the Elizabethan Reader that the words were to be transposed before the real meaning could be understood.

- 
- \* "T.T." are the symbols for the Two Pillars of Masonry: The two "T.T.'s" predicate an Invisible "T": Conjoined they give the correct numerical Rosicross Count of "Fra (Brother) Bacon." The "T T's" are to be found between the feet of the Shakespeare Monument in Westminster Abbey. In the quarto the first "T" has an arm bent down to indicate that the "T" rests on its side. Freemasons will perceive the correct and subtle significance of "the call from Labour to Refreshment" in the two Symbols: "T. T."

## THE POET'S DEDICATION.

THE ONLY RIGHTER  
OF  
MR. WILLIAM HIMSELF  
WORTH ALL HAPPINESS.

TO THE  
ADVENTURER  
IS  
SITTING FORTH  
THESE  
INSUING SONNETS,  
AND THAT  
LTERNITY  
PROMISED BY OUR  
WELL-WISHING  
EVER-LIVING POET.

Fra. Bacon.

The above is the correct arrangement of the Original Dedication before the words were transposed by the Poet.



# SHAKE-SPEARES

## S O N N E T S.

Neuer before Imprinted.

---

---

AT LONDON

By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are  
to be sold by *Iohn Wright*, dwelling  
at Christ Church gate.

1609.

*Reproduction of the Title Page of the Original Quarto*

THE FIRST NOTE  
ON THE  
GREAT ORGAN OF LIFE:

*"Here the Anthem doth Commence."*

## "A FOREWORD."

### THE POET TO THE READER.

"O, learn to read what silent Love hath writ...

*To hear with eyes...*"

\*(1) XXIII.

As As an Unperfect Actor on the Stage,

WOr { Who, *with his fear*, is put besides his part,  
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,

W. Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart,

ST.A. { So I, *for fear of Trust*, forget to say  
The *Perfect Ceremony of Love's Right*,  
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,

Ore Ore-charged with burden of mine own love's might :

Cypher O, let my Books be then the eloquence

{ And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,

A W.M. { Who plead for love, and look for recompense,

{ More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.

To { O, *Learn to Read what silent Love hath writ* :

To *Hear with Eyes* belongs to love's fine wit.

*"As Worthy Worshipful St. Alban ; Cypher-Ore (O'er) :*  
*To a Worshipful Master."*

NOTE.—The last two lines are important. The Poet enjoins his Elizabethan reader to "learn to read." As he must have necessarily learned to read in an ordinary manner, the Poet is subtly indicating that he must "learn to read" in an extraordinary manner...in a manner which is contingent on "hearing with eyes." Though we do not hear with our eyes, we can search with our eyes for hidden treasure. In this way the Poet indicates that the reader must search for his enfolded messages, to learn to read by out-of-the-way methods, and thus hear what "silent love hath writ" which for "fear of trust" he dare not write openly.

\*This is the First Sonnet of the Author's original manuscript but is numbered "23" in the Printed Quarto. The re-arrangement gives to the World for the first time for Three Hundred Years the absolutely correct order. The plain figures at the head of each Sonnet denote the correct order. The Roman numerals give the number—position in the old Quarto.

# CANTO I

## QUEEN ELIZABETH

AND

## FRANCIS BACON:

A Plea For Recognition as  
Her Son and Heir  
to the English Crown.

Written when Francis Bacon was a Youth for private  
Presentation to the Queen.

**NOTE.**—The Sonnets are replete with double-shotted words and phrases which can be read in more than one sense. A good example occurs in the First Canto. The words "thy Self" are used to indicate not only the Queen, but also the writer who, as her Tudor son, could also term himself to his mother as "thy Self." They are two words in the original: "thy self," not "thyself." The alteration by all modern editors who make the two words into one word very largely destroys the sense in which the word "Self" can be played with to give a meaning other than the modern meaning commonly attached to "thyself."

The vague word "Love" is used to express not only emotion, but is an interchangeable word for his "mother," his "sweetheart," his "literary passion," etc., according to whom each particular Sonnet is addressed.

(2) I.

# The Unacknowledged Son to his Mother, The Queen.

FR.T. { FROM fairest Creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby Beauty's Rose might never die,  
B. But as the riper should by time decease,  
HisT. His *Tender Heir* might bear his memory :  
F.B. { But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
Feed'st thy light's flame with *Self*....substantial fuel,  
Ma-King Making a famine where *Abundance* lies,  
Thy Thy Self thy foe, to *\*thy Sweet Self* too cruel :  
AT { Thou that art now the *World's fresh' ornament* f  
And *only Herald* to the gaudy spring, r  
Within *thine own Bud* buriest thy content con  
PAW { And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding : a  
Pity the World, or else this glutton be,† b  
To To eat the World's DUE,<sup>2</sup> by the grave and thee.  
"To paw at thy Majesty : Francis Bacon—Hist—Be  
Francis Tudor."

(3) II.

## The Succession :

"Whisper . . . 'Be a Tudor!'"

When forty Winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And dig deep trenches in thy Beauty's Field,  
Thy Youth's Proud Livery, so gazed on now,  
Will be a Totter'd Weed of small worth held :  
Then being ask'd, where all thy Beauty lies,  
Where all the Treasure of thy *LUSTY*† days,  
To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes,  
W Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.  
H How much more praise deserved thy Beauty's use,  
I If thou couldst answer '*This Fair Child of Mine*  
S Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'  
Pr Proving his beauty by "*Succession*" thine !

B

\* "thy Sweet Self" = the Poet himself.

† In the Quarto the letters are set in a diagonal line; for different examples of the name see Sonnets 15, 107, 139, 151.

‡ "lusty" = "pregnant."

§ "fresh" = Virgin

¶ Due = a Just Title or Claim : an obligation.

This were to be new made when thou art old,  
And See Thy "*Blood-If' arm*"\* when thou feel'st it cold.

(4) III.

Why Beguile the World ?

Why stop thine own Posterity ?

Look in thy glass and tell the face thou viewest  
Now is the time that face should form an other ;  
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
*Thou dost Beguile the World* ; (It) Unblesses OME Mother.  
For where is she so fair whose UNEAR'D WOMB  
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ? (with Nature)  
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb  
Of his Self, Love,† to stop posterity ?  
Thou art thy mother's glass and she in thee  
Calls back the lovely April of her prime,  
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see  
Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time.

But if thou live remember'd not to be,  
*Die Single and Thine Image dies with thee*

(5) IV.

Why Waste thy Legacy of Beauty ?

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend  
Upon thy Self *thy Beauty's Legacy* ?  
Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,  
And, being FRANK,‡ she lends (him) to those (who) are FREE.  
Then, beauteous niggard, *why dost thou abuse*  
*The Bounteous Largess given thee* to give ?  
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use  
So great a sum of sums yet canst not live ?  
For having traffic with thy Self alone,  
Thou of thy Self *thy Sweet Self dost deceive*.  
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone ?  
What acceptable audit canst thou leave ?

Thy *Unused Beauty* must be tomb'd with thee,  
Which, used, lives th' Executor to be.

\* "Thy Son" † "Love" = Mother.

‡ "Frank" = Francis (dim) ; n. (Shak.) a Pig-Sty.—v.t. (Shak.)  
to shut up in a Sty." (Chambers's Dict.)



(6)

## The Conservation of Beauty.

v.

Those hours that with gentle work did frame  
The Lovely Gaze where *Every Eye doth Dwell*,  
Will play the tyrants to the very same,  
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;  
For never-resting Time leads Summer on  
To hideous Winter and confounds him there;  
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,  
Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where:  
Then were not *Summer's Distillation* left  
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,  
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
Nor it nor no remembrance what it was:  
But flowers distill'd though they with winter meet,  
Leese but their show; *their Substance still lives...*  
*Sweet.*

(7)

## Treasure Beauty's Treasure: Thy Son's Children...the Vanquishers of Death

vi.

Then let not Winter's ragged Hand deface  
In thee thy Summer ere thou be distill'd:  
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place  
With Beauty's Treasure ere it be self kill'd.  
That use is not forbidden usury  
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;  
That's for *Thy Self*\* to breed an other thee,  
Or ten times happier be it ten for one;  
Ten times thy Self were happier than thou art,  
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:  
Then *what could Death do if thou shouldst depart,*  
*Leaving thee living in Posterity?*  
Be not Self-Wild,† for thou art much too fair  
To be death's conquest *and make worms thine Heir.*

\* i.e. "Thy Son."

† "Mad," foolish, suicidal.

## A Son Re-creates His Mother.

VII.

Lo ! in the Orient when the gracious Light  
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
 Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
 Serving with looks his Sacred Majesty :  
 And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,  
 Resembling strong youth in his *middle age*,\*  
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage ;  
 But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,  
 Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,  
 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are  
 From his low tract and look another way :  
     So thou, *Thy Self out-going in thy noon*,  
     Unlook'd on diest *unless thou †get a Son*.

(9)

As a Single Woman . . . Thou wilt prove  
 to be a No One.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly ?  
 Sweetens with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.  
 Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not gladly,  
 Or else receivest with pleasure *thine Annoy* ?  
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
 By unions married do offend thine ear,  
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who *confounds*  
*In Singleness the Parts that thou shouldst bear*.  
 Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,  
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,  
 Resembling Sire, and Child, and happy Mother,‡  
 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing :  
     Whose speechless song being many, seeming one,  
     Sings this to thee : ' *Thou Single wilt prove none*.'

\* Queen Elizabeth was then of middle age.

† " get " = " to bring into some specific state or condition."

‡ See note, p. 237.

(10)

A Child is the Joy of every Private  
Widow.

IX.

Is it for fear to *wet a Widow's eye*  
That thou consumest thy Self in *Single* life ?  
Ah ! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,  
The *World will wail thee*, like a *Makeless Wife* ;  
The *World will be thy widow* and still weep  
That thou no Form of thee hast left behind,  
When *every Private Widow* well may keep  
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.  
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend  
Shifts but his place, for still the World enjoys it  
But Beauty's waste hath in the *World* an end,  
And kept unused *the user so destroys it*.  
No love toward others in that bosom sits  
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

(11)

Why Ruin the House of Tudor ?

X.

For shame ! Deny that thou bear'st love to any,  
Who for thy Self art so unprovident.  
Grant if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,  
But that thou none lovest is most evident ;  
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate  
That 'gainst thy Self thou stick'st not to conspire,  
Seeking that *Beauteous Roof to ruinate*  
Which to repair should be thy *chief desire*.  
O, change thy thought, *that I may change my Mind !\**  
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love ?  
Be, as thy Presence is...gracious and kind,  
Or to thy Self at least kind-hearted prove :  
Make thee an other Self for *love of me*,  
That Beauty still may live in *Thine or Thee*.

\* ... from that of a Commoner, Francis Bacon, to the  
royal outlook of a Prince of the House of Tudor.

Already...

"Thou Growest in One of Thine...  
Let not that Copy Die!"

XI.

As fast as Thou shalt wane *so fast thou growest*  
*In One of Thine*, from that which thou *departest* ;  
*And that fresh Blood* which youngly thou bestowest  
*Thou mayst call Thine* when thou from youth con-  
Herein lives Wisdom, Beauty and increase · [vertest.  
Without this, folly, age and cold decay :  
If all were minded so, the Times should cease  
And threescore year would make the world away.  
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,  
Harsh, featureless and rude, barrenly perish :  
Look whom She best endow'd ; She gave the more ;  
Which *Bounteous Gift* thou shouldst in bounty cherish :  
She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby  
Thou shouldst print more, *not let that Copy die.*

(13)

**A Perpetuated Dynasty—The Tudor  
Breed—the only Defence  
against the Scythe of Time.**

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the Time,  
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;  
When I behold the violet past prime,  
And sable curls or silver'd o'er with white ;  
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves  
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd ;  
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves  
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard...  
Then of thy Beauty do I question make  
That *thou among the Wastes of Time must go*,  
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake  
And die as fast as they see others grow ;  
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence  
*Save " Breed " to brave him*, when he takes thee hence

(14)

"Let your Son say he had a Father."

XIII.

O, that You were your Self ! But, Love, *you are*  
*No longer yours : Then You . . . Yourself here live :*  
Against this coming end you should prepare,  
And your sweet semblance to some other give.  
So should that Beauty which you hold in lease  
Find no determination ; then you were  
You—Self again—after your Self's decease,  
When your *Secret Issue* your *Secret Form* should bear.  
Who lets so *fair a House* fall to decay,  
Which *husbandry in honour* might uphold,  
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,  
And barren rage of Death's eternal cold ?  
O, none but unthrifths ! Dear my Love, you know,  
*You had a Father : Let your Son say so.*

(15)

"The End of Truth ; the Doom of Beauty."

XIV.

Not from the Stars do I my judgement pluck,  
And yet methinks I have astronomy ;  
But not to tell of good or evil Luck,  
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality :  
Nor can I Fortune to brief minutes tell,  
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,  
Or say with *Princes* if it shall go well,  
By oft predict that I in heaven find :  
B fr But from *thine Eyes* my knowledge I derive,  
A con And, constant Stars, in them I read such art  
As Truth and Beauty shall together thrive  
If from thy Self to store thou wouldst convert ;  
Or else of thee this I prognosticate :  
*Thy end is Truth's and Beauty's doom and date.*

**"I will Engraft you New."**

xv.

When I consider every thing that grows  
Holds in Perfection but a little moment,  
That this huge *\*Stage presenteth nought but Shows*  
*Whereon the †Stars in secret influence comment :*  
When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,  
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
And wear their Brave State out of memory ;  
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay  
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,  
To change your Day of Youth to Sullied Night,  
And all in war with Time...for love of you  
*As he takes from you, I Engraft you new.*

(17)

**"To give away Your Self  
Keeps Your Self Still."**

xvi.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way  
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time ?  
And fortify yourself in your decay  
With means more blessed than my *barren* rhyme ?  
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,  
And many Maiden Gardens yet unset†  
With virtuous wish would bear your Living Flowers,  
Much liker than your painted counterfeit :  
*So should the Lines of Life* that life repair  
Which this (Time's pencil or my §Pupil pen)  
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,  
Can make you live your Self in eyes of men.  
*To give away your Self keeps your Self still,*  
*And you must live drawn by your own sweet skill.*

\* Stage=the Court. † Stars=the Queen's Ministers.  
‡ There are many maidens who would be proud to marry  
your Son, continuing the lines of life in your grandchildren.  
§ Pupil=a youthful writer learning his craft.

Live in my Rhyme and  
Your Children's Children.

XVII.

W.I.T. { Who will believe in my Verse in time to come  
If it were fill'd with your "Most High" Deserts ?\*  
Though yet, Heaven knows, *it is but as a Tomb*  
Wif. { *Which hides your Life*, and shows not half your parts.  
If I could write the beauty of your eyes

A And in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
The The age to come would say ' This Poet lies ;  
Suc. Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'

So. So should my papers (yellow'd with their age)  
Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue,  
And *your True Rights* be term'd a poet's rage

BAABY. And stretched metre of an antique song :  
But ~~were some~~ *Child of yours alive that time*,  
You should live twice in it, and in my rhyme.

" *WIT : Worshipful Installed Tudor : A Wife : The  
Successor Baby Solomon : A Poets' Poet.*" (The  
Capital Words in the Quarto Text.)

- \* Not only as a Queen but as a " MOTHER " whose " True Rights " are hidden. " Mother " is enfolded through this verse over and over again.

NOTE.—Phrases like " The only Herald," " Pity the World," " Sacred Majesty," " every private widow " prove that this Canto is addressed to Roval Personage who " Beguiles the World " by pretending to be " Single " when she is a " MOTHER " already . . . . " Thou dost grow in one of thine " . . . " That fresh Blood which thou didst bestow when Young thou mayst call Thine . . . " " Cherish the Bounteous Gift of Nature . . . " " Let not that Copy die . . . " " You had a Father . . . Let your Son say so . . . " The " Succession " to the Throne is clearly indicated . . . " Make not worms thine heir " when " you yourself, here (in the person of the writer) live." It is the " World's due " to maintain the " Succession," " I will engraft you new " through " Lines of Life that Life repair." This could not be done by writing a Sonnet but only by children of an acknowledged Son preserving the Tudor Dynasty to Queen Elizabeth, already a Mother.

## CANTO II.

# THE PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AND FRANCIS BACON.

The verses forming this Canto were written over a period of years in isolated fragments...during the production of the Shake-spearian Plays...until the time when he realized definitely that all hope of succeeding as heir to the Throne had vanished.

They were not written for the eye of the Queen. They were kept privately in manuscript. They are a portion of the jewels of lyrical trifles which he says he was careful to keep secretly hidden in sure wards of trust when he took his way into the world, partially abandoning his poetic gifts for public work as an Officer of the Crown.



(19)

## MOTHER AND CHILD.

"I, thy Babe, Chase Thee : Play the Mother's Part ; Kiss me ; Be Kind."

CXLIII.

Lo ! as a *Careful Housewife* runs to catch  
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,  
*Sets down her Babe* and makes all swift dispatch  
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay,  
Whilst *her Neglected Child* holds her in chase,  
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent  
To follow that which flies before her face,  
Not prizing *her Poor Infant's Discontent* ;  
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,  
*Whilst I, THY BABE, chase thee afar behind* ;  
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,  
And *Play the Mother's part*, kiss me, be kind ;  
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy 'Will,'  
If thou turn back and my loud crying still.

(20)

### Three " Wills " :

The Queen's Royal " Will," Her Personal " Will "  
and " Will " in overplus . . . the Poet himself.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, Thou hast thy 'Will,'  
And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus ;  
*More than enough am I that vex thee still,*  
To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
Wilt thou *whose Will is large and spacious,*  
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?  
Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?  
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still  
And in abundance addeth to his store ;  
So thou, being rich in 'Will,' add to thy 'Will'  
One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more.  
*Let no Unkind, no " Fair Beseechers " kill ;*  
Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'

\* Fair Beseechers = Smooth-spoken Counsellors, Courtiers.

(21)

"In Thy Stores' Account I One must be."

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will,'  
And 'Will' thy soul knows is admitted there;  
Thus far for love, my love-suit sweet fulfil.  
'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
I fill it full with wills, and my will one.  
In things of great receipt with ease we prove  
Among a number one is reckon'd none:  
Then in the number *let me pass untold,*  
Though in *thy Stores' Account I one must be*;  
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
That nothing me, a "*Some Thing*" sweet to thee:  
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
And then thou lovest me, for my name is 'Will.'

(22)

Misunderstandings.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make  
Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate'  
*To me that languish'd for her sake*;  
But when she saw my woeful state,  
Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet  
*Was used in giving gentle \*Doom,*  
And taught it thus anew to greet;  
'I hate' she alter'd with an end,  
That follow'd it as gentle day  
Doth follow night, who like a fiend  
From heaven to hell is flown away;  
'I hate' from hate away she threw,  
And *Saved my Life*, saying 'not you.'

The Queen had the dual power of "dooming" a man or  
"saving his life."

# Despise Worldly Verdicts on a Throned Queen... "I Love Thee."

- S.S. { Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness ;  
 { Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport ;  
 T.B. { Both grace and faults are loved of more and less ;  
 { Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.  
 A As on *the finger of a Throned Queen*  
 S.T. { The basest Jewel will be well esteem'd,  
 { So are those errors that in thee are seen  
 To To truths translated and for true things deem'd.  
 HI. { How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,  
 { If like a lamb he could his looks translate !  
 H. How many gazers mightst thou lead away,\*  
 { If thou wouldst use *the Strength of all thy State !*  
 ABIf- But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,  
 { As *thou being mine*, mine is thy "Good Report."†  
 "Hiram Abif, Hiram, to Solomon's Temple : A Tracing-Board's Sacred Symbols."

## The Call of the Blood :

### Recognition Refused : A Poor Drudge.

Love is too young to know what conscience is ;  
 Yet who knows not conscience is born of love ?  
 Then, *Gentle ‡Cheater*, urge not my amiss,  
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove :  
 For *thou betraying me*, I do betray  
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason ;  
 My soul doth tell my body that he may...  
 Triumph in Love ; flesh stays no farther reason,  
 But *Rising at thy Name§* doth point out thee  
 As his *Triumphant Prize* : Proud of this pride,  
*He is contented thy poor drudge to be,*  
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.

No want of conscience hold it that I call

Her 'Love' for *whose dear love I rise and fall.*

\* to the Block. † A Masonic phrase.  
 ‡ Cheated of his Birthright. § "God save the Queen" ...  
 when all stand in homage... especially in Courts of Law—  
 the "Judgements Place" of Francis Bacon, Sonnet 27.

### As a Son he is Blind to the Queen's Defects.

1. The first of these is the fact that the "Hole B" is a very small hole, only about 1/2 inch in diameter, and it is located in the center of the hole. This is a very unusual location for a hole of this size, and it is very difficult to find.

O'er our common fate, by the great nation,  
 The people's voice shall lead us on;  
 To the great future, where we stand as one,  
 And to the day when they are now transferr'd  
 (30)

### The Queen's Characteristics.

'Tis 'Mistress' I see are nothing like the Sun ;  
 Could it be far more red than her lips' red ;  
 It should be white, who then her breasts are dun ;  
 It bates be wits, black wits grow on her head.  
 I have seen rose damask'd, red and white,  
 But no such to be seen I in her cheeks ;  
 And in some perfume is there more delight  
 Than in the breath that from my Mistress reeks.  
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound ;  
 I grant I never saw a Goddess go ;  
*My † Mistress when she walks, treads on the ground ;*  
*And yet, by heaven, I think my Love as rare*  
*As any she belied with false compare.*

\* "The mind which rides at anchor." Francis Bacon.

"Her stately manner of walk with a certain granditie rather than gravitie which our sovereign ladye and mistresse is accustomed to doe generally." (Puttenham).

# Black only in the Ink of Thy Signatures to Royal Decrees...

*Thou art as Tyrannous, so as thou art,*  
 As those whose Beauties proudly make them cruel ;  
 For well thou know'st to *my dear dotting Heart*  
 Thou art the fairest and *most precious Jewel*.  
 Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold  
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:  
 To say they err, I dare not be so bold,  
 Although I swear it to myself alone.  
 And to be sure that is not false I swear,  
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,  
 One on another's neck,\* do witness bear  
*Thy Black is fairest in †my Judgement's Place.*  
*In nothing art thou Black save in thy ‡Deeds,*  
 And thence this slander as I think proceeds.

## "Slandered with a Bastard Shame."

In the Old Age black was not counted fair,  
 Or if it were it bore not beauty's name ;  
 But now is black, beauty's successive heir,  
*And Beauty slander'd with a Bastard Shame :*  
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,  
 Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,  
*Sweet Beauty hath no Name, no Holy Bower,*  
*But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.*  
 Therefore my Mistress' eyes are raven black,  
 Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem  
 At such who not born fair no beauty lack,  
*Slandering creation with a false esteem :*  
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,  
 That *Every Tongue* says beauty should look so.

\* Margaret of Navarre . . . a Brunette.

† " my Judgement's Place " = The Law Courts where he practised as a Barrister.

‡ " Black in thy Deeds " the Queen's Signature written in " Black " Ink to Royal Proclamations

## "Simple Truth Suppressed."

CXXXVIII.

What ails you, brother, that thou makest of truth,  
 The simple truth, that I know all too well,  
 That thou dost thrust so far and so far off,  
 To hide it from the world's false subtleties.  
 Thou art the eldest of us that is no young,  
 Yet thou dost leave us days are past the best,  
 As if I couldst but live speaking to you:  
 Thou art the brother who *Simple Truth suppress'd*,  
 But I must to say the word to you;  
 And elsewhere say not I that I am old?  
 O, I can't but have it in "seeming-truth,"  
 And yet in heart have not to have years told;  
 Therefore I be with her, and she with me,  
 And in our hearts by her we better'd be.

(76)

**The Bitterness of Non-Recognition : The  
 Probability that his Brother, the Earl of Essex,  
 will be the Acknowledged Heir :**

**"Thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide."**

CXXXIX.

*O, Call not me to justify the Wrong  
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart ;  
 Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tongue ;  
 Use Power with power, and slay me not by Art.  
 Tell me thou lovest elsewhere : but in my sight,  
 Dear heart forbear to glance thine eye aside :  
 What need'st thou wound with cunning when thy  
 Might*

Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can bide ?  
 Let me excuse thee : Ah ! My Love well knows  
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,  
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,  
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries :  
 Yet do not so, but since I am near slain,  
 Kill me outright with looks and rid my pain.

Be Wise as thou art Cruel : *Do not press*  
*My tongue-tied patience* with too much disdain ;  
 Lest Sorrow lend me words and words express  
 The manner of my pity, wanting, pain.  
 If I might teach thee wit better it were,  
 Though not to love, yet, Love, to tell me so ;  
 As testy sick men when their deaths be near,  
 No news but health from their physicians know ;  
 For if I should despair, I should grow mad,  
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee :  
 Now this *ill, cresting World* is grown so bad,  
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.  
 That I may not be so, nor thou\* be lyde  
 Bear thine eyes straight, *though thy Proud Heart* §  
*wide.*

In faith I do not love thee with mine Eyes.  
 For they in thee a thousand errors note ;  
 But 'tis my Heart that loves what they despise.  
 Who *in despite of sight is pleased to dote* ; †  
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted.  
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,  
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited  
 To any sensual feast with thee alone :  
 But my five wits nor my five senses can  
 Dissuade me to let *Heart from loving thee*,  
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,  
*Thy Proud Heart* ‡ Since and Factual Wretch to let :  
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain.  
 That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

- \* To lyde, spoken of from "lyder," language or speech.)
- † "She the Queen forbade Francis Bacon the Court  
 1592 in which meant a very great disgrace to him."  
 Woodward "Indoor Problems," p. 24
- ‡ Sometimes, the senses

Love is my Sin, and thy dear virtue Hate,  
 Hate of my sin, *grounded on sinful loving* :  
 O, but with mine, compare thou thine own State,  
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving ;  
 Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
 That have *profaned their scarlet ornaments*  
 And *seald false bonds of love* as oft as mine,  
 Robb'd others', beds', revenues, of their *rents*.<sup>\*</sup>  
 Be it lawful I love thee as thou lovest those  
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee :  
 Root pity in thy heart that when it grows,  
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.  
 † *If thou dost seek to have what thou dost Hide*  
     *By self-example mayst thou be denied !*

Hope and Despair :  
 Shall Love change to Hatred ?

Two Loves I have of comfort and despair,  
 Which like two Spirits do suggest me still :  
 The better Angel is a man right fair,  
 The worser Spirit a woman colour'd ill.  
 To win me soon to hell, my female Evil  
 Tempteth my better Angel from my side,  
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
 And whether that my Angel be turn'd Fiend  
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;  
 But being both from me, both to each friend,  
 I guess one Angel in another's hell :  
     Yet this shall I ne'er know but live in doubt,  
     Till my bad Angel fire my good one out.

\* Prevented thy Son's marriage and so denied him children to the Tudor Dynasty.

† "A son... Essex" are the enfolded words in the two lines.

‡ This Sonnet and No. 29 (cxxxviii) ; were published in 1599 in "The Passionate Pilgrim."



## The Final Note...Non-Recognition.

CXLVI.

Poor Soul, the Centre\* of my sinful earth,  
 (Girt by) *these Rebel Powers that thee aray*,†  
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,  
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?  
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?  
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
 Eat up thy charge ? Is this thy body's end ?  
 Then, Soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;  
*Buy Terms Divine in selling hours of dross ;*  
*Within be fed, without be rich no more :*

So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,  
 And Death once Dead, there's no more dying then.

\*Note the Masonic phrase.

†If Francis Bacon were a Prince, the Ministers who opposed his Recognition were "Rebels" to him from a personal standpoint. In Dr. Hudson's edition it is spelt "aray," an old word meaning "to afflict, to ill-treat, to bring to an evil condition."

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NOTE.—Is it not ludicrous to think that this Canto could possibly have been written by Shaksper of Stratford as a personal utterance to his mother ? . . . As "her Neglected Child" ? "Her Poor Infant's Discontent . . ." "I, thy Babe . . ." "Play the Mother's part, kiss me, be kind . . ." are the heart-cries of a son who is cut to the quick by an intolerable position. Francis Bacon, in a letter to a friend thus complains bitterly of his non-success with the Queen : "To be like a child following a bird which, when it is nearest flyeth away and lighteth a little before, and then the child after it again. I am weary of it." (See Sonnet 19.)

CANTO III.

QUEEN ELIZABETH,  
THE EARL OF ESSEX  
AND  
FRANCIS BACON.

Written when Francis Bacon was about forty years old. . .  
1601, the last Sonnet being composed after the death  
of the Queen.

The Trial of the Earl of Essex :  
The Perplexities of the Situation.

CXLVIII.

O me ! What eyes hath Love put in my head,  
Which have no correspondence with true sight !  
Or, if they have, where is my judgement fled,  
That censures falsely what they see aright ?  
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,  
*What means the World* to say it is not so ?  
If it be not, then love doth well denote  
Love's eye is not so true as *all men's* : No.  
How can it ? O, how can Love's eye be true,  
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears ?  
No marvel then though I mistake my view ;  
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.  
O cunning Love ! With tears thou keep'st me blind.  
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

The Queen's Royal Will :  
Her Insistence that Francis Bacon as a  
Court Lawyer shall Prosecute his Brother.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O Cruel ! say I love thee not,  
*When I against my Self with thee partake ?*  
Do I not think on thee, *when I forget*  
Am of my Self, all Tyrant, *for thy sake ?*  
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend ?  
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon ?  
Nay, if thou lour'st on me do I not spend  
Revenge upon my Self with present moan ?  
What merit do I in my Self respect,  
That is so proud thy service to despise,  
*When all my best doth worship thy defect,*  
*Commanded* by the motion of thine eyes ?  
But, Love, hate on, for now I know thy mind ;  
Those that can see thou lovest, and I am blind.

## Essex in Prison.

"Put me, too, in the Tower."

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that Heart that makes my heart to groan  
 For that deep wound it gives *my Friend and me ! \**  
 Is't not enough to torture me alone,  
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st Friend must be ?  
 † *Me from my Self thy cruel eye hath taken,*  
 † *And my Next Self thou harder hast Engross'd :*  
 Of Him, My Self, and Thee, I am forsaken ; §  
 A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.  
 Prison my heart in ¶ *thy steel bosom's ward,*  
 But then my Friend's heart let my poor heart bail ;  
 Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;  
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol :  
 And yet thou wilt ; for *I being pent in thee,*  
*Perforce am thine* and all that is in me.

\* " I love some things much better than I love your Lordship, as the Queen's service, her quiet and contentment, *her honour . . . the good of the country . . .* Yet I love few persons better than yourself." Francis Bacon to Essex.

† I am not recognized as a Tudor Prince but as a Commoner . . .

† My Brother . . . the Earl of Essex.

§ Forsaken by my own Mother who is angry because I wish to shield my brother.

¶ " thy steel bosom's ward " = The Tower.

NOTE.—After the execution of Essex, Francis Bacon only saw the Queen once : see his " Apologia."

The Poet's Reliance that the Queen's Ring  
will save his Brother, Essex. His Despair  
on Hearing that the Warrant for his Execu-  
tion has been signed by the Queen.

## CLII.

In loving Thee thou know'st I am forsworn,  
But *thou art twice forsworn* to me love swearing,  
*In act Thy Bed-Vow Broke* and new faith torn  
In vowing new hate after new love bearing :  
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,  
When I break twenty ? I am perjured most,  
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee  
And *all my honest faith in thee is lost* :  
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,  
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,  
And to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,  
Or made them swear against the ' Thing ' they see ;  
For I have sworn thee fair ; more perjured *Eye*,  
To swear against the truth so foul a lie !

## After the Execution.

## CXLVII.

*My love is as a fever*, longing still  
For that which longer nurseth the disease,  
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
The uncertain sickly appetite to please :  
My Reason, the physician to my love,  
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve  
*Desire is death*, which physic did except.  
*Past cure I am*, now Reason is past care,  
*And frantic-mad* with evermore unrest ;  
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,  
At random from the truth vainly express'd :  
For I have sworn thee fair and thought thee bright,  
Who art *as Black as Hell, as Dark as Night*.

The Queen's Passionate Pride :  
Her Remorse.

\* "In Memory of Essex.  
To-day his Mother died."

CXXIX.

- IT { The expense of Spirit in a Waste of Shame  
Is Lust in action, and, till action, lust†  
I Is *perjured, murderous, bloody full of blame,*  
SIP { *Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,*  
Injoy'd no sooner but despised straight,  
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had  
Past Past reason hated as a swallow'd bait,  
On On purpose laid *to make the taker mad*  
H.M. { Mad in pursuit and in possession so ;  
Had, having, and in quest, to have, extreme :  
A A Bliss in Proof, and Proud, and very Woe ;  
B Before, a Joy proposed ; behind, a Dream.  
TAI { All this the world well knows yet none knows well  
To shun the Heaven that leads men to this Hell.  
"In Spirit (the Capitals in Quarto Text), IT I Sip :  
PAST ON . . . Her Majesty Be a Tale to All."
- \* An enfolded message in the Sonnet.  
† A passion of the mind.  
"The desire of Power in Excess caused the Angels to fall."  
Francis Bacon on "Goodness."  
"And they all know who have paid dear for serving and obeying these lusts, that whether after honour, or riches, or delight, or glory, or knowledge or anything else which they seek after, yet they are but as things cast off, and by divers men in all ages, after experience had utterly rejected and loathed." Francis Bacon, "Dionysius."

This Sonnet was written in the light of the tragic circumstances relating to his mother's death . . . the Confession of the Countess of Nottingham that she had kept back the Queen's Ring. Lines 3 and 4 would exactly describe the situation as it then appeared to Francis Bacon who learned the truth of the matter later. There would be two years at least between the writing of Sonnets 40 and 41. Many scholars regard this as the world's greatest Sonnet.

## "IN MEMORY OF ELIZABETH."

"A COLLECTION OF HER FELICITIES."—By *Francis Bacon*.

[This short Memoir was published by Dr. Rawley in "*Resuscitatio*," or *Bringing into Publick Light, Several Pieces hitherto Sleeping*, 1670, and is an excellent example of open words and phrases used to convey a double meaning on true Rosicrosse-Masonic Lines. The significant words are all italicized in the original.]

"Howsoever, she persisted to perform the part of a *Wife* and loving *Confederate* (p. 146) . . . The Reigns of Women are for the most part obscured by their Husbands. Those that continue unmarried inappropriate the whole glory and merit to themselves. She had no Brother, no Uncle (the writer does not say she had no Husband) and for those whom she raised to Honour, she carried *such a discrete Hand* over them, that she, Herself, remained in *all things* an Absolute Princess. Childless she was, and (to succeed her) left no Issue behind Her, which was the case of Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar and Trajan (Monarchs who were likewise childless and left no successor yet who had natural children) (p. 147). . . . *There are Two Fair Issues of Her Happiness* born to Her since her Death, I conceive not less Glorious and Eminent than *THOSE* (Two Fair Issues) *She enjoyed alive*. The one of her *Successor* (Francis Bacon, the writer). The other of her *Memory* (the Memory being Essex, the younger Son, that tortured her last hours). *For she hath gotten such a Successor*, who although for his *Masculine Virtues*, he may be said to exceed her greatness and somewhat to obscure it (her outward virginity); Not-with-standing, he is most zealous of her Name and Glory, and doth even give a *Perpetuity* to her *Acts*, he hath departed so little from her so, as a *Son*—could hardly succeed a *Father* with *less Noise or Innovation* . . . And for this cause especially, have I made this Collection such as it is, touching her Felicity, and the *Marks* of God's favour towards Her . . . yet . . . many years before her death, she would sometimes open herself what she would have for an Inscription upon her Tombe, saying, she would only have a line wherein her *Name* and her *Virginitie* should be comprehended (p. 148). It is true that whilst she was in her vigorous years and able to bear Children, if at any time she were moved to declare her Successor, she would make answer, *That she would never endure to see her Winding Sheet before her Eyes*. (Notice the subtlety of this phrase. . . . Francis Bacon, the winding sheet of her Virginity standing before her as a youth pleading to be her acknowledged Son). . . . The change which happened was not in her *Nature*, but upon the *necessity of the Times*. . . . Now if there be any severer nature that shall tax her for that she suffered herself, and was very willing to be courted, wooed, and to have *SONNETS* made in her commendation . . . at the worst it amounted to a mere high admiration. . . . *Fair purpose and Love-making* was allowed but *Lasitiveness* banished. This Princess was good and moral. She detested vice and desired to purchase Fame only by honourable courses. . . . The only Commender of this Ladies Virtues is Time. The ages had not shewed us one of the *Female Sex* equal to her in the administration of a kingdom (p. 151-2)."





## THE FIRST CANTO WAS NOT ADDRESSED TO A MAN.

Stratfordians say that the First Canto was addressed to a man, owing to such phrases as "Thy Youth's proud Livery," thy "Lusty Days" and "Where is she so Fair whose Uncared Womb disdains the Tillage of thy Husbandry."

These contentions are unsound. The Poet believed that the person addressed could live in a child after death, "What could Death do if thou shouldst depart leaving thee LIVING in posterity." (S. 7). In view of this only the living Offspring could say to its PARENT, "You are no longer yours. . . Then you, YOUR SELF, HERE (the very place he writes the Sonnet) Live," (S. 14). The present tense also used in "Thine Image dies with thee" (S. 4) proves the position. An Image of a living person must necessarily be a Living one then in existence. A childless man has no living image.

The person addressed is never referred to as a "HIM," as a Male. "Thy Youth's proud Livery" is a general term applicable to the youth of women as well as men, the "Livery" that could still be gazed upon being the Royal Regalia that could not fade with the passing of the years nor serve as a disguise for a tottering old woman of eighty—the age of Queen Elizabeth after "Forty Winters more had besieged her Brow." Southampton at sixty would not "TOTTER."

"The Treasure of thy LUSTY days" makes clear the SEX of the person addressed. "Lusty" means "Full of health and vigour, Lustful," but its final meaning is "Pregnant." The Poet thus asks "Where is the TREASURE of thy days of Pregnancy" (S. 3), the "Treasure" being himself.

The very phrase "Uncared Womb" means a womb that has been relieved of something, the grain having fallen out, leaving a sheath, an empty husk. The Poet-Son asks his Queen-Mother, "Where is she FAIR (i.e., Just) whose empty womb now disdains the act of Tillage"—the Fruit of thy husbandry with Nature?

"Thy Husbandry" could not possibly refer to a bachelor, Lord Southampton or Pembroke. It is an agricultural term as applicable to a woman who has been "husbanded" as to a man who has been "wived."

The secret message in Sonnet 2 conclusively proves that the person addressed was a Mother-Queen—a "Ma-king." Queen Elizabeth was, symbolically, the Lion of England. Young Francis was her young cub. He "PAWS" at her for Recognition. He writes the Canto in a spirit of supplication, "'To Paw at Thy Majesty! Francis Bacon—HIST—(i.e., Hush because it is a State Secret) Be FRANCIS TUDOR."

The writer's avowal alters History. It cannot be pretended that the initial letters and words fell into order by chance. It is a designed Code-Method which applies to every Sonnet, 154, known to the Editor and to every Rosicrucian-Mason.

## CANTO I.

# MARGUERITE OF VALOIS THE POET'S SWEETHEART.

Marguerite of Valois was the young, beautiful and erudite daughter of Catherine de Medici. She was the sister to the French King and Consort of Henry IV. of Navarre with whom she had not lived on terms of marital intimacy, the marriage being one of convenience. Henry IV. was attached to another—the Baroness de Sauve. When Francis Bacon appeared at the French Court a divorce was about to be arranged.

This Canto was written when Francis Bacon was at the French Court in the train of Sir Amias Paulett. He would be sixteen to seventeen years of age. He then knew that he was Queen Elizabeth's son... born under a cloud. Look at Hilyard's miniature of Francis as a youth. One can well imagine him writing these passionate lyrics.

**The First Thrill of Love.**  
**Her Favourite Flower was the Marigold.**

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars  
 Of *Public Honour and Proud Titles* boast,  
*Whilst I whom Fortune of such Triumph bars,*  
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.  
 Great Princes' favourites their fair leaves spread  
 But 'as the Marigold at the Sun's Eye,  
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
 For at a frown they in their glory die.  
 The painful warrior famed for worth,  
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,  
*Is from the Book of Honour razed forth,*  
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd :  
     Then happy I that love and am beloved  
     Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

**Her Love...Immortal.**

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day ?  
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate :  
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
 And Summer's lease hath all too short a date :  
 Sometimes too hot the Eye of Heaven shines,\*  
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;  
 And every fair from fair sometimes declines,  
 By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd :  
*But thy Eternal Summer shall not fade*  
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;  
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
 When in Eternal Lines to Time thou growest :  
     So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
     So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

\* The " Eye of Heaven " is a Masonic Image : See Sonnets  
 12, line 6 ; 26, line 1 ; 134, line 6 ; 77, line 5 ; 61, line 5.



**Her Picture...A Joint Holding.**

Betwixt mine Eye and Heart a league is took,  
 And each doth good turns now unto the other :  
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,  
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,  
 With my Love's picture then my eye doth feast,  
 And to the Painted Banquet bids my heart ;  
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest  
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part :  
 So, either by *thy Picture or my Love*,  
 Thy Self away, *art present still with me* ;  
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,  
 And I am still with them and they with thee ;  
 Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
 Awakes my heart, to heart's and eye's delight.

**Lines Written in a Blank Note-Book : His Gift to Marguerite on leaving Her to Travel.**

Thy Glass will show thee how thy beauties were ; (wear)  
 Thy Dial how thy precious minutes waste ;  
 The Vacant Leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,  
 And of this Book, this learning mayst thou taste.  
 The wrinkles which thy Glass will truly show  
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory ;  
 Thou by thy Dial's shady stealth mayst know,  
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.  
 Look ! What thy memory cannot contain  
 Commit to \*these. . †Waste Blacks. . And thou shalt find  
*Those Children nursed, deliver'd from thy Brain,*  
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.

These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
 Shall profit thee *and much enrich thy Book.*

\* "these" (vacant leaves).

† "Waste Blacks" --Scribble down your thoughts in black lead. "It is of great service in studies to set down commonplaces. . .Certain marks which may excite our mind to return and produce such knowledge as it hath formerly collected." Francis Bacon.

(48)  
Journeying Afar.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,  
When what I seek (my weary travel's end)  
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say  
‘ Thus far the miles are measured from thy Friend ! ’  
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
Plods duly on, to bear that weight in me,  
As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
His rider loved not speed being made from thee :  
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on,  
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide ;  
Which heavily he answers with a groan,  
More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;  
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,  
*My grief lies onward and my joy behind.*

(49)

LI.

Thus can my Love excuse the slow offence  
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed :  
From where thou art, why should I haste me thence ?  
Till I return, of \*Posting is no need.  
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?  
Then should I spur though mounted on the wind ;  
In winged speed no motion shall I know :  
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;  
Therefore desire (of perfect'st love being made)  
Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race ;  
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade...  
• Since from thee going *he* went wilful-slow,  
Towards thee *I'll run*, and give him *leave to go*.

\* Post-horses.

The Poet—A Sleepless Lover.  
The Astral Plane and "Second Sight."

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
The dear repose for limbs with travail\* tired ;  
But then begins a Journey in my Head  
To work my mind, when body's work's expired :  
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)  
Intend a Zealous Pilgrimage to thee,  
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
Looking on darkness which the blind do see :  
Save that *my Soul's Imaginary Sight*  
*Presents thy Shadow to my Sightless view.*  
Which like a Jewel (hung in ghastly night)  
Makes *black night beautiful, and her old face new.*†  
Lo ! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
For thee, and for myself no quiet find.

How can I then return in happy plight,  
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?  
When Day's oppression is not eased by Night,  
But day by night and night by day, oppress'd ?  
And each (though enemies to either's reign)  
Do in consent shake hands to torture me ;  
The one by toil, the other to complain  
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.  
I tell the Day, to please him thou art bright  
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven :  
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd Night,  
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.  
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer  
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem  
stronger.

\* Travail = Work : The Poet was travelling on Business, not for pleasure. " Francis Bacon employed some years of his life in travel, France, Italy, Spain, to observe judiciously Laws and Customs." Amboise.  
† By the light of the Aura

"There is a Spiritual Body."

Is it thy will *thy Image* should keep open  
 My heavy eyelids to the weary night ?  
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
 While *Shadows like to thee do mock my sight ?*  
*Is it thy Spirit that thou send'st from thee*  
*So far from home into my deeds to pry ?*  
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,  
 The scope and tenour of thy Jealousy ?  
 O, no ! Thy love, though much, is not so great :  
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake ;  
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,  
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake :  
 For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,  
 From me far off, with others all too near.

Clairvoyance.

When most I wink then do mine eyes best see,  
 For all the day they view things unrespected ;  
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,  
 And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.  
 Then thou *whose Shadow . . . shadows doth make bright,*  
 How would thy *Shadow's Form* form happy show  
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
 When to unseeing eyes *thy Shade shines so !*  
 How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made  
 By looking on thee in the living day ?  
 When in dead night *thy fair imperfect Shade*  
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay ?  
 All Days are Nights to see till I see thee,  
 And Nights bright Days when dreams do show thee  
 me.



(54)  
A Poet's Thoughts  
while Travelling from  
His Sweetheart.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were Thought,  
Injurious distance should not stop my way ;  
For then, *despite of space*, I would be brought,  
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.  
No matter then although my foot did stand  
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee ;  
For *Nimble Thought can jump both sea and land*  
*As soon as think the place where he would be.*  
But, ah ! 'Thought kills me that I am not Thought,  
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,  
But that so much of earth and water wrought,  
I must attend time's leisure with my moan,  
Receiving nought by elements so slow,\*  
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

(55)  
Telepathy.

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire  
Are both with thee, wherever I abide ;  
The first my Thought, the other my Desire,  
These present...absent... with swift motion slide.  
For when these Quicker Elements are gone  
In tender embassy of love to thee,  
My life being made of four, with two alone  
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy ;  
Until life's composition be recured,  
By *those Swift Messengers return'd from thee*,  
Who even but now come back again assured,  
Of thy fair health, *recounting it to me* :

This told, I joy ; but then no longer glad,

I send them back again and straight grow sad.

\* The Ancients conceived man to be composed of Four Elements . . . Earth, Water, Air and Fire. (S.R.I.A Officers).

CANTO II.

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS.

THE  
FEARS AND HOPES  
OF A  
POET'S LOVE.

The Second Period of Love. Later Sonnets written in France while Francis Bacon was still attached to the French Court in the entourage of Sir Amias Paulett, the English Ambassador.

(56)

Fears lest Margaret Ceases to Love Him.

xcI.

Some Glory in their Birth, some in their Skill,  
Some in their Wealth, some in their Bodies' force,  
Some in their Garments though new-fangled ill,  
Some in their Hawks and Hounds, some in their  
Horse ;

And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,  
Wherein it finds a Joy above the rest :  
But these particulars are not my measure ;  
All these I better in one general best.

*Thy Love is Better than High Birth to me,*  
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,  
Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;  
*And having thee, of all Men's Pride I boast :*

Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take  
All this away and me most wretched make.

(57)

xcII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,  
For term of life thou art assured mine,  
And life no longer than thy love will stay,  
For it depends upon that love of thine.  
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,  
When in the least of them my life hath end,  
I see... *a Better State* to me belongs  
Than that... which on thy humour doth depend :  
*Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,*  
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie :  
O, what a *Happy Title* do I find,  
Happy to have thy love, happy to die !  
But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot !  
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
 Like a deceived Husband ; so love's face  
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd new ;  
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place ;  
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,  
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.  
 In many's looks the false heart's history  
 Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange ;  
 But *Heaven in thy Creation did decree*  
 That *in thy Face Sweet Love should ever dwell ;*  
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,  
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.  
 How like *Eve's Apple* doth thy beauty grow,  
 If *thy Sweet Virtue* answer not thy *Show !*

## To Marguerite...A Warning.

They that have Power to Hurt, and will do none  
 That do not do the thing they most do show ;  
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,  
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow ;  
 They *rightly do inherit Heaven's Graces,*  
 And husband nature's riches from expense ;  
 They are the Lords and Owners of their faces,  
 Others but Stewards of their Excellence.  
 The Summer's flower is to the Summer sweet,  
 Though to itself it only live and die,  
 But if that Flower with base infection meet,  
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity :  
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds  
*Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.\**

\* The corruption of the best things is the worst."

(60)  
Her Frailties.

xcv.

How Sweet and Lovely dost thou make the Shame  
Which like a canker in the fragrant Rose,  
Doth *spot the beauty of thy Budding Name !\**  
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose !  
That *Tongue that tells the Story of thy Days,†*  
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,  
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise ;  
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.  
O, what a Mansion have those vices got  
Which for their habitation chose out thee,  
Where Beauty's Veil doth cover every blot,  
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see !  
Take heed, dear heart of this large privilege ;  
*The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.*

(61)  
His Mistress...a Dark Brunette.

cxxxii.

Thine eyes I love, and they as pitying me,  
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain,  
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,  
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
And truly not the Morning Sun of Heaven  
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the East,  
Nor that full Star that ushers in the Even  
Doth half that glory to the sober West,  
As those two Morning Eyes become thy face :  
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart  
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace.  
And suit thy pity like in every part :  
Then will I swear Beauty herself is black,  
And all they foul that thy Complexion lack.

\* " Marguerite " in French means a Daisy.

† This line makes it obvious that the Sonnet is addressed to a Person of Importance to Historians... a Woman.

Margaret Plays the Virginal :  
The Poet's Thoughts.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when Thou, my Music, music play'st,  
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st  
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
Do I envy those Jacks that nimble leap  
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
Whilst *my poor Lips*, which should that harvest reap,  
*At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand !*  
To be so tickled, they would change their state,  
And situation with those dancing chips,  
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,  
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.  
Since saucy Jacks so happy are in this,  
Give them thy Fingers, *me thy Lips to kiss.*

Her Inexpressible Beauty.

CIII.

Alack, what Poverty my Muse brings forth,  
That having such a scope to show her pride,  
The Argument all bare is of more worth  
Than when it hath my added praise beside !  
O, blame me not if I no more can write !  
*Look in your glass and there appears a face*  
*That over-goes my blunt Invention quite.*  
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.  
Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,  
To mar the Subject that before was well ?  
For to no other pass my verses tend  
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell ;  
And more, much more, than in my Verse can sit,  
Your own Glass shows you...when you look in it.

**When** When in the Chronicle of Wasted Time,  
**I see** I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
**An** And Beauty making beautiful old rhyme,  
**In.** In praise of Ladies dead and lovely Knights,  
**TO** { Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
 { Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
**I see** I see their Antique Pen would have express'd  
**Even** Even such a Beauty as you master now.  
**So.** So all their *Praises are but Prophecies*  
**O** Of this our time, *all you prefiguring ;*  
**A** And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
**T.** They had not still enough your worth to sing :\*  
**For** For we which now behold these present days,  
**H.** Have eyes to wonder, but *lack tongues to Praise.*  
*" When I see an Installation, too, I see even Solomon's*  
*Circle : A Temple for Hiram."*

\* Neither sufficient poetic gifts of expression nor the psychic gift of pre-vision.

## CANTO III.

### MARGUERITE DE VALOIS.

#### THE POET'S LIFE-LONG IDEAL.

The first Sonnet in this Canto begins the year he left France, where he had stayed three years . . . more or less closely associated with her. He harks back to the Ideal he lost at various times of his life. The last two Sonnets in the Canto were written at the close of life, after his downfall, when his social and public life was in ruins. We see, after many years, he returns to the Ideal of his youth . . . to the "what might have been." He blends his Ideal Love with other Ideal Loves.



## To Margaret...After Three Years.

CIV.

To me, Fair Friend, you never can be old,  
 For as you were when first your eye I eyed,  
 Such seems your beauty still : *Three Winters cold*  
 Have from the forests shook *Three Summers' pride*,  
*Three Beauteous Springs* to yellow Autumn turn'd  
 In process of the seasons I have seen,  
*Three April perfumes* in *Three hot Junes burn'd*,  
 Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green.  
 Ah ! yet doth beauty like a dial-hand,  
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived ;  
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,  
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived :  
 For fear of which, hear this, *thou Age unbred* :  
 " *Ere you were born was Beauty's Summer dead.*"

## Lines written some time afterwards.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,  
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer :  
 Yet then my judgement knew no reason why  
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.  
 But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents  
*Creep in 'twixt Vows, and change Decrees of Kings,\**  
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
*Divert Strong Minds to the course of altering things ;\**  
 Alas why fearing of time's tyranny,  
 Might I not then say ' Now I love you best,'  
 When I was certain o'er incertainty,  
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?  
 Love is a Babe ; then might I not say so,  
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow ?

\* A direct reference that the Queen, his mother, had definitely decided she could not acknowledge him as Heir.

(67)  
Some Years Later.

XXIX.

When in *disgrace with Fortune and Men's Eyes,*  
I all alone bewEEP MY OUT-CAST STATE,  
And trouble deaf Heaven with my *bootless Cries*  
And look upon myself and curse my Fate,  
*Wishing me like to One more Rich in Hope,\**  
*Featured like him,* like him with friends possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least.  
Yet in these thoughts my self almost despising,  
Haply *I think on Thee,* and then my State,  
(Like to the lark at break of day arising)  
From sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth bringeth  
That then I *scorn to change my State with Kings.*

\* His brother, Essex.

## Still later : The Poet Past Middle Age.

## BLENDED IDEALS.

## TO PALLAS MINERVA.

## LXXVI.

Why is my Verse so barren of new Pride :  
 So far from variation or quick change :  
 Why with the time do I not glance aside  
 To new-found methods and to compounds strange :  
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,  
 And keep *Intention in a Noted Weed*,\*  
 That Every Word doth almost †FELL my name,  
*Showing their Birth, and Where they did Proceed ?*  
 O, know, Sweet Love, I always write of you,  
 And You and Love are still my Argument ;  
 So all my best is *Dressing Old Words New*,  
 Spending again what is already spent :  
 For as the sun is daily new and old,  
 So is my love still telling what is told.

\* See Francis Bacon's Prayer : " I have (though in a despised weed) procured the good of all men."

† " Fell " : the most important word in the Quarto, wrongly altered by modern editors to " sell " or " tell " : " to finish weaving, as to fell a piece of cloth ; a seam ; the end of the web formed by the last thread of the weft in a piece of fabric in the process of weaving " (*Funk & Wagnall's Dictionary*). The poet thus intimates by this wonderful word-image that, though a concealed Poet, his name is felled and seamed in the very garment of the words he uses to express his thoughts and that, more important still, the concrete motif is also " felled " or woven into the fabric of his imaginative thought... a concrete motif which shows " their birth," how the words came into being, " where they proceeded from," the various passions which stirred him into activity.

" Time shall Unfold what Plated Cunning Hides " Shakespeare. It is no imposture at all, but a sober fore-sight which tells me that the formula itself of interpretation — the art of felling concrete motifs and the discoveries made by the same will thrive better if committed to the charge of some *fit and selected minds* and KEPT PRIVATE to Rossetti-Mason. Francis Bacon.

(69)  
Still later :  
To A WIFE.

xxxii.

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall  
And shalt, by Fortune, *once more re-survey* [cover,  
These poor rude lines of thy deceased Lover,  
Compare them with the bettering of the time,  
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,  
Reserve them *for my love, not for their rhyme,*  
Exceeded by the *height of happier men.*  
O, then vouchsafe me but this Loving Thought :  
' Had my Friend's Muse grown with this growing age  
A dearer Birth than this his Love had brought,  
To march in ranks of better equipage :  
But since he died and Poets better prove,  
Theirs for their style I'll read, his *for his love.*'

(70)  
At the Close of Life.

To MARGUERITE : AND A WORTHY BROTHER.

xxx.

When to the Sessions of Sweet Silent Thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :  
Then can I drown an eye (unused to flow)  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh *Love's long since cancell'd Woe,*  
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight :  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
Which I new pay as if not paid before.  
' But if the while I think on thee, Dear Friend  
*All losses are restored and sorrows end.*

(71)

## The Lost Ideal.

FOUND IN HIRAM'S GRAVE . . . RESURRECTION.

XXXI.

Thy Bosom is endeared with all Hearts,  
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,  
*And there reigns Love and all Love's loving parts,  
And all those Friends which I thought buried.*  
How many a holy and obsequious tear  
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye  
As Interest of the Dead, which now appear  
But things removed that hidden in There... \*LIE..  
*Thou art the Grave where buried Love doth LIFE,*  
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;  
That due of many, now is thine alone:  
    Their Images I loved I view in thee,  
    And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

\* Lie = Deceive

" Francis Bacon's love for Marguerite was the overmastering passion of his life, and dominated his mind for many years."  
(Cunningham.)

NOTE: Mother Earth has taken to her bosom the Poet's friends, who are supposed to be dead but who still LIVE. The Grave of Hiram Abif the Mason is hung with the Myths of the Ancients to be seen in Freemasonry just as the Memory of Marguerite lives as an IDEAL in which he sees once more the friends he had lost... still living like her in that Higher World.

FRANCIS BACON  
TO HIS  
GIRL WIFE,  
ALICE BARNHAM.

The first Sonnet was written during courtship : The second on his wedding day, 10th May, 1606... "with April's first-born flowers" : The last Sonnet when, by special Warrant of the King, Lady Bacon was given precedence over all other Court ladies... Lord St. Alban having been appointed Regent of the Kingdom.

(72)  
Courtship.

XXII.

*My Glass shall not persuade me I am Old,  
So long as Youth and Thou are of one date,  
But when in thee Time's Furrows I behold,  
Then look I death my days should expiate.  
For all that Beauty that doth Cover thee,  
Is but the seemly Raiment of my heart,  
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me ;  
How can I then be Elder than thou art ?  
O, therefore, Love, be of thyself so wary  
As I not for my self but for thee will ;  
Bearing thy Heart, which I will keep so chary  
As Tender Nurse her Babe from faring ill.*

Presume not on thy Heart when mine is slain :  
Thou gavest me Thine not to give back again.

(73)  
 Francis Bacon's Wedding Sonnet ;  
 Written on his Wedding Day : 10th May  
 1606.

XXI.

S.S. { So is it not with me as with that Muse,  
 { Stirr'd by a Painted Beauty to his verse,  
 W. Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,  
 A. And every Fair with his Fair doth rehearse,  
 W.M. { Making a couplement of proud compare  
 { With Sun and Moon, with Earth and Sea's rich gems  
 With With April's First-Born flowers, and all things rare  
 Th That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.  
 O O let me True in Love, but truly write,  
 A And then believe me, my Love is as fair  
 As As *any Mother's Child*, though not so bright  
 \*A As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :  
 L Let them say more that like of hearsay well ;  
 I I *will not praise that purpose not to sell.*  
 Ce C

*" Alice has a Ring : With the Worshipful Master a  
 Worthy Sacred Symbol."*

\* In the Quarto a large " C " is placed under the " n " in  
 " not." This leaves only one " e " in the remainder  
 of the line...in " sell." The Poet thus gave his  
 Elizabethan Brethren the first hint of one of his methods  
 of enfoldment by giving his wife's name: " ALICE."



"We command our Royal Pleasure to be that Lady Bacon shall enjoy Precedency before all Ladies of whatsoever Estate."

(*Extract from the Royal Warrant*).

cv.

Let not my Love be call'd Idolatry,  
*Nor my Beloved as an Idol show,*  
 Since all alike my songs and praises be  
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.\*  
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
*Still Constant in a Wondrous Excellence ;*  
 Therefore my verse to *Constancy confined,*  
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
 ' Fair, kind, and true ' is all my argument,  
 ' Fair, kind, and true ' varying to other words ;  
 And in this change is my Invention spent,  
 Three Themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.  
*' Fair, Kind and True ' have often lived alone,*  
*Which Three till now never kept seat in One.†*

\* To Pallas Athene. The Poet's published praises were inspired by the Goddess of Wisdom in pursuit of an Ideal. His private verse to his young wife was too sacred to be blazoned abroad (making his beloved as an Idol on show) although he was justifiably proud of her as the First Lady in the Land.

† "These *Three*, as in the body so in the mind, seldom meet and commonly sever...and sometimes two of them meet, and rarely all *Three*." Francis Bacon, "Advancement."

## CANTO I.

### TO APOLLO, THE GOD OF POETRY AND ELOQUENCE.

Apollo is personified in Mythology as a Beardless Youth, effeminate, with the Power of changing his Form to gratify his *Amours*. As the Embodiment of Passion—Creative Love—he controlled all Passions.

The Sonnets in Canto I were written at odd times between youth to middle age. They are not arranged in the original order of the date of writing. They are, however, arranged as they were in the Canto before the Sonnets were disarranged for publication. Sonnets 75 (xxvi.) and 76 (cxxii.) were written contemporaneously with the publishing of the *Novum Organum*. Nos. 77 (xx.), 78 (lii.) and 79 (lvi.) were written prior to this date. No. 80 (lv.) was written last.

(75)

A Message of Homage from a Vassal  
Poet to his Liege Lord.

xxvi.

Lord of my Love, to whom in Vassalage  
Thy Merit hath my Duty strongly knit :  
To Thee I send this Written Embassage,  
To witness duty, not to show my wit :  
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
May make seem Bare, in *wanting words to show it*,  
But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
In thy Soul's thought (all Naked) will bestow it ;  
Till whatsoever *Star that guides my moving*,  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,  
And *puts Apparel on my Totter'd Loving*,  
To show me worthy of their sweet respect :  
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee :  
Till then...not show my head where thou mayst  
prove me.

\* \* \* \* \*

(76)

The Tables of the *Novum Organum*:  
Published in 1620 by Francis Bacon.

T. Thy Gift, thy Tables, are within my brain  
F.T. { Full Character'd with lasting memory,  
W.B. { Which shall above that Idle Rank remain  
HO { Beyond all date even to Eternity;  
HO { Or at the least, so long as brain and heart  
HO { Have faculty by Nature to subsist;  
TOT { Till each to razed oblivion yield his part...  
TOT { Of Thee, thy Record never can be miss'd:  
No. { That... *poor retention* could not so much hold,  
The { Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;  
TOT { Therefore to give them from me was I bold,  
TOT { To trust those Tables that receive thee more:  
We { To keep an adjunct to remember thee  
We { Were to import forgetfulness in me.  
"Francis Tudor's 'T': Ho! Worthy Brother!  
Tot the Number we Tot."

\* This reference to the Tables of the *Novum Organum* of 1620 proves that Shakspere of Stratford could not have written this Sonnet prior to 1609, the alleged date of the publication of the Sonnets. In the first line there are five "T's." In the Quarto the Poet prints an additional large "T", making six "T's": "T"=Table. The Poet thus indicates the exact number mentioned in the *Novum Organum* which constituted the whole of his vast philosophic Scheme, the Six Parts or Prime Tables of the *Instauratio Magna*, which, in turn, are sub-divided into the smaller "Tables of Discovery," etc.  
"In Tables, unless you erase what has before been written, you can write nothing else. But in the Mind, on the contrary, unless you inscribe something else, you cannot erase what has before been written." Francis Bacon.

## Apollo...The Ancient Myth.

A Woman's face with Nature's own hand painted  
 Hast thou, *the Master-Mistress of my Passion* :  
 A Woman's gentle heart but not acquainted  
 With shifting change as is false woman's fashion ;  
 An Eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,\*  
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;  
 A Man in Hue, all ' Hues ' in his controlling,†  
*Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.‡*  
 And for a Woman wert thou first created ;§  
 Till Nature as she wrought thee fell a-doting,  
 And by addition me of thee defeated,  
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.  
 But since she prick'd thee out for Women's pleasure,  
 Mine be thy Love¶ and *thy Love's use their Treasure.*||

(78) LIII.

Apollo...The Personification of Ideal,  
Creative Love.

## What is Love ?

What is your substance ? *Whereof are you made ?*  
*That millions of Strange Shadows on you tend ?*  
 Since every one, hath every one, one shade,  
 And you but one, can every shadow lend.  
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit  
 Is Is poorly imitated after you ;  
 On On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,  
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new :  
 Speak of the spring and foison of the year ;  
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,  
 The other as your bounty doth appear ;  
 And *Tou in every Blessed Shape we know.*

*In all external grace you have some part,*

But you like none, none you for constant heart.

\* Apollo was the God of the Sun... the " eye " which rolls steadily in its orbit as " it " gazeth on the earth.  
 " God's First Creature, Light." Francis Bacon.

† Hue = Passion, Shape ‡ The Love-Urge. § As a Creator.  
 ¶ As a Creative Poet. || As Children.

(79)

Love...the Distillation of Truth by a  
Poet's Muse.

LIV.

O, how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem  
By that sweet ornament which Truth doth give !  
The Rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.  
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye  
As the perfumed tincture of the Roses,  
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly, :  
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses  
But for *their Virtue only is their Show*,  
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,  
Die to themselves : Sweet Roses do not so ;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :  
And so of you, beauteous and lovely Youth,  
When that shall vade, *by Verse distils your Truth*.

---

NOTE :—" A crucified Rose on a Cross was the emblem of the Rosicrucians. ADONIS was the Rose," (Wigston). The poet uses the word and then re-spells it by design as shown in the margin as an open indication that he has adopted the same method to spell other names and phrases in the text : See Sonnet 107.

(So)  
The Immortality of Love  
Life's Greatest Theme.

LV.

Not Marble, nor the Gilded Monuments  
Of Princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme,\*  
But YOU shall shine more bright in these contents  
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.  
When wasteful war shall Statues overturn,  
And *Broils* root out the Work of †*MASONRY*,  
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn  
The Living Record of your Memory.‡  
'Gainst Death, and all-oblivious Enmity  
Shall you *pace forth*: Your praise shall still find room  
Even in the eyes of all posterity  
That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
So till the Judgement that your Self arise,  
You live in this and dwell in *Lovers'* eyes.

- \* "The Monuments of wit survive the Monuments of Power : the Verses of the Poet endure without a syllable lost, while State and Empires pass many periods."

Francis Bacon.

- † *Broils* = "Noisy quarrels : discords between individuals." Note the perfect balance of the Poet's imagery : war can overturn statues of stone and internecine quarrels among Brethren can root out the ethical tenets of Love...the principles of Masonry...should the Craft "forget to practice what they profess to admire."

"I study to advance the good and profit of Mankind. I that have deserved perchance to be an *Architect* in Philosophy and Sciences, am made a *Workman* and a *Labourer*. I sustain and work out myself, many things that must needs be done." Francis Bacon.

- ‡ i.e. a Living Succession of Freemasons, Sons of Apollo.

## CANTO II.

# THE POET'S RETURN TO THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO

The Sonnets in Canto II. were written after Francis Bacon's Fall: Immersed in public and legal work, he wrote comparatively little from 1609 to 1620. The Canto was written after 1621 during the preparation of the great Shakespearian Folio for publication...at odd times. They are not arranged in the Canto in the order of the date in which they were written. They are, however, in the correct order as placed by the Poet before they were disarranged for publication.



## The Worship of a Poet.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that *Ink may Character*,  
 Which hath not *Figured\** to thee my true Spirit ?  
 What's *new to speak, what now to register*,†  
 That may *express my love*, or thy *dear merit* ?  
 Nothing sweet Boy : But yet like prayers divine,  
 I must each day say o'er the very same,  
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
 Even as when first I *hallow'd thy fair Name*.  
 So that *Eternal Love in Love's Fresh Case*,‡  
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age,  
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
 But makes antiquity for aye his page,  
     Finding the first conceit of love there bred  
     *Where time and outward form would show it dead.*

(82)

"This is my Home of Love..." The  
 Temple of Literature.

CIX.

O, never say that I was False of Heart,  
 Though *absence seem'd my flame to qualify* ;  
 As easy might I from my Self depart  
 As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie :  
 That is my *Home of Love* : If I have ranged,  
 Like him that travels I return again,  
 Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,  
 So that *my Self bring water for my stain*.  
 Never believe though in my nature reign'd  
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good ;  
     *For nothing this wide Universe I call,*  
     *Save thou, my Rose : In it thou art my All.*

\* Numerical cyphers, running acrostics, anagrams, dramatic characterization, etc.

† "I have taken all knowledge to be my Province."

‡ The Impeachment.

Francis Bacon.

(83)

A Poet's Confession . . . "I made myself  
a Motley."

CX.

Alas 'tis true, I have gone here and there  
And *made myself a Motley*\* to the view,  
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most  
dear,

Made old offences of affections new ;  
Most true it is, that *I have look'd on Truth*  
*Askance and strangely* : But, by all above,  
These blenches gave my heart another youth,  
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.  
Now *all is done*, have what shall have no end :  
Mine appetite I never more will grind  
On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
*A God in Love*, to whom I am confined.

Then give me welcome, next my Heaven the best,  
Even to thy pure and most, most loving breast.

\* "A disguise: the dress of a jester: composed of various parts."

The Vow of a Poet: His Verse shall be  
an Immortal Monument of Love in  
Apollo's Temple.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic Soul  
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,  
Can yet *the lease of my True Love control*,  
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.  
The *\*Mortal Moon bath her Eclipse endured*,  
And the sad Augurs mock their own Presage;  
Incertainties now crown themselves assured  
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
Now with the drops of this most balmy time,  
My Love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,  
Since, spite of him, *I'll live in this poor rhyme*,<sup>†</sup>  
While *he insults o'er Dull and Speechless tribes*:<sup>‡</sup>  
And thou in this shalt find *Thy Monument*<sup>§</sup>  
When Tyrants' crests and Tombs of Brass are spent.<sup>¶</sup>

\* The Poet refers to himself as the "Mortal Moon"; the "Eclipse" to his Impeachment. "The Fountain of Honour is the King . . . To be banished from his presence is one of the greatest ECLIPSES of Honour that can be."—Francis Bacon. Dr. Rawley says that when the Moon was at her eclipse it affected Francis Bacon strangely, even causing him to faint.

† My Poetic Diary will reveal my Personal Identity.

‡ Men who cannot see the real Personality hidden behind the disguise of a Pen-name.

§ A reference to the Stratford Monument and Tomb of Brass.

¶ "This attribute deserveth to be expressed . . . in some solid work, fixed memorial and *Immortal Monument*." Francis Bacon.

(85)

A Prayer for Renewed Inspiration To  
his Muse...Pallas Athene.

LVI.

Sweet Love, *renew thy Force* ! Be it not said  
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,  
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,  
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might :  
So, Love, be thou ! Although to-day thou fill  
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness,  
To-morrow see again, and do not kill  
The Spirit of Love with a perpetual dullness.  
Let *this sad Interim* like the Ocean be  
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new  
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see  
Return of Love, more blest may be the view ;  
As call it winter, which being full of care  
Makes Summer's welcome, thrice more wish'd,  
more rare.

(86)

Give my Love—the Shake-spearian  
Plays—Fame.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long,  
To speak of that which *gives thee all thy Might* ?  
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,  
Darkening thy Power to lend base subjects Light ?  
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem  
In gentle numbers time so idly spent ;  
Sing to the Ear that doth thy lays esteem  
And gives thy "*Pen* " both skill and argument.\*  
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey  
If Time have any wrinkle graven there ;  
If any, *be a Satire to decay*,  
And make Time's spoils despised every where.

*Give my Love Fame* . . . faster than Time wastes life ;

So thou prevent'st his scythe, and *Crooked Knife*.

\* The dramatic "*Pen*" of "*Shake-speare*" his Secondary Personality.

O, Muse, I will Teach Thee how to make  
my Dramatic Child Live Eternally in  
Youthful Freshness.

CI.

O truant Muse ! What shall be thy amends  
For thy neglect of *Truth in Beauty dyed* ?  
Both truth and beauty *on my Love depends* ;  
So dost thou too, and therein *Dignified* :  
Make answer, Muse ! Wilt thou not haply say  
'Truth needs no colour...with his colour fix'd ;  
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay ;  
But best is best, if never intermix'd ? '\*  
Because He needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb ?  
Excuse not silence so... for't lies in thee  
To make Him much outlive a Gilded Tomb,†  
And to be *praised of Ages* yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse ! I teach thee how  
*To make Him seem long hence...* as he ‡SHOWS now

\* The Poet plays with the idea of the Revision of the Plays then published in quarto form in single little books, their collection and publication as one large Book : In this Sonnet may be seen the Conception of the Great Folio of Shake-speare's Plays, 1623.

† At Stratford...built by the Rosicrosse Literary Society.

‡ "Shows" on the Stage.

NOTE : " My Fortune, Yea my Genius, calls me now to retire from the Stage of Civil Action and to betake myself to Letters, to the Instruction of the ACTORS and the Service of Posterity." Francis Bacon.

THE LOGOS:

THE POET'S SPIRITUAL CREATIONS:

HIS DREAM CHILD,

THE

GREAT SHAKE-SPEARE FOLIO.

*"Poetry is a Dream of Learning."*—Francis Bacon.

This Canto was written after Francis Bacon's Fall in 1621. He returns to Literature. . . to the Passion of his Youth, Poesy, his Dramatic Creations. It is like the Return, after long absence, of a Father to his Child. The Sonnets in the Canto are in their original order as written and extend from the date of his "Return," during revision of the Great Folio, and after its publication.

## The Poet's Return to the Child.\*

xcvii.

How like a *Winter* hath my absence been  
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !  
 What *freezings* have I felt, *what dark days* seen !  
 What old December's bareness every where !  
 And yet *this time removed* was Summer's time,  
 The teeming Autumn big with rich increase,  
 Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,  
 Like widow'd wombs after their Lords' decease :  
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me  
 But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit ;  
 For Summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
 And thou away, the very birds are mute ;  
     Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer  
     That leaves look pale, dreading the Winter's n

(89)

## "The Pattern of Delight."

xcviii.

From You have I been absent in the Spring,  
 When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim  
 Hath put a Spirit of Youth in every thing,  
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him,  
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
 Of different flowers in odour, and in hue,  
 Could make me any Summer's story tell ;  
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they  
     grew :

Nor did I wonder at the Lilies white,  
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the Rose ;  
 They were but sweet, but *Figures of delight*,  
 Drawn after you, *you Pattern of all those*.  
 Yet seem'd it Winter still and you away,  
 As with your Shadow I with these did play :

\* Francis Bacon regarded a "Book" as a Child . . . a *Mental* Creation: "I desire to lay in your bosom my new-born Child" Dedication, "The Advancement of Learning."







(93)

**The Birth of His Child : The Printed  
Book...The Great Folio.**

LXXV.

So are *you to my Thoughts as food to Life,*  
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;  
And for the peace of you I hold such strife,  
As 'twixt a Miser and his Wealth is found ;  
Now *proud as an enjoyer* and anon  
Doubting *the filching Age will steal his treasure,*  
Now counting best to be *with you alone,*  
Then better'd that the *World may see my pleasure ;*  
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight  
And by and by clean starved for a look ;  
Possessing or pursuing no delight,  
Save what is had, or must from you be took.  
Thus do *I pine and surfeit day by day,*  
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

(94)

**The Poet is fearful lest time may destroy  
his Creation.**

LXIV.

When I have seen by *Time's fell hand defaced*  
The rich proud cost of outworn buried Age ;  
When sometime lofty Towers I see down-razed  
And Brass Eternal slave to mortal rage ;  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the Kingdom of the Shore,  
And the firm soil win of the watery Main,  
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;  
When I have seen such interchange of State,  
Or State itself confounded, to decay ;  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat.....  
That *Time will come and take my Love away.*  
This thought is as a Death which cannot choose  
But weep to have, that which it fears to lose.

His Beauty shall live through the Ink of the  
Printer in the Memories of Men: Open  
Publication of the Folio to the World.

Against my Love shall be, *as I am now*,  
With *Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn* ;  
When hours have drain'd his blood and filed his Brow  
With *lines and wrinkles* ; when his Youthful Morn  
Hath travell'd on to Age's steepy night,  
And all those Beauties whereof now he's King  
Are vanishing, or vanish'd out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasure of his Spring ;  
*For such a time do I now fortify*  
Against confounding Age's cruel knife,  
That *he shall never cut from Memory*  
My sweet Love's Beauty, though my lover's life ;  
His Beauty shall in *\*these Black Lines* be seen,  
And they shall live, and He in them *still green*.

- \* "These Black Lines" is a clear reference to the printed pages of The Great Shake-speare Folio of Plays: The "Love" of the Poet is in this instance a Book. In Sonnet 1 he writes, "let my Books be then the eloquence . . . of my speaking breast." Conscious of his genius he declares that marble shall not outlive his powerful rhyme. "I'll live in this poor rhyme," Sonnet 6. This is clear evidence that the Poet desired Immortality through the printed words of his thought. Yet Shaksper of Stratford "made no effort to publish any of his works and uncomplainingly submitted to wholesale piracies despite his shrewd capacity of a man of business." So writes Sidney Lee who also states that Shaksper "inherited all his father's love of litigation and stood rigorously by his rights in all his business relations." The personal pride of the Sonnet Author in his productions, in his "Books," his "Black Lines," his "powerful rhyme" and the admitted indifference of "Shaksper to the writings of "Shake-speare" by Lee, is so glaring a contradiction that in itself it is almost sufficient proof that the Stratfordian was not the Author. . . . Shaksper, moreover, could have openly protected his Plays had he been the author (as a keen "shrewd man of business," he would have done): Francis Bacon, as a "concealed poet" could take no legal steps without betraying his identity."

Later Thoughts of the Poet: The Real Parentage of the Child...The Shakespeare Folio. The Final Reckoning of Nature's Balance Sheet...left Blank. The Poet denotes his Thought by TWO MISSING LINES...The Undisclosed Secret is the Final Balance when Audited to be written up within the Empty Brackets.

## CXXVI.

O thou, my Lovely Boy, *who in thy Power*  
 Dost hold Time's Fickle Glass, his Sickle, Hour;  
 Who hast *by waning grown*, and therein show'st  
 Thy *lovers withering* as thy *sweet Self grow'st*;  
 If Nature (Sovereign Mistress over wrack)  
 As thou goest onwards still will pluck thee back,  
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill  
 May *Time disgrace* and *wretched "Mynuit"\* kill*.  
 Yet fear her, O thou Minion of her Pleasure!  
 She may detain, but not *still†* keep her treasure:  
 Her Audit (though delay'd) answer'd must be,  
 And her *Quietus* is to *render thee...*

‡( )  
 ( )

\* "Mynuit" = official memoranda: the notes of commentators.

† "Still" = quietly.

‡ The two missing lines are given by an enfolded message, which indicates that Nature, in the fullness of Time, will give a final discharge of the Account...her pronouncement on the Shakespearian problem...by declaring that the Great Folio, the Poet's Lovely Boy, was sired by a Prince of the Blood Royal, his real Father...and is not the Child of a Commoner—the Stratford mask...base begotten. I give the last two lines: the manner in which they are enfolded is shown in the Second Volume:

And her *Quietus* is to *render thee...*

("An Honest Boy...No mystery as I...)

(A waning Tudor, quietly to Die.)

(97)

**The Poet Stands in the Stream of Time,  
Glancing Backwards and Forwards.  
He wonders how Classic Greece would  
have Regarded his Creation. He wist-  
fully Ponders the Verdicts of Future  
Generations.**

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is,  
Hath been before, *how* are our brains beguiled,  
Which labouring for Invention, bear amiss  
*The Second burthen of a former Child ! \**  
Oh that record could with a backward look,  
Even of *five hundred courses of the Sun*,  
Show me your Image in some Antique Book,  
Since mind at first *in Character* was done !  
That I might see what the *old World* could say  
To this *Composed Wonder of your Frame* ; †  
Whether we are mended, or where better they,  
Or *whether revolution be the same*.

O, sure I am the wits of former days  
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

\* Many of the Plays in the Great Folio were drastically revised and reconstructed from Plays written years previously.

† This line refers to the Printed Folio...carefully printed, on a mathematical basis, the very misprints being Rosicrosse Signals.

" I have constructed the Machine... the Stuff... gathered from the facts of Nature "... " These works of the Alphabet . . I send to you. I value your own reading more than your publishing them to others . . ." Francis Bacon to Sir Tobie Mathew on sending him a Book... which was probably " The Great Folio of Plays." " Tragedies and Comedies are made of one Alphabet." Francis Bacon's " Promus "

(98)

**The Dramatic Plays shall Stand against  
the Scythe of Time For Ever.**

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end ;  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

\* *Nativity* once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being Crown'd,  
*Crooked Eclipses 'gainst his Glory fight,*  
*And Time that gave doth now his Gift confound.*  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on Youth  
And delves the parallels in Beauty's Brow,  
Feeds on the rarities of Nature's Truth,  
And nothing Stands but for his Scythe to mow :  
And yet to times in hope, *my Verse shall Stand*  
*Praising thy worth, despite his cruel Hand.*

\* The Poet refers to his Birth under a cloud though a Tudor Prince, his slow rise to official Honour and his Fall due to crooked methods.

To Shake-speare the Dramatist that  
Francis Bacon cannot openly praise.

O, *how Thy worth with manners may I sing,\**

When thou art all the better part of me ?

What can mine own praise to *mine own self bring ?*

And what is 't but mine own *when I praise thee ?*

Even for this, *Let us Divided Live,*

And our dear love lose name of *Single One,*

That by this *Separation* I may give

That due to thee which thou deservest alone.

O Absence what a torment wouldst thou prove,

Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave

To entertain the time with thoughts of love,

Which time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceive.

And that *Thou teachest how to make One Twain,†*

By praising him here who doth hence remain !

## (100) xl.

"Take my Love," Pallas Athene, from  
me..." yet I do forgive thy Robbery,  
Gentle Thief."

Take all my loves, my Love, yea, take them all ;

What hast thou then more than thou hadst before ?

No love, my Love, that thou may'st true love call ;

All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more :

Then if for my love, thou my Love receivest,

I cannot blame thee, for my Love thou usest ;

But yet be blamed, if thou this Self deceivest

By *wilful taste* of what thy Self refuseth.

I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,

Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;

And yet love knows it is a greater grief

*To bear Love's Wrong than Hate's known Injury.*

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,

Kill me with spites yet *we must not be Foes.*

\* "Shakespeare by some strange chance, Francis Bacon never mentions." Prof. Nichol.

† "How true a Twain seemeth this concordant One" :  
"Phoenix and the Turtle."

(101)

**The Love of the Poet's Dramatic Second-Self for Pallas, the Divinity of Wisdom who cryeth aloud against Ignorance.**

XLI.

Those pretty Wrongs that Liberty commits,  
When I am sometimes absent from thy heart,  
Thy Beauty and thy Years full well befits,  
For still temptation follows where thou art.  
Gentle thou art and therefore to be won,  
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed ;  
And *when a Woman* \*woes, what *woman's Son*  
*Will sourly leave her* till he have prevailed ?†  
Ay me ! But yet *thou mightst my Seat forbear*,‡  
And chide thy Beauty and thy straying Youth,  
Who lead thee in their riot even there  
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth,  
Hers, by thy Beauty tempting her to thee,  
Thine, by thy Beauty being false to me.§

\* " Woes " = cries.

† " prevailed " upon her to cease crying.

‡ The Seat of Francis Bacon, the grave Philosopher.

§ Pallas Athene uses the Plays to promulgate philosophic concepts . . . the Playwright, Shake-speare, thus usurps the Seat of the Philosopher.



(102)

**Three in One : Athene, Shake-speare,  
and Francis Bacon.**

XLII.

That Thou hast Her it is not all my grief,  
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly ;  
That she hath thee is of my wailing chief...  
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.  
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye :  
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her ;  
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,\*  
Suffering my Friend for my sake to approve her.  
If I lose thee, my loss is my Love's gain,  
And losing her, my Friend hath found that loss ;  
Both *find each other*, and I *lose both twain*.  
And both for my sake lay on me this Cross :  
But here's the Joy : *My Friend and I are One ;*  
Sweet flattery ! *Then She loves but Me alone.*

\* Athene prosecutes her Ideals by " Shake-speare's Pen," which particularly belong to Francis Bacon as an experimental Scientist and Philosopher.

TO SHAKE-SPEARE,  
THE POET'S  
NOM DE PLUME  
AND  
DRAMATIC SECOND SELF.

*"My brain I'll prove the female to my soul, my soul the father: and these two beget a generation of still breeding thoughts."*—Richard II.

(In these forcible words the Poet declares his duality . . . the soul apart from its instrument the brain or mind. The phrase is the correct interpretation of the Phallic Symbols—poetic Creation—to be seen in the Print of Shake-speare in the 1623 Great Folio. The "ear" is not an ear and the cheek-lines represent something else, known to students as the "Ship of Athene" because it carried all the *Heroes* of the Greek World.)

Written after Francis Bacon's Fall.

(103)

Francis Bacon to his Dramatic Personality... Shake-speare : " I may not ever acknowledge Thee."

XXXVI.

I let me confess that *we Two must be Twain*,  
Although *our undivided loves are One* :\*  
So shall *those Blots* that do with me remain,  
Without thy help by me *be borne alone*.  
In our two loves there is but one respect,  
Though in our lives a separable spite,  
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,  
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.  
*I may not evermore acknowledge thee*,  
Lest my †*Bewailed Guilt* should do thee shame,  
Nor thou with *Public Kindness* honour me,  
Unless thou take *that Honour from thy Name* :  
But do not so : I love thee in such sort  
As thou being mine, mine is thy " Good Report."

\* Pallas Athene.

† "Bewailed guilt" = the fact that he had pleaded "guilty" to charges of bribery and had been convicted.

" Though Lamed by Fortune's Spite, I  
 am neither Lame, Poor nor Despised  
 since I live in thy Abundance of Glory  
 ...And, Entitled in their Parts do  
 Crowned sit Beauty, Birth and Wit..."  
 Grafts of my Love.

XXXVII.

AT. <sup>1</sup>As a *decrepit* Father takes delight  
 (To see his Active Child do deeds of youth,  
 S.T. { So I, \**made Lame by Fortune's dearest spite,*  
 { Take all my comfort of *thy Worth and Truth.*  
 F. For whether Beauty, Birth, or Wealth, or Wit,  
 O Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
 ntitled Entitled in *their parts*, do crowned sit,†  
 I I make my love engrafted to this store :  
 W.S. { So then I am not *Lame, Poor, nor Despised,*  
 { Whilst that this *Shadow*‡ doth such substance give  
 { That I in thy abundance am sufficed,  
 TAL. { And by a *part of all thy glory* live.  
 { Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee :  
 This This wish I have ; then ten times happy me !  
 " *At Solomon's Temple, O Freemason, I entitled William*  
*Shakespeare's Tales, this Folio.*" ("Fo" from the  
 Quarto Text Capitals).§

\* "made Lame," etc., a reference to his Impeachment.

† The various characters in the Plays

‡ "this Shadow" = "Mr. William Shake-speare Himself  
 ... Francis Bacon's Secondary Personality.

§ The "Shakespeare Tales" are steeped in Rosicrucian and  
 Masonic Symbolism, phraseology and peculiar "Tra-  
 ditional Legends" only to be understood by the  
 Fraternities.

The Poet's Lyrical Jewels of Emotion  
have always been carefully Secreted :  
But his Dramatic Plays have been open  
to the Eyes of the World...their Hidden  
Truth Locked in his own Heart.

## XLVIII.

How careful was I when I took my Way,  
Each \**Trife* under *Trust* Bars to thrust,  
That to my use it might *unured* stay  
From hands of Falsehood, in sure *Wards* of *Trust* !†  
But !Thou, to whom my Jewels *wives* are,  
Most worthy comfort, *not* my *greatest* grief,  
Thou best of dearest and mine *only* care,  
Art left the *Prey* of every vulgar *Thief*‡  
Thou have I not lock'd up in any chest,  
Save where thou art not though I feel thou art,  
Within the gentle closure of my Breast,  
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;  
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,  
For Truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

\* *Trife* " = Sonnet.

† "*Wards of Trust*" = Registration at Stationers' Hall in 1609.

‡ "*Thou*" = Shakespeare, the Secondary Dramatic Personality of the Writer.

§ The Author could not prevent his Plays being pirated without disclosing his identity in the Law Courts. The "hard business man" Shaksper did not because he was not the Author. Francis Bacon could not ultimately let his tarnished reputation, his "bewailed guilt" should do thee Shakespeare, shame. "For opportunity makes the thief." Francis Bacon.

The Writing of a Poet's Epitaph :  
Which will write it for the other ? The  
Lyrical Poet or the Dramatist ?

LXXXI.

Or \*I shall live †*Your Epitaph to make;*  
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten ;  
From hence your Memory death cannot take,  
Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
Your name from hence Immortal Life shall have,  
Though I (once gone) to all the world must die ;  
The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
When you entombed in men's eyes shall ‡*LIE !*  
‡*Your Monument shall be my gentle Verse,*§  
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,  
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse  
When all the breathers of this world are dead ;  
You still shall live (*such virtue bath my Pen*)  
Where breath most breathes, even in the ¶*Mouths*  
of Men.

\* " I " = Francis Bacon.

† " Your " = Shake-speare.

‡ " Lie " = to Deceive.

§ My Personality shall be revealed in my Sonnets, A Monument of Verse which shall tell the world the real identity of Shake-speare... " my gentle verse your Monument."

¶ " Mouths of Men " = Actors.

Francis Bacon's Challenge to Time, the  
Destroyer : My Dramatic Child shall  
live Perennially Young Despite Thee !

## XIX.

- A.D. { Devouring Time, blunt thou the Lion's paws,  
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood ;\*
- MAP { Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce Tiger's jaws,  
And burn the long-lived Phoenix in her blood ;  
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
- A And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
To To the wide World and all her fading sweets ;
- B But I forbid thee one *most heinous Crime* :
- O ca O, *carve not* with thy hours *my Love's fair brow*,  
N Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;
- Hi. Him in thy course *untainted* do allow
- Fo. For Beauty's Pattern to succeeding Men.
- Ye Yet do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,
- M. My Love shall in my verse ever live young.

" *Anno Domini a Map to Bacon : Hiram's Folio, ye  
Masons.*" (See S. 143, line 13.)

\* See the Story of Shake-speare's last poem, " The Phoenix  
and the Turtle " . . the burning of the Phoenix.

TO  
PALLAS ATHENE,  
  
THE GODDESS WHOSE SYMBOLS  
FRANCIS BACON ADOPTED ...  
THE HELMET OF INVISIBILITY  
AND  
THE SPEAR OF KNOWLEDGE  
IN THE WAR  
AGAINST  
IGNORANCE.

These Sonnets were written at various times throughout the Poet's Life during the production of the Dramatic Plays and were completed as a Canto after his Fall and the Publication of the Great Folio. The last Sonnet is one of the very last poems he ever wrote...at the close of Life.



(108)  
To Pallas Athene.

XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want Subject to Invent,  
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse  
Thine own *sweet argument*, too excellent  
For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?  
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me  
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight ;  
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,  
When Thou thy Self dost give Invention light ?  
Be Thou the Tenth Muse, ten times more in worth  
Than those old Nine which rhymers invoke ;  
And \**He that calls on thee*, let him bring forth  
Eternal *Numbers* to outlive long date.

If my †*Slight Muse* do please these *curious days*,  
The *Pain* be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

(109)  
Francis Bacon the Lyrical Poet and  
Shake-speare the Dramatic Creator.

LXXIX.

Whilst I *alone* did call upon thy aid,  
My Verse alone had all thy Gentle Grace,  
But now my gracious Numbers are decay'd  
And my *sick Muse* doth *give* another place.  
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument  
Deserves the travail of a worthier Pen,  
Yet what of thee *thy Poet* doth invent  
He robs thee of and pays it thee again.  
He lends thee, VIRTUE, and he stole that word  
From thy behaviour ; Beauty doth he give  
And found it in thy cheek : He can afford  
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.

Then thank him not for that which he doth say,  
Since *what he owes thee*, thou thy Self dost pay.

\* " He " = Shake-speare.

† " Slight Muse " = Sonnets.

Francis Bacon's Bond to Pallas Under-  
written by Shake-speare to prosecute  
Her Educational Ideals.

- MASON { So now I have confess'd that *He is thine*,  
And I myself am Mortgaged to thy Will,  
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still :  
F.B. { But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
For thou art covetous, and he is kind ;  
He learn'd but *surety-like to write for me*  
HUT { Under *that Bond* that him as fast doth bind.  
The Statute of thy Beauty thou wilt take,  
AT { Thou usurer that put'st forth all to use,  
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake...  
So. So him I lose through my unkind abuse.  
Hi.ha Him have I lost : *Thou hast both Him and Me* :  
H. He pays the whole, and yet am I not FREE.  
" *Hiram, Hiram (b)ahif, Solomon at Francis Bacon's*  
*HUT : The Mason.*"

His Symbol of Shake-speare used by  
Other Writers.

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse,  
And found such fair assistance in my Verse,  
As every Alien Pen hath got my use  
And under *thee* their Poesy disperse.  
Thine eyes that taught the Dumb on high to sing  
And heavy Ignorance aloft to fly  
Have added *feathers to the Learned's wing*,  
And given *grace a double Majesty*.  
Yet be most proud of that *which I compile*,\*  
Whose influence is thine, and borne of thee :  
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,  
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be ;  
But *thou art all my Art* and dost advance  
As-high as learning, my rude ignorance.†

\* The Folio of Plays.

† As a simple lyrical poet.

(112)

His Lyrical Pen is too feeble to Praise  
Athene and Her Ideals Adequately.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,  
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook  
The Dedicated words which writers use  
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.  
Thou art as fair in Knowledge as in Hue,  
Finding thy worth a *limit past my praise*,  
And therefore art enforced to seek anew  
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.  
And do so, Love ; yet when they have devised  
What strained touches *Rhetoric* can lend,  
Thou truly fair, wert truly sympathized,  
In true plain words by thy true \**" Telling-Friend "*;  
And their gross painting might be better used,  
Where cheeks need blood ; in thee it is abused.

\* " Telling-Friend " = The Dramatist Shake-speare.

" I shall devote myself to Letters, INSTRUCT THE ACTORS  
and serve Posterity." Francis Bacon after his Fall.

(113)

**The Virtues of Athene Far Exceed the  
Barren Tender of a Poet's Debt. . Lyrical  
Beauty or Dramatic Power.**

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did Painting need  
And therefore to your Fair no painting set ;  
I found (or thought I found) you did exceed  
*The barren tender of a Poet's debt ;*  
And therefore have I slept in your report,  
That you, \*your Self being extant, well might show,  
How far a modern quill doth come too short,  
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.  
This Silence for my Sin you did impute,  
Which shall be most my glory being dumb ;  
For I impair not beauty being mute,  
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.  
*There lives more life in one of your fair eyes*  
*Than †both your Poets can in praise devise.*

\* " your Self being extant " = Pallas Athene's (the Shaker of the Spear) representative was Shake-speare the dramatic Story-Teller.

† " Both your Poets " = Francis Bacon the Sonneteer or Shake-speare the Dramatist.

(114)

Francis Bacon prefers Her Praises to  
be told by Shake-speare rather than  
Himself.

LXXXIV.

Who is It that says most ? Which can say more  
Than this rich praise, that *you alone are you* ?  
In whose confine immured is the store,  
Which should example where your equal grew ?  
Lean penury within that Pen doth dwell  
That to his subject lends not some small glory ;  
But he that writes of you, if he can tell  
That you are you so *dignifies his Story*.  
Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
Not making worse what nature made so clear,  
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,  
Making his style admired every where.

You to your Beauteous Blessings *\*add a Curse*,  
Being fond on Praise, which makes your praises  
worse.

\* Athene's desire to be publicly praised by the author which the writer could not do openly as a "concealed poet" using a pen-name.

The Dramatist can Character Her  
Versatility with more Power than a  
mere Sonneteer.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,  
While comments of your Praise, richly compiled,  
Reserve their *Character with golden Quill*  
And *precious phrase* by all the Muses filed.  
I think good thoughts whilst other write good words,  
And like unletter'd clerk still cry 'Amen'  
To every hymn *that able spirit* affords  
In polish'd form of well-refined Pen.\*  
Hearing you praised, I say ' 'Tis so, 'tis true,'  
And to the most of praise add some Thing more;†  
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,  
(Though words come hindmost) *holds his rank before*.  
Then others for the *Breath of Words* respect,  
Me for my *dumb thoughts*, speaking in effect.

- \* NOTE: The first eight lines prove that the Shakespeare Plays were not carelessly tossed off," as an eagle might moult a feather," merely to serve the moment of a passing amusement for an Elizabethan theatre-crowd as Stratfordians declare, but were laboriously constructed to serve ethical ideals,—“hymns” of praise,” “good words” “precious phrase”—to serve lofty concepts based on close observation of Nature, Man and broad-based Philosophy, for the Student in his Closet even more than the Playgoer.

- † He “adds” Secret Messages by virtue of his “Rank” as a High Mason, and “holds his Rank before” everyone else as a Royal Tudor Prince.

(116)

**The Lyrical Poet is Dumb in the Presence  
of the Great Dramatist...inspired by  
Lofty Unseen Intelligencies and using  
the Sacred name of "Shake-speare"  
as a pen-name.**

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full Sail of his great Verse,  
Bound for the Prize of (all too precious you)  
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,  
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew ?  
Was it his Spirit, *by Spirits taught to write*  
Above a Mortal Pitch, that struck me dead ?  
No, neither he, *nor his \*Compeers by night*  
*Giving him aid*, my Verse astonished.  
He nor that *affable familiar Ghost*  
Which *nightly †Gulls him with Intelligence*,  
As Victors of my Silence cannot boast ;  
I was not sick of any fear from Thence : ‡  
But when your Countenance fil'd up his Line, §  
Then lack'd I *matter* : That enfeebled mine.

\* "Compeers" = Francis Bacon's Literary Staff. "I have still some good Pens (sub-editors) that forsake me not." Francis Bacon.

† Gullowing = swallowing : the lines 9 and 10 are a perfect description of the trance condition when a living person is gradually swallowed by an unseen personality—an "affable familiar ghost" taking possession of the living body and manifesting a new and distinct personality.

‡ The Unseen World.

§ "Shake-speare" on the Play-Bill was the "Line." Francis Bacon dare not use it openly nor acknowledge it.

The Great Folio of 1623 is a Vessel of  
Goodly Pride : His Saucy little Bark of  
Sonnets, wilfully Appearing now upon  
the Deeps, far inferior.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,  
Knowing a better Spirit doth use your name,  
And in the Praise thereof spends all his might,  
To make me tongue-tied speaking of your fame !  
But since your Worth (wide as the Ocean is)  
The *humble as the proudest Sail doth bear*,  
My *Saucy Bark* inferior far to his  
On your broad Main *doth wilfully appear*.  
Your shallowest help will *bold me up afloat*,  
Whilst he upon your *soundless deep doth ride* ;  
Or (being \*wrackt) I am a *worthless boat*,  
He of tall building and of *goodly pride* :  
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,  
The worst was this : My Love was my Decay.†

\* " wrackt " = racked : the Poet had figuratively been racked—Imprached, Imprisoned, Fined, Disgraced.

† " Decay " = " I was true to my ideals irrespective of consequences."

NOTE.—The internal evidence in this Sonnet proves that "Shake-speares Sonnets" were published *after* 1623.



(118)  
 To Athene...  
 The Lyrical Poet's...Farewell.\*

LXXXVII.

Farewell! Thou art too dear for my possessing,  
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate :  
 The Charter of thy Worth gives thee releasing ;  
 My Bonds in thee are all Determinate.†  
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?  
 And for that riches where is my deserving ?  
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
 And so my Patent back again is swerving.  
 Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not  
     knowing,  
 Or me to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking ;  
 So thy great gift upon Misprision‡ growing,  
 Comes home again, on better judgement making.  
     Thus have I had thee *as a Dream doth flatter*,  
     *In sleep a King*, but *waking* no such matter.

- \* The Poet imagines that Athene possesses the superlative qualities of wisdom. Her rich gifts to him to be put to use he could not employ as a lyrical Poet in their widest sense. In his youthful days as a pure lyricist she had bestowed her favours upon him hardly knowing her own worth. From Francis Bacon, the lyrical Sonneteer he had developed into "Shake-speare" the Dramatist. The Contract between Athene and the Sonneteer is cut by the lyricists default. . . . So the Poet writes to her one of his last Sonnets . . . He is closing his themes and laying down his Lyrical Pen for ever. . . He smiles "Farewell" with whimsical pathos . . but there are tears in every line. . .

† "Determinate" = ended : ‡ "Misprision" = mistake.

CANTO I.

KING JAMES OF ENGLAND  
AND  
FRANCIS BACON...  
LORD ST. ALBAN...  
KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL  
AND  
LORD CHANCELLOR.

*"When I enter into myself I find not the materials of such a TEMPEST as is come upon me."* Francis Bacon to King James, 25th March, 1621.

These Sonnets give a very clear insight into the emotions of Francis Bacon in the agony of public assassination through the dastardly plot of Sir Edward Coke, Sir Lionel Cranfield and the "suborned Informer" John Churchill...privately aided by the "Favourite" Buckingham and connived at by a cowardly King fearful only for himself. They were written while in the throes of the Impeachment and prior to the Publication of the Great Folio of Shakspearean Plays in 1623.

Inconstant Fortune; The King...a  
 Royal Sun of the World; The Lord  
 Chancellor...a Mountain Peak.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
 Flatter *the Mountain-tops* with Sovereign Eye,\*  
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
 Gilding pale streams with Heavenly Alchemy;  
 Anon permit the *basest clouds to ride*,  
 With ugly rack on his Celestial Face,  
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:  
 Even so *my Sun one early morn did shine*,  
 With all-triumphant Splendour on my Brow;  
 But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;  
 The *Region Cloud bath mask'd him from me now*.  
 Yet him for this, my love no whit disdaineth;  
*Suns of the World may stain* when Heaven's Sun  
 staineth.

The Tempest: From the Lord Keeper  
 to Penury and Dishonour.

Why didst Thou promise such a Beauteous Day  
 And make me travel forth without my Cloak,  
 To let *base clouds* o'ertake me in my way,  
 Hiding thy Bravery in their rotten smoke?  
 'Tis *not enough* that through the cloud thou break,  
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
 For no man well of such a salve can speak  
 That *heals the wound*, and *Cures not the Disgrace*:  
 Nor can *Thy shame* give physic to my grief;  
 Though *Thou repent*, yet I have still the loss:  
 The *offender's sorrow* lends but *weak relief*  
 To him that *Bears the Strong Offence's Cross*.  
 Ah! but those Tears are Pearl which thy love sheds,  
 And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.†

\* \* \* \* \*

\*"The figuring of Royalty with the Sun was a favourite metaphor of Francis Bacon. He uses it repeatedly in letters and other writings." F. C. Hunt, "A Hamlet Interpretation."

†"The Wisdom of Crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour." Francis Bacon.

(121)

**True Love Out-rides All Storms. Love  
sacrifices itself even to the Edge of  
Doom.**

cxvi.

Let me not to the Marriage of True Minds  
Admit impediments : *Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,*  
Or Bends with the Remover to remove :  
O, no ! it is an ever-fixed Mark  
That looks on Tempests and is never shaken ;  
It is the Star to every wandering bark,  
Whose Worth's unknown, although his Height be  
taken.\*

Love's not *Time's Fool*, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending Sickle's compass come ;  
Love alters not with his Brief Hours and Weeks,  
But bears it out even to the *Edge of Doom*.

*If this be Error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* We can measure the distance to the Pole Star but the constituent elements are unknown in essence : we can similarly measure a man by the outward trappings of rank and proclaim him a King, but his real character may be the reverse of " Kingly " when brought to the test.

" The King did not speak to me as a Guilty Man but as a Man thrown down by a TEMPEST." Francis Bacon to Gondomar.

\*The Historic Interview between Lord  
St. Alban and the King.

James having imposed certain Monopolies had aroused the anger of the House of Commons. He declared the Responsibility rested with the Chancellor. This signal Desertion by the King at once encouraged his enemies to accuse him of taking Bribes. He prepares to defend himself when the King sends for him.

Lord St. Alban speaks as follows :—

CXVII.

(i.e. Do you)

- " Accuse me thus : that I have scanted all
- " Wherein I should *your great Deserts repay* ?
- " Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
- " Whereto *all Bonds do tie me day by day* :
- " That I have frequent been with unknown minds
- " And given to time your own dear-purchased Right :
- " That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
- " Which should transport me farthest from your sight :
- " Book both my Wilfulness and Errors down,
- " And on *Just Proof, Surmise accumulate* :
- " Bring me within the level of your frown,
- " But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate ;
- " Since my †Appeal says I did strive to prove
- " The Constancy and Virtue of your Love.

\* " I woo nobody. I do but listen." Francis Bacon to Buckingham at the outset of his Charges when preparing his Defence.

† " Appeal " = Lord St. Alban's letter to the House of Lords asking them to suspend their judgment until he had prepared his defence. He claimed he had always discharged his duties faithfully, without fear or favour, as though under the eye of the King.

"Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now ;  
 "Now, *while the World is bent my Deeds to cross,*<sup>1</sup>  
 "Join with the spite of Fortune, *make me Bow,*  
 "And do not drop in for an after-loss :  
 "Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this Sorrow,  
 "Come in the rearward of a conquer'd Woe ;  
 "Give not a windy Night a rainy Morrow,  
 "To linger out a *Purposed Overthrow.*  
 "If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
 "When other petty Grievs have done their spite,  
 "But in the onset come ; so shall I taste  
 "At first the very worst of Fortune's Might,  
 "And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
 "Compared with loss of Thee will not seem so."

### The King's Reply...

#### Hypocritical Dissimulation.

F.T.	{	"That <i>thou art Blamed</i> shall not be thy <i>Defect,</i>
		"For <i>Slander's mark was ever yet the Fair ;*</i>
TAST	{	The <i>Ornament of Beauty is suspect,</i>
		"A Crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.†
	{	"So thou be <i>good,</i> Slander doth but approve
		"Their worth the greater, being woo'd of time ;
FATE	{	"For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
		"And thou present'st a <i>pure unstained Prime.</i>
	{	"Thou hast pass'd by the Ambush of young Days,
		"Either not assail'd, or Victor being charged ;
TITY	{	"Yet this thy Praise cannot be so thy praise,
		"To tie up Envy, evermore enlarged :
	{	"If some suspect of Ill mask'd not thy Show,
		"Then thou alone Kingdoms of Hearts shouldst owe
		" <i>Francis Tudor Tastes Fate's Titty-(Bottle) ;</i>
		<i>Car(ri)-Crow :</i> " (Quarto Text Capitals).‡

<sup>1</sup> His Chancery Verdicts alleged to be corrupt.

\* "The justest Judge may for a time seem foul...when Greatness is the MARK and Accusation the Game."

Francis Bacon.

† "Slander is a Crow that flies." Francis Bacon.

"Censure pardons Crows but bears hard on Doves."

Francis Bacon.

‡ The secret messenger indicates that the King's flattery is better to the task.

" Those parts of thee that the World's Eye doth view  
 " Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend ;  
 " All Tongues (the voice of Souls) give thee that due,  
 " Uttering *bare Truth*, even so as *Foes commend*.  
 " Their outward thus with outward praise is crown'd ;  
 " But those same Tongues that give thee so thine own,  
 " In other accents to this praise confound  
 " By seeing farther than the Eye hath shown.  
 " They look into the Beauty of thy Mind,  
 " And that *in guess they measure by the ' Deeds ' ;*  
 " Then, \*Churls, their Thoughts (although their eyes  
     were kind)  
 " To thy Fair Flower add the rank smell of weeds :  
 " But why thy *Odour* matcheth not thy Show,  
 " The †solye in this, that *thou dost †common grow*."

\* " Churls " = the conspirators in the House of Commons.  
 " It is common in every man's mouth in Court that your greatness shall be abated and as your tongue hath been a razor to some so shall theirs be to you." A letter of warning to Francis Bacon from a friend fresh from an interview with the King and Buckingham.

† " solye " = soil : blemish : solve : solution : from solyer orollar, an elevated chamber from which to watch the burning of altar lamps, an upper gallery.

‡ " common " = " ceremonially unclean " (i.e., by coming in contact with vulgar, debased minds like Coke, Cranfield, Churchill, etc.).

(126)  
Lord St. Alban's Rejoinder.

CXXI.

- " 'Tis better to be Vile then ? Vile esteem'd ?  
 " When not to be, receives reproach of being ?  
 " And the *just* pleasure lost, which is so deem'd,  
 " Not by Our Feeling, but by other's Seeing ?  
 " For why should others' *false adulterate eyes*  
 " Give salutation to my sportive blood ?  
 " Or on my Frailties why are frailer Spies,  
 " Which in their wills *count bad* what I *think good* ?  
 " No, I AM THAT I AM, and they that level\*  
 " At my ' ABUSES ' *reckon up their own* : †  
 " I may be *straight* though they themselves be *bevel* ;  
 " By their *rank thoughts*, my ‡ ' Deeds ' must not be  
     shown ;  
 " Unless this general evil they maintain :—  
 " ' All men are bad and in their badness reign. ' " §

\* A Royal Arch phrase.

† Abuses : The very word used by the House of Commons  
 under which proceedings were taken against him ; " The  
 Abuses in the Court of Chancery. "

‡ " Deeds " = his Chancery Judgments alleged to be corrupt.

§ " For men of corrupt understanding, that have lost all sound  
 discerning of good and evil, think all honesty and goodness  
 proceedeth out of . . . a want of experience with the affairs  
 of the world. Perceiving those things which are in their  
 hearts, their own corrupt principles, and the deepest  
 reaches of their cunning and rottenness, they make but  
 a play of the words of Wisdom. " Francis Bacon.



## The King speaks Again :

- " Why Continue to Live with Infection?"  
 • The Poet paraphrases the King's Advice  
 that he should Resign his Public Work  
 and Devote himself to Literature...the  
 clear Inference indicated by the next  
 Sonnet is—" Plead Guilty !"

## LXVII.

Ah ! wherefore with Infection should he live,  
 And with his *Presence grace Impiety* ?  
 That Sin by him Advantage should achieve  
 And lace itself with his Society ?  
 Why should False Painting imitate his Check  
 And steal...dead...seeing of his Living Hue ? \*  
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
 Roses of Shadow, since his Rose is True ? †  
 Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,  
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins ?  
 For ‡ she hath no Exchequer now but his,  
 And, proud of many, lives upon his gains ! §  
 O, *him She stores, to show what Wealth she had*  
 In days long since, ¶ before these last so bad. ||

\* The Cabal (the " Churls ") were assuming a Virtue they did not themselves possess, and, hypocritically, were pretending to fight for Virtue against Corruption, when they, themselves were corrupt....a species of " false painting " a " stolen " imitation of living " Virtue " by men " dead " in trespasses and sins.

† " We seek the Reformation of the whole wide world." The " Fama," the ethical text book of the Rosicrucians whose symbol was the Rose crucified on a Cross. Francis Bacon was the Emperor of their Secret Order.

‡ " For " = Because.

§ " In Francis Bacon, as far as possible in one man, the learning of the age met and mingled. All the language of Europe. . all the Classics. . all the philosophies of the west and most of the little then known to science, came within his ken." Prof. Nichol.

¶ Classic Greece, Ancient Egypt. || The Stuart Era.

Lord St. Alban's Thoughts while the  
King is speaking.

The Doctrine of Divine Right that the  
King in His Office as King can do no  
Wrong: The Divine Power to command  
Obedience.

CL.

TWO Fr. { O, From what Power hast thou *this powerful Might*  
With *Insufficiency* my heart to sway ?  
To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day ?  
TWA { Whence hast thou this becoming of Things Ill,  
That in the very *refuse of thy deeds*  
The There is such Strength and Warrantise of skill  
Th That, *in my mind*, thy worst all best exceeds ?  
W. Who taught thee how to make me love thee more  
TO th { The more I hear and see just cause of hate ?  
O, though *I love what others do abhor*,\*  
W.I.M. { With others thou shouldst not abhor *my State* :†  
If THY UNWORTHINESS raised love in me,  
More Worthy I to be beloved of thee †

" *Two Freemasons ! The 'TWA' ! The Warden to the  
Worshipful Installed Master.*"

Note the Scotch "Twa" to indicate the Scotch King,  
the W.I.M. of England to whom St. Alban was Warden as  
his Lord Chancellor.

\* The alleged "Divinity which doth hedge a King."

† The alleged Corruption in the Chancery Court presided  
over by Francis Bacon.

‡ The last two lines show that Francis Bacon knew that  
James was a worthless character but, nevertheless, a  
King by Divine Right, whom he was bound to honour as a  
Servant because of his Royal office.

(129)

Commands Wrapped in Kingly Flatteries. He hurriedly Balances the pro. and con. of the Dilemma.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my Mind being *Crown'd* with you  
Drink up *\*the Monarch's Plague*, this Flattery ?  
Or *whether shall I say*, mine Eye saith true,  
And that your love taught it this Alchemy ?  
To make of Monsters and Things indigest,  
Such Cherubins as *your sweet Self resemble*,  
Creating every bad a perfect best,  
As fast as objects to his beams assemble ?†  
O, 'tis the first ; 'tis Flattery in my seeing,  
And my great Mind most Kingly drinks it up : ‡  
Mine Eye *well knows* what with his § gust is 'grceing,  
And to his Palate doth *prepare the Cup* :  
If it be *poison'd*, 'tis the lesser sin, ¶  
That mine Eye loves it and doth first begin.

\* " the Monarch " = a direct reference to King James.

† The kingly doctrine that the King in his office as king can do no wrong. . . every wrong deed is right. . . " every bad " act being created by him unto " a perfect best."

‡ With the Gladiatorial Flourish, " Hail Cæsar ! We who are about to die, salute Thee."

§ " gust " = a sense of taste.

¶ to commit political suicide rather than be a Rebel.

The Poet Agrees to "Plead Guilty" to  
General Charges of Negligence..." I  
will say that..." etc.

## LXXXIX.

" (I will) Say that *Thou didst Forsake me for some Fault,*  
 " And I will *comment* upon that offence ;  
 " (I will) Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,  
 " Against thy *reasons* MAKING NO DEFENCE.\*  
 " Thou canst not †(love) disgrace me half so ill,  
 " To set a *form* upon †desired change,  
 " As I'll myself disgrace ; § Knowing thy *ill* :  
 " I will acquaintance strangle and look strange ;  
 " Be absent from thy walks, and in my tongue,  
 " Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,  
 " Lest I (too much profane) shall do it wrong,  
 " And haply of our old acquaintance tell.  
 " For thee *against my Self* I'll *vow* debate,  
 " For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate..

\* " I find matter sufficient and full to move me to DESERT MY DEFENCE." From Bacon's Letter of Confession to the Lords. Note the biting satire in these last sonnets.

† " Love " = O King : The duty of a subject to obey a Kingly command.

‡ " desired change " = The King's wish he should resign his office.

§ " I move your Lordships to condemn and censure me."

Loyal to his belief in the Doctrine of  
a Divine Right of a King, the Poet says,  
"For thy RIGHT I will bear all Wrong."

## LXXXVIII.

"When Thou shalt be disposed to set me light  
"And place my Merit in the eye of Scorn,  
"Upon *thy side against my Self I'll fight*,  
"And prove thee Virtuous, though thou art forsworn.  
"With mine own weakness being best acquainted.  
"Upon thy part *I can set down a Story\**  
"Of *Faults conceal'd, wherein I am Attainted,†*  
"That thou in losing me shalt win much Glory : †  
"And I by this will be a Gainer too ;  
"For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,  
"The Injuries that to my Self I do,  
"Doing thee vantage double vantage me.  
"Such is my Love : To thee I so belong,  
"That for thy §RIGHT my Self will bear all wrong."

\* "Francis Bacon had no trial but was convicted upon a Story or Statement formulated by himself." J. E. Roe.

† Attainted = "to impose a sentence of Outlawry by a legal tribunal, involving the extinction of civil rights." Shaksper was never threatened with attainder. He was never attainted. *Francis Bacon was attainted*. The author of the Sonnets could not, therefore, have been the Stratford man.

‡ "I hope His Majesty will reap Honour out of my adversity. His Majesty knows best his own ways." Francis Bacon to Buckingham.

§ "Right" = The King's Divine Right to impose his will on his Servant. "We are compelled to fall back upon Francis Bacon himself as being really our only authority, and to hold him guilty to the extent of his own confession and no further." Spedding, the Scholar who devoted thirty years of his life to the vindication of Francis Bacon.

CANTO II.

THE KING AND LORD ST. ALBAN.

AFTER THE INTERVIEW  
WITH THE KING.

BROKEN IN SPIRIT AND  
BROKEN IN BODY.

"THE ILLS THAT WERE NOT."

This Canto was written at various times after Lord St. Alban's interview with the King, during other literary work and until receipt of the "Pardon" by the King's Prerogative which had been promised him at the Interview... a Pardon which the King wantonly delayed for many long months, until, in fact, Earl Buckingham had secured Lord St. Alban's house which he had long coveted.

(132)

Mental Agony...

The Despair of an Innocent Man compelled to Plead Guilty to Odious Charges  
by a Royal Command.

CXIII.

Since I left you, Mine Eye is in my Mind ;  
And that which governs me to go about  
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,  
Seems seeing, but *effectually is out* ;  
For it no Form delivers to the Heart  
Of Bird, of Flower, or Shape, which it doth latch :  
Of his quick objects hath the Mind no part.  
Nor his own Vision holds what it doth catch :  
For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight,  
The most sweet favour or deformed'st Creature,  
The Mountain or the Sea, the Day or Night,  
The *Crow or Dove*, it *States them to your Feature* :  
Incapable of more, replete with *Theu*...  
\*My most True Mind...thus maketh mine untrue.

\* The Poet's "most True Mind" was the King's mind which had decided for the Poet that he must plead "Guilty."

(133)

Awaiting a Message from the King on  
the Course of events in the House of  
Lords after his Submission of "Guilty."  
Lord St. Alban's General Plea of Guilty  
was announced by the King through his  
Son...Prince Charles

LVII.

Being *your Slave* what should I do but tend  
Upon the hours and times of your desire ?  
I have no precious time at all to spend,  
Nor services to do till you require.  
Nor dare I chide the World-without-end hour  
Whilst I (*my Sovereign*) *watch the clock for you,\**  
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour†  
When *you have bid your Servant* once adieu ;  
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,  
But like a Sad Slave stay and think of nought  
Save where you are...how happy you make those.  
So true a Fool is Love that *in your WILL*  
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

\* When did Shaksper of Stratford ever " watch the clock for his Sovereign " ? He was never on personal terms with Queen Elizabeth or James. He was never a personal " Servant " to either " Sovereign." This direct personal utterance could only have been written by Lord St. Alban. It is a startling proof of identity.

† " There be that which turneth judgment into wormwood . . .for injustice maketh it bitter and *delays make it sour.*"

Francis Bacon.



(134)

The Poet writes down his Thoughts during the Suspense... "I Ensconce me in this Verse in my Innocence... I uprear my Hand against myself to guard Thy Lawful Reasons."

XLIX.

*Against that time* (if ever that time come)  
When I shall see thee Frown on my Defects,  
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,  
Call'd to *that* \**Audit by Advised Respects* ;  
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,  
And scarcely greet me with that Sun, thine Eye,  
When love, converted from the thing it was,  
Shall Reasons find of Settled Gravity...  
Against that time *do I* †*Ensconce me Here*  
Within the Knowledge of mine own Desert,  
And this my Hand, against myself uprear,  
To guard the Lawful Reasons on thy Part :  
To leave poor me, *Thou hast the Strength of Laws,*  
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

\* " Audit by Advised Respects " = the Verdict of the Peers.

† " Ensconce " = shelter : I shelter myself in this Sonnet by an enfolded message : " I declare to the world my Innocence."

The King acquaints the Chancellor that the Lords have resolved that he must Plead Guilty to Particular Charges of Bribery. The King expresses his regret that a General Plea of Guilty to Carelessness has not been accepted.

The Poet receives the Particulars. He is in the Trap. He cannot Escape. He writes "Guilty" to each Charge and leaves a detailed note appended to each item. These notes are on Historic Record. He thus "excuses *their* sins more than *their* sins are."

He writes immediately afterwards the following undelivered Sonnet to the King.

xxxv.

No more be grieved at *That which Thou hast done* :  
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;  
 Clouds and eclipses stain both Moon and Sun,  
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
 All men make faults, and even I in this,  
 Authorizing thy Trespass with compare,\*  
*My Self corrupting salving thy Amiss,*  
*Excusing †their Sins more than their Sins are ;*  
 For to thy sensual fault‡ I bring in sense—  
 Thy Adverse Party is thy Advocate—§  
 And 'gainst myself a Lawful Plea commence :  
 Such Civil War is in my Love and Hate,¶  
 That I an Accessary needs must be  
 To that *sweet Thief* which *sourly robs from me.*

\* "Compare" = "beyond comparison."

† "their sins" = the twenty-eight bribery charges.

‡ "Sensual fault" = cowardice.

§ Francis Bacon was the King's Supreme "Advocate" as his Lord Chancellor.

¶ "Love" for the Royal office of Kingship ; "Hate" for the King's Cowardly Personality.

Written after the Surrender of the Great Seal to Four Lords appointed by the Peers to deprive him of his State Office. The "Canopy of State" which he bore is a Thing of the Past... His "Oblation" of Torture at its Height... The "pitiful thrivers" and "suborn'd Informer" have Triumphed.

## CCXV.

Were't aught to me *I bore the \*Canopy*,  
 With my Extern the Outward Honouring ?  
 Or laid Great Bases for Eternity...?  
 Which proves more short, then ? Waste or Ruining ?  
 Have I not seen Dwellers on Form and Favour  
 Lose all, and more by paying too much rent ?  
 For compound sweet forgoing simple savour ?  
 Pitiful Thrivers, in their gazing spent !  
 No, let me be Obsequious in thy Heart.  
 And *take thou my Oblation*,† poor but free,  
 Which is not mix'd with Seconds,‡ knows no Art,  
 But mutual render, ONLY ME FOR THEE.

Hence, *Thou Suborn'd Informer* A true Soul  
 When most *Impeach'd*§ stands least in thy control.\*

\* "Canopy" = the Canopy of State as "Lord St. Alban, Chancellor," or laid Great Bases as "The Brother in a Secret Ring" (an enfolded message in the lines).

† "I have ever been your man and counted myself but a usufructuary of myself, the property being yours ; and now making myself an *oblation* to do with me as may best conduce to the Honour of your Justice, your Mercy and the use of your Service, resting as clay in your Majesty's hands." Francis Bacon to the King.

‡ "Seconds" = damaged goods : inferior qualities.

§ "Impeached" : Impeachment can only apply to the arraignment of a *Public Official* before a Tribunal on a charge of *Misfeasance in Office* . . . to charge with a crime for Misdemeanour in office" (Standard Dictionary). Note how this definition exactly applies to Francis Bacon's

Written months later : He waits for  
the " Pardon " promised him by the  
King at the Interview.

## LVIII.

That God forbid (*that made me First your slave*)  
I should in Thought control your times of Pleasure...  
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,  
Being your *Vassal bound* to stay your leisure !  
O, let me suffer (being at your beck)  
The imprison'd absence of your liberty ;  
And Patience tame, to sufferance bide each check,  
Without accusing you of injury.\*  
Be where you list ! *Your Charter is so strong*,†  
That you yourself may privilege your time  
To what you will ! To you it doth belong  
*Your Self to pardon of self-doing Crime* .  
I am to wait, though waiting so be Hell ;  
Not blame your pleasure be it ill or well.

\* "The obligation to silence imposed upon Francis Bacon extended to his friends after he was in the grave." Montagu, vol I., p. 99.

† The King was above the Law in the Tudor and Stuart regime.

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case tried before the Bar of the House of Lords. *It could not apply to a Commoner* charged with felony nor a man sued for his rates like Shaksper. He could not have been Impeached. He never was impeached. He was not therefore the Author of the Sonnets who declares in his own person that he was Impeached. This word conjoined with the word " Attainted " (Son. 131) shatters the Stratfordian hypothesis. The " Impeached " and " Attainted " Author was Francis Bacon...*the only writer of his age who suffered " Impeachment,"* and who could possibly have written the " Poems and Plays of Shakespeare."

¶ The last two lines enfold the name " Churchill... John Churchill"...spelt similarly as the surname in the " Interrogatories of Francis Bacon." (See " Proceedings in Parliament against Viscount St. Alban, March 19, etc., 1620/1.")

(138)

Written still Later : The King's "Trespass now becomes a Fee." He demands Payment. . . .

The "Pardon" eventually Arrived.

CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,\*  
And for that Sorrow, which I then did feel,  
*Needs must I under my Transgression bow,*  
Unless my Nerves were Brass or Hammer'd Steel.  
For if you were by my unkindness shaken  
As I by yours, YOU'VE PASS'D A HELL OF TIME,  
And I a Tyrant have no leisure taken  
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your Crime.  
O, that our †*Night of Woe* might have remember'd  
My deepest sense, *how hard true Sorrow hits,*  
And soon to you, as you to me then tender'd  
The humble salve, which wounded bosoms fits !  
But that your *Trespass now becomes a Fee ;*  
*Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.‡*

\* The poet is befriended by the thought that his personal anguish did not arise from his own misdeeds, but by the unkind command to plead Guilty.

† "Night of Woe" = the night of his interview with the King. "But your Majesty that did shed tears *at the beginning* of my troubles, will, I hope, shed the dew of grace and goodness upon me in the end." Francis Bacon's "Letters." "Those tears are pearl which thy love sheds." (Son. 120).

‡ There is the same blunt touch in the last two lines as in his peremptory letter to Buckingham when he was placed in the Tower which was not a request but a demand :—  
"Good my Lord :—*Procure the warrant for my discharge this day . . .*" Francis Bacon, May 31, 1621.

The Poet's Reflections on "the Ills that were not." Could "a Healthful State—rank of Goodness—be cured by a Medicine of Ill? The Wrong Command of a King to make his Innocent Servant plead Guilty?

The drinking of the poison cup of  
"LIES."

## CXVIII.

Like as to make our Appetites more keen  
With eager Compounds we our palate urge,  
As to prevent our Maladies unseen,  
We sicken to shun Sickness when we purge,  
Even so being full of your ne'er-cloying Sweetness,\*  
*To Bitter Sauces did I frame my Feeding;*  
And, Sick of Welfare, found a kind of Meetness  
To be Diseased ere that there was true needing.  
Thus Policy in love to anticipate  
The Ills that were...not...grew to Faults assured,

- B** And brought to medicine a healthful State  
**a** Which rank of goodness would by Ill be cured:  
**c** But thence I learn and find the lesson true,  
**on** Drugs Poison him that so fell Sick of You.

\* "When once my Master, and afterwards myself, were both of us in extremity of sickness (*which was no time to dissemble*), I never had so great pledges and certainties of his love and favour." Francis Bacon to Sir Tobie Matthew.

(140)  
Weary of the World.

LXVI.

Tired Tired with all these for Restful Death I cry :

A's { As to behold Desert a beggar borne,\*  
And needy Nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And pures<sup>+</sup> Faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded Honour shamefully misplaced,  
And maiden Virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right *Perfection wrongfully disgraced,*  
And *Strength by Limping Sway disabled,*  
And Art made tongue-tied by Authority,  
And Folly doctor-like controlling Skill,  
And Simple Truth miscall'd Simplicity,†  
And Captive Good attending Captain Ill :

ST.A. { Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,  
Save that to die, I leave my Love alone.

" St. A ban's Tired Cries."

(NOTE.—" A's " = " AI," the Greek Cry of Anguish or Lamentation.)

\* " A Tudor beggar-borne . . . James Stuart, Buckingham, the ones I mean." The enfolded Mass is Earl in the Sonnet.

† " Men of corrupt understanding . . . think all holiness and goodness proceedeth out of a *Simplicity* of Man's . . . want of experience with the affairs of the world." Francis B

CANTO III.

THE AFTERMATH OF  
LORD ST. ALBAN'S FALL.

HIS RETURN TO  
LITERATURE AND PHILOSOPHY.

THE FEVERISH HASTE  
TO FINISH HIS  
LIFE'S WORK.

This short Canto was written during the Preparation and after the Publication of the Great Shake-speare Folio. The Sonnets are not in the order of date, but according to the Canto arrangement before they were disarranged for Publication.



"Since I have lost much time with this Age, I would be glad, as God shall give me leave, to recover it with Posterity . . . For the Great Business, God conduct it well." Francis Bacon.

(141)

His Return to Literature and  
Philosophy.

"Ruined Love is built Anew . . ."  
"I gain by Ills."

CXIX.

What *Potions have I drunk of Siren tears*  
Distill'd from Limbecks fowl as Hell within,  
Applying Fears to Hopes, and Hopes to Fears,  
*Still losing when I saw myself to win ! (?)*  
What wretched Errors, hath my Heart committed,  
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never ! (?)  
How have mine Eyes out of their Spheres been fitted  
In the distraction of this Madding Fever : \*  
O benefit of Ill ! Now I find true  
*That better is by evil still made better :*  
And Ruin'd Love when it is built anew  
Grows Fairer than at first, more Strong, far Greater.  
So *I return rebuked* to my Content,  
*And gain by †Ills* thrice more than I have spent

\* Your Lordship spake of Purgatory. I am now in it, but my mind is in a calm for my fortune is not my felicity. I know I have clean hands and a clean heart. But Job himself or whosoever was the justest judge by such hunting for matter against him, as hath been used against me, may, for a time, seem foul when greatness is the mark and Accusation the Game." Francis Bacon to Buckingham.

† The " Ills " mentioned in the preceding Sonnet.

Lord St. Alban's dearest Love, his  
Brain-Child, the Shake-speare Folio  
and Speculative Masonry, is not a  
"Child of State liable to Fall under  
the Blows of Thralled Discontent"

## CXXIV.

If my dear Love were but the Child of State,  
It might for Fortune's Bastard be *Unfather'd*,\*  
As subject to Time's Love or to Time's Hate,  
Weeds among Weeds, or Flowers with Flowers  
No, †*IT was Builded far from Accident*; [gather'd  
It suffers not in *Smiling Pomp*, nor falls  
Under *the Blow of thralled Discontent*,  
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls :  
It fears not Policy that Heretic  
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,  
But all alone STANDS HUGELY POLITIC,  
That *it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers*.  
To this I witness : Call the Fools of Time...  
*Which die for Goodness*... who have lived for Crime.

\* As the Poet had been Unfathered.

† Note the Poet's "Dear Love" is denoted by the neuter pronoun "IT" . . . the Shake-speare Folio which had been compiled and built up with exceptional care ; and which enfolded the story of the Genesis of the Craft and its progress for over thirty years : The Building of the Ethical Temple.

"I have now at last made that CHILD to go at whose swaddling you were" . . . Francis Bacon to his friend Sir Tobie Mathew.

"That Child" was the Creation of the First Craft Lodge which had walked abroad as told in the Great Folio. Sir Tobie was a Founder of the Mother Lodge and in the secrets of the Rosicrosse Literary Society.

The Poet's Child is a Creation of Living  
 Art Mapping out Nature and Humanity:  
 Conceived in the Happy Days of Youth:  
 Based on Greek Ideals which were in  
 the World long before Queen Elizabeth's  
 Time when his Tudor Rights were  
 Shorn away...

Thus is his Cheek the Map of Days outworn,  
 When Beauty lived and died as Flowers do now.  
 Before these Bastard Signs of Fair were borne,\*  
 Or durst inhabit on a living Brow;  
 Before the †Golden Tresses of the Dead,  
 The ‡Right of Sepulchre, were shorn away,  
 To live a §Second Life on Second Head;  
 Ere Beauty's dead Fleece ¶made another gay:  
 In Him these Holy Antique Hours are seen,  
 Without all Ornament, itself and True,  
 Making no Summer of another's Green,  
 Robbing no Old to dress his Beauty New;

And Him as for a Map doth Nature store,

To show false Art what Beauty was of yore.

\* Hypocrites like Coke, Cranfield and Churchill pretending to be lovers of Righteousness in their denunciation of his alleged "Abuses" in the Chancery Court.

† "Golden Tresses of the Dead" = a reference to Queen Elizabeth whose hair was ruddy golden.

‡ "Right of Sepulchres" = Disowned and disinherited, he could not claim the right of burial in the Sepulchre of the Tudor Dynasty.

§ "Second Life on Second Head" = the Poet had been compelled to live, not his real life as a Prince, but as a lawyer; though a Tudor by birth he was known to men by his foster-name of "Bacon."

¶ The Royal Purple which should have graced his shoulders had "made another gay"—King James. Note his remark to King James quoted by Archbishop Tenison: "I wish that as I am the First, so I may be the Last of sacrifices in your Times." The "Fleece" directly indicates identity, for the "Golden Fleece of the Argonauts" was the crest of Francis Bacon. Taken from the "Mysteries" it became the Apron of the Mason.

Note—Francis Bacon's Ethical and Literary Love Child bears the Marks of the Drama of the Ancient Masters.

The Masonic system he created is based on the Rites and Decrees of the Ancients: see line 1.

The Poet's Final Defiance to Time :  
 " I will be True : Time cannot change  
 my Ideals : I am Immortal : Men are  
 Reincarnated Lights."

## CXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change :  
 Thy Pyramids built up with newer might  
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ,  
*They are but Dressings of a former Sight :*  
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old,  
 And rather make them born to our desire  
 Than think that *we before have heard them told :*  
 Thy Registers and thee I both defy,  
 Not wondering at the present, nor the past,  
 For thy records, and what we see doth Lie,  
 Made more or less by thy continual haste :  
 This I do vow and this shall ever be ;  
*I will be True* despite thy Scythe and Thee.\*

\* " I have been induced to think ; That if there were a Beam of Knowledge derived from God upon any Man, in these Modern Times, it was upon him." Dr. Rawley, 1657, Francis Bacon's Chaplain.

NOTE.—It is important to remember that Shaksper died in 1616. The three preceding Cantos deal with historic events which occurred four years later... 1620/1. How, then, could Shaksper be the author of "Shake-speares Sonnets"? Touched by this cardinal fact, the "high-blown pride" of the Stratfordian hypothesis breaks into thin air like a pricked bubble. If he never wrote the Sonnets, he never wrote the Immortal Plays.

"All who were great and good, loved and honoured him."  
AUBREY, a Contemporary.

\* \* \* \*

"Believing that I was born for the Service of Mankind . . . I set myself to consider what way mankind might best be served, and what service I was myself best fitted by nature to perform. I found none so great as the discovery of new Arts for *the bettering of man's life* by some particular invention . . . and kindling a LIGHT in Nature. I found I was fitted for nothing so well as the study of Truth. I was not without hope that if I came to hold office in the State, I might get something done, too, for *the good of men's souls* . . . I am not hunting after fame or to look for private gains. . . *Enough for me the consciousness of well deserving.*"  
—FRANCIS BACON.

\* \* \* \*

"If there were a Beam of Knowledge derived from God upon any man, it was upon him. Though he was a great reader of books, yet he had not his knowledge from books, but from some grounds and notions within himself . . . He composed in the night and dictated to his amanuensis in the morning. . ."—DR. RAWLEY.

\* \* \* \*

"I am not RAISING a Capitol or Pyramid to the pride of Man but *Laying a Foundation* in the Human Understanding for a HOLY TEMPLE after the *Model of the World.*"  
Francis Bacon.

\* \* \* \*

"But well may the Muses, sweet above all things else, *whose SACRED SYMBOLS I bear*, smitten with violent love, first receive with favour . . ." Francis Bacon quoting Seneca.

\* \* \* \*

FRANCIS BACON'S PROUD BOAST TO FUTURE AGES. "I have held up a LIGHT in the obscurity of Philosophy which will be seen centuries after I am dead. It will be seen amid the Erections of TEMPLES, TOMBS, THEATRES, FOUNDATIONS OF ORDERS AND FRATERNITIES for NOBILITY and OBEDIENCE . . . the Establishing of Good Laws as an *Example to the World.*" Vol. I. p. 114. Spedding.

\* \* \* \*

"So WORTHY a . . . FELLOW as was our Shakespeare."  
1623 Folio Preface.

\* \* \* \*

"The object of the Elder Free-masons was to build Lord Bacon's imaginary Temple of Solomon." Nicolai.

THE PRAYER OF A GREAT POET  
TO THE  
UNSEEN ANGEL-INTELLIGENCE  
IN THE  
SPIRITUAL WORLD,  
HIS FRIEND, HIS INSPIRER AND  
GUIDE.

These Sonnets prove that Francis Bacon was a Mystic similar to the Great Teachers of Antiquity... Socrates who was guided by his Daimon or Spirit-Guardian ; Paul, led by the actual Spirit of Jesus ; Joan of Arc counselled by, so-called, deceased Intelligences. All Great Mystics have possessed this full, conscious communion with the Unseen Messengers of God from a Higher Plane.

“ To God, the Giver and ARCHITECT OF FORMS and to the Angels and Higher Intelligences who have Affirmative knowledge.” Francis Bacon.

(145)

The Poet's Prayer to his Angel-Guide.

CXI.

“ O, for my sake do you \*Wish ! Fortune chide !  
“ The Guilty Goddess of my harmful deeds,  
“ That did not better for my life provide,  
“ Than Public means which Public manners breeds.  
“ Thence comes it that *my Name receives †a Brand*,  
“ And almost thence my Nature is subdued  
“ To what it works in, like the Dyer's hand :  
“ Pity me then and wish I were renew'd ;  
“ Whilst like a willing patient I will drink  
“ Potions of Eisel‡ 'gainst my strong infection ;  
“ No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
“ Nor double penance to correct correction.  
“ Pity me then, Dear Friend, and I assure ye  
“ Even that *Your Pity is enough to Cure me.*”

\* “ Wish ” = an Invocation of Blessing : petition : request.

† “ a Brand ” . . . as a Corrupt Judge.

‡ A medicinal vinegar to prevent infection.

## The Prayer Answered...

"Well Done, Thou Good and Faithful  
Servant."

## CXII.

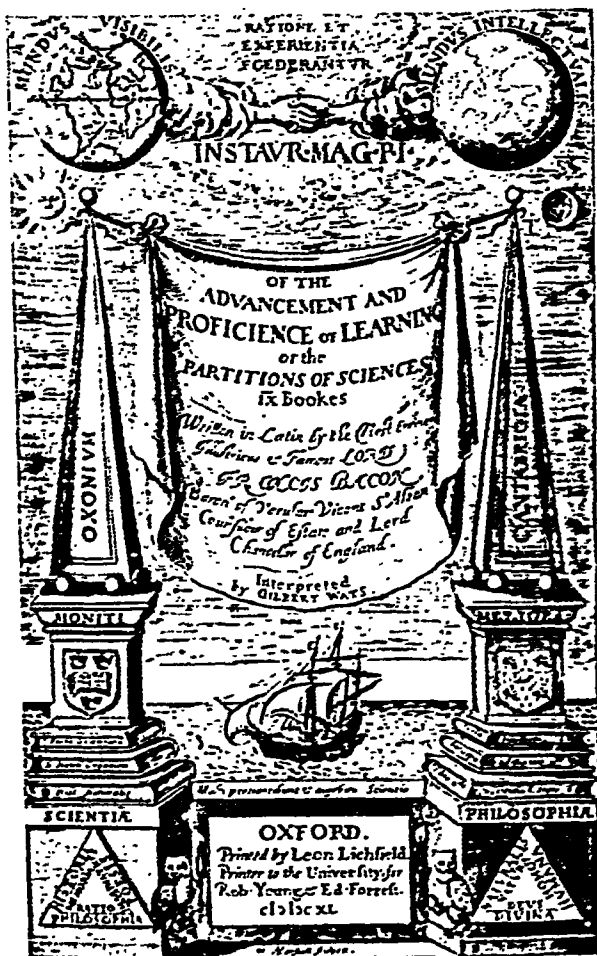
"Your Love and Pity doth the impression fill  
 "Which *Vulgar Scandal stamp'd upon my brow* ;  
 "For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
 "So *you* o'er-green my bad, my good allow ?  
 "You are my *All-the-World*, and I must strive  
 "To know my shames and praises from *your Tongue* ;  
 "None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
 "That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.  
 "In so profound Abyssm I throw all care  
 "Of others' voices, that my \*Adder's sense,  
 "To critic and to flatterer stopped are :  
 "Mark how with my *Neglect* I do dispense :†  
 "You are so strongly in my purpose bred  
 "That all the *World* besides me...‡*thinks you are*  
*Dead.*"

\* An Adder was believed to have no sense of hearing.

† "Impeached, convicted, sentenced, driven with ignominy from the presence of his Sovereign, shut out from the deliberations of his fellow-nobles, loaded with debt, branded with dishonour, sinking under the weight of years, sorrow and diseases, Bacon was Bacon still . . . ." Macaulay. "And unless we are being fooled by a literary conspiracy and an endless chain of coincidences, this MAN was entitled to wear our English Crown." Harold Bayley.

‡ The last four words (corruptly altered from the original by all modern editors) make it quite clear that the Poet is referring to a Divine Being in the Invisible World.





## FRANCIS BACON'S MASONIC PILLARS.

The Title Page of the 1640 edition of Lord Bacon's "Advancement," published by the Rosicrucian Literary Society, indicates quite clearly his connection with Masonry by signs and symbols. The Six Tables of his Philosophy are to be seen and his Invisible Works are indicated as the Missing Part of the "Instauration" under the Celestial Globe. The Shakespearian Works. The two Owls denote "Secrets." The "Adventure Ship" across the Ocean of Time symbolises his prophetic Time-experiment . . . inductive reasoning applied to his Concealed Works and a self-planned Revelation of Personal Identity when the Harbour is won.

LORD ST. ALBAN...  
THE WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER MASON  
OF ENGLAND AND  
GRAND MAGISTER  
OF THE  
ROSICROSSE.

LAST WORDS  
TO THE  
SECRET BROTHERHOODS  
OF WHICH  
HE WAS  
THE RE-ORGANISER AND HEAD  
IN  
ENGLAND AND EUROPE,  
THE ROSICRUCIAN FRATERNITY  
AND THE  
MASONIC BROTHERHOOD,  
THROUGH WHICH HE STROVE TO ESTABLISH  
THE PRINCIPLES OF DIVINE WISDOM  
IN AN ERA OF  
RELIGIOUS BITTERNESS  
AND  
IGNORANCE.

The last four Sonnets in this Canto were written at the close of life. They are the final notes on the Organ of Life. The strains of Life's music fade mysteriously away... like the sound of viols sobbing to a close.

(147)

The Ethical and Philosophical Jewel of the Rosicrosse, Symbolised by the Rose, hidden in Writings which carry Secret Signals and Messages, the Living Flower being Preserved by Organised Masonrie.

"O 'tis most sweete

"When in One Line two Crafts directly meete."—Hamlet.

LXV.

Since Brass, nor Stone, nor Earth, nor boundless Sea,  
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,  
How with this rage shall Beauty hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?  
O, how shall Summer's Honey Breath hold out  
Against the *wrackful Siege of Battering Days*,  
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
Nor gates of steel so strong but Time decays ?  
O fearful meditation ! Where, alack,  
*Shall \*Time's Best Jewel from †Time's Chest lie hid ?*  
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?  
Or who his spoil or beauty can forbid ?  
O, none, unless this Miracle have might,  
*That in Black Ink my Love may still Shine Bright.*

\* "Time's Best Jewel" = The Rose, the Symbol of the Secret Rosicrosse Literary Society.

† "Time's Chest" = the outer Case of Masonry in which the Jewel is preserved. "Free Masonry is neither more nor less than Rosicrucianism as modified by those who transplanted it to England." De Quincey.

"Before the beginning of the Seventeenth Century no traces are to be met with of the Rosicrucian and Masonic Orders." *Ibid.*

The Worshipful Grand Master on the  
Rich Joy of Meeting in Secret Lodge.

So *So am I as the Rich*, whose blessed Key  
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked Treasure,  
The which he will not *every hour* survey,  
For blunting the fine point of *Seldom Pleasure*.

S.T. { Therefore are Feasts so Solemn and so Rare,  
Since, seldom coming, *in the Long Year* set,  
Like Stones of Worth they thinly placed are,  
SOL. { Or Captain Jewels in the Carcanet.

TO { So is the Time that keeps you *as my Chest*,  
Or as the Wardrobe which the Robe doth hide,  
To make *some Special Instant Special Blest*,

B By *new unfolding* his Imprison'd Pride.

Blessed . † "*Blessed are you, whose Worthiness gives Scope,*  
Be "*Being had, to Triumph ; being lack'd, to Hope.*"

" *So the Candidate for Solomon's Temple :  
Brother to Solomon, ' Be Blessed.' "*

\* Sonnet 52 : there are 52 weeks in the year, the " Solemn Feasts " of Masonry being held at stated Intervals.

† The last two lines cannot be understood by the " un-instructed world " which knows nothing of the beauty of the Ceremony of Installation and the final Charges to the Newly Installed Master and the Brethren.

De Quincey writes : " The immediate Father of Freemasonry was the author of the ' Summum Bonum ' . . . *the work of a Friend of Fludd.*" Francis Bacon was Fludd's " Friend," Fludd being one of Francis Bacon's field-workers propagating Rosicrucian Principles. He lived for a time at Stratford and was responsible for the Stratford Monument with its Rosicrosse Signals in conjunction with Francis Bacon's intimate friend, George Carew, whose influence in Stratford was paramount, and his cousin, Sir Anthony Cook, who also lived in the neighbourhood.

The Worshipful Grand Master to the Craft : Their Duties to him in particular and to the Brotherhood in General : He writes as the Founder of Free and Accepted Masonry in its English Form and as the Compiler of the Ritual.

"Keep my Secrets."

## LXXII.

O, lest the World should task you *to Recite*  
 What merit lived in me that you should love  
 After my death (dear love) \**for get me quite* (?)  
 For you in me can nothing *Worthy prove* ;  
 Unless you would devise some Virtuous Lie,  
 To do more for me thine mine own desert,  
 And hang more praise upon deceased I  
*Than Niggard Truth would willingly impart* ;  
 O, lest your true love may seem false in this,  
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,  
 †*My Name be Buried* where my body is,  
 And live no more to shame nor me, nor you.

For *I am shamed* by that which I bring forth, †  
 And *so should you, to love Things nothing worth*. §

\* The word "forget" is purposely broken in the Quarto printing into "for get" in order to draw attention to the phrase "get me quite" ("Do you quite get me?"). The Poet thus gives a covert nudge to his Elizabethan Brethren that they must not more "recite" what they know about him (his Tudor birth, the secret story of his Fall, or that he is a concealed Dramatist, etc.) than they would recite the Ritual to the "Uninstructed World who are not Masons."

† "My Name be buried" = A clear intimation that the author's *real* name was not "Shake-speare." He knew that his pen-name would be for ever publicly connected with the Dramas. It could not "be buried." "I have often wittingly and willingly neglected the glory of *mine own NAME* both in the works I now publish and in those I contrive for hereafter." Francis Bacon.

‡ "My Tales."

§ "As Masons" = For the Symbols of Masonry are "Worthless Things to the Multitude."

The Poet writes :—"MY LIFE HATH  
IN THIS LINE SOME INTEREST,"  
to you, my Elizabethan Brethren...  
an enfolded message you will under-  
stand.

## LXXIV.

\*But Be contented when that fell arrest  
W. Without all bail shall carry me away :  
M. *My Life Hath In This Line Some Interest,*†  
W. Which for Memorial still with thee shall stay.  
W. When thou reviewest this, thou dost review  
The The very part was Consecrate to thee,  
The The earth can have but earth, which is his due ;  
M. My Spirit is thine, the Better Part of me :  
S. So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
T. The prey of worms, my body being dead,  
T. The Coward Conquest of a Wretch's Knife,‡  
T. Too base of thee to be remembered.  
The The Worth of that is *that which it contains,*  
And And *that is this, AND this with thee remains.*§

\* Note that the Initial Capitals of each line give the correct " layout " and opening of a Masonic Lodge. The syllables " be con " in the first line were sounded like " Bacon " in Elizabethan Times. It also enfolds the word, " Brother." The Initial Capitals and first words, therefore, give : Brother Bacon (" be con ") Worshipful Master (" W.M. ") attended by his two Wardens (" W.W. ") accompanied by the Senior Deacon (" The ") the Junior Deacon (" The ") who attend to the two lesser Lights of Masonry...the Moon (" M ") and the Sun (" S "). In the opening of the Lodge the three Pillars of Masonry play their part represented by the three " T.T.T.'s " and under their shadow rest the " Tools " (T.T.T.) of the Three Degrees. The Lodge is finally opened by the Inner Guard (" The ") and Tyler (" And " ).

† " My Life hath in this Line some Interest " : Contained in this line is the enfolded message . . . " I am a Master Mason. "

‡ I am " the Coward Conquest of a Wretch's Knife. " Who

(151)

His Final Injunction to the Brethren...  
To Love well those Ideals which must  
be Left when Death Calls.

LXXIII.

That Time of Year thou mayst in me behold  
When Yellow Leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those Boughs which shake against the Cold,  
Bare ruin'd Choirs, where late the Sweet Birds sang.  
In Me thou see'st the *Twilight of such Day*  
As after sunset fadeth in the West,  
Which by and by Black Night doth take away,  
Death's Second Self *that seals up all in Rest.*

In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire  
That on the Ashes of his Youth doth lie,  
As the Death-bed, whereon it must expire,  
\*Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by. BCon<sup>ea</sup>  
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more  
strong,  
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

\*"Secrets!" is enfolded in the last two lines, i.e., To love the Secrets of Freemasonry.

---

was the wretch that wielded the knife? The enfolded message runs, "Coke...Sir Edward Coke."

§ The last Sonnet line enfolds the concluding phrase of the *penal sign* of the Third Degree. In view of the vow that every Initiate takes, no Mason save the Founder and Father of English Masonry—one who was above the Law—dare have written it, Lord Saint Alban. The Royal Masonic Cyclopædia, tacitly endorsed by Grand Lodge states: "The First Grand Master (and devised Rosicrosse) A.D. 287, Saint Alban." There was no martyred "Saint Alban" in Anno Domini 287. The number is the cypher count of "Fra Rosi Crosse"... the Secret Elizabethan Literary Society. "A.D." does not refer to a *Date*. There was no English language in Anno Domini 287 and consequently no English Masonic Ritual nor English Lodge of Free and Accepted or Speculative Masons—as we know them to-day

In this Verse the Poet Imparts to his Secret Disciples, "the Last of a Concealed Man's Secrets" in the usual Manner of Secret, Enfolded Writing :  
 (" I say...Perhaps...")

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am Dead !  
 Then ! You shall hear the surly sullen bell  
 Give warning to the World that *I am fled*  
 From this vile World with vilest worms . . . . *to Dwell :*  
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
 The Hand that Writ it . . . for I love you so  
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot  
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
 O, if (I say) you look upon this Verse  
 When I (perhaps) compounded am with Clay,  
 Do not so much as MY POOR NAME REHEARSE,  
 But let your Love even with my life decay,  
*Lest the Wise World should look into your moan*  
*And Mock you with me after I am gone.\**

\* The enfolded messages in the last verse are : " Lord St. Alban writes in this last verse : ' At Easter Time I am gone ' " " Oh ! Do not wear Black. I turn to new fields. Grieve not ! "

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—in existence. There was no English language until Francis Bacon and " Shake-speare " coined words for Englishmen to use. " A.D. " stood for the words " And Devised " and was so used by Bro. W. Preston who compiled the List of Founders of English Freemasonry. Shaksper of Stratford was never a member of any London or Stratford Lodge. He was not " on the square. " He could not possibly have written the Masonic Sonnets. No member of Grand Lodge to-day nor in those times dare have written them. Only one man possessed the inherent right . . . the Founder : and Shaksper of Stratford was not the Founder any more than he was ever a Mason.



## THE MASONIC PRAYER OF FRANCIS BACON.

The opening paragraph of the Prayer of Lord Bacon, found in his papers after his "death," written, Mr. Spedding thinks, while the Tempest was upon him, no later than the 18th April, 1621, is sufficient to indicate that he was familiar with the Masonic Charges and Working Tools of the Second and Third Degrees:—

"Thou Soundest *the Depths*, thou knowest the *Upright*, thou ponderest their *doings* as in a *Balance*, thou *Measur'st* their intentions as with a *Line*, and *Crooked Ways* cannot be hid from Thee. I have been as a *Door*. I have *Sought* Thee in the Courts, Fields, Gardens, but *I have Found Thee in Thy TEMPLES.*"

Let it not be forgotten that "Shakespeare's" finger on the Westminster Monument rests on the word "TEMPLES"...

### MASONIC TEMPLES.

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"I am Fled... to Dwell..." (Son. 152).

"One of the broad minds of the Secret Fraternity—in fact the moving spirit of the whole enterprise—was Francis Bacon. In the sixty-sixth year of his life, having completed his work which held him in England, Francis Bacon feigned death and passed over into Germany, there to guide the destinies of his philosophic and political Fraternities for nearly twenty-five years after his 'death.'"

Manley P. Hall.

"Lectures on Ancient Philosophies," p. 407.

"There is evidence of Francis Bacon's high connection with both the Masonic and Rosicrucian organisations. He became the Emperor for the whole of Europe, the secret Head of the Revival preceding the years 1610 and eventually gathered in London a group of Rosicrucians, constituted a Lodge which he called the Philadelphia Lodge." Dr. H. S. Lewis, F.R.C., M.A., Emperor for North America, Vice-President of the International Rosicrucian Council, California.

## MASONIC PHRASEOLOGY.

The Great Folio shows that the Author was steeped in Free Masonry. Credit Shaksper with the genius for acquiring worldly technical knowledge, genius cannot account for the secret knowledge of Masonry, orally imparted behind "tiled doors" to which he was a "Cowan and an Intruder." "He (Francis Bacon) places in his Plays a large portion of the Masonic Ritual" (Dr. Orville Owen). The following few significant phrases are typical of a Masonic phraseology which no one could have used who was not saturated with the Ritual.

"This wide-chopt rascal, wouldst thou mightest lie, drowning the washing of ten tides . . . Here lies your Brother . . . I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded." *Tempest*.

"Like to the garters Compasse in a Ring . . . Purple, Blue and White . . . and rich embroidery." *Merry Wives*.

"And Lamb-skins, too, to signify that Craft . . . being richer than Innocency . . ." *Measure for Measure*.

"Is there no young Squarer that will take a voyage with him?" *Much Ado about Nothing*.

"Your oaths are past and now subscribe your names, that his own hand may strike his honour down . . . I have already sworn. If I break faith this Word shall break for me . . . And profound Solomon." *Love's Labour Lost*.

"I will find where Truth is hid though it were hid indeed within the Center." *Hamlet*.

"Let's part the Word . . . No ! I'll not be your half . . ." *Love's Labour Lost*.

"I thank thee good Tuball." *Merchant of Venice*.

"Find out thy Brother wheresoe'er he is : Seek him with Candle : bring him dead or living . . . ." *As You Like it*.

"Here Robin, if I die, I give thee my Apron : And Will shall have my hammer . . ." *Hen. Part 2*.

"I am a Brother of a Gracious Order late come from the Sea . . ." *Measure for Measure*.

"The Singing Masons building roofs of Gold..."  
*Hen. V.*

"Knock! Knock! Knock! Who's there?  
Knock! Knock! Knock! Who's there?  
Knock! Knock! Knock!..." *Macbeth.*

"What blood is this which stains the stony entrance  
of the Sepulchre... What mean these Masterless and  
gory Swords? *Romeo and Juliet.*

"Sacrilegious Murder hath broke ope the Lord's  
Anointed TEMPLE, and stolen thence the life of the  
Building..." *Macbeth.*

"What subtle Hole is this whose mouth is covered  
with rude-growing briars... Speak Brother... If it be  
dark, how dost thou know tis he? Upon his finger he doth  
wear a precious ring... Reach me thy hand, that I may  
help thee out... Both are at the Lodge... Some bring  
the murdered body, some the murtherers... This is  
the Pit.... and there the Elder Tree...." *Titus*  
*Andronicus.*

"We steal by Line and Level." *Hamlet.*  
"The Prince of DARKNESS is a Gentleman... Modo  
he's called and Mahu." *Lear.*

\* \* \*

CRAFT MASONRY  
There be THREE DEGREES of this Hiding  
and Veiling of a Man's Self: . . . CLOSE-  
NESS, RESERVATION and SECRECY; the  
Second . . . when a Man lets Fall SIGNS;  
the Third, when a Man industriously and  
EXPRESSLY FEIGNS AND PRETENDS  
to be that HE IS NOT, (i.e., when he is made  
to represent the Body of our Master Hiram  
Abif.)—FRANCIS BACON, Essay "Simulation."

## LORD ST. ALBAN'S GREAT SEAL.

The First Sonnet is a translation of a Greek Poem...the author being a Byzantine, Marianus... about the fifth Century.

The Second Sonnet is a variation written specially by the Poet. It is one of the most wonderfully constructed pieces of writing in the language. He enfolds in secret writing all his names, his titles and clears up all the mysteries of the Sonnets from the "Begetter" of the Dedication to the last Enigma of the last Sonnet.

(153)  
Love...the only Cure for all the Ills of  
Humanity.

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his Brand and fell asleep :  
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,  
And his Love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground ;  
Which borrow'd from this Holy Fire of Love,  
A dateless lively heat still to endure,  
And grew a seething bath which yet men prove  
*Against strange maladies a Sovereign Cure.*  
But at my Mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,  
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast ;  
I, *sick withal*, the help of bath desired,  
And thither hied a sad distemper'd guest,  
But found no cure : the bath for my help lies,  
Where Cupid got new fire—*my Mistress' eyes.*

(154)

A Free Rendering of the Preceding  
Sonnet in which the Poet writes his  
Name and Titles scores of times,  
and Enfolds Messages to explain all  
Enigmas: He gives the Elizabethan  
Reader the very Bones of his Imagin-  
ative Thoughts.

CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep  
W.L. { Laid by his side his Heart-inflaming brand,  
          { Whilst many Nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep  
C. Came tripping by; but in her Maiden Hand  
The fairest Votary took up that fire  
V. and W. { Which *many Legions of True Hearts* had warm'd;  
          { And so the general of hot desire  
          { Was sleeping by a Virgin hand disarm'd.  
Th This Brand she quenched in a Cool Well by,  
W. Which from Love's Fire took heat perpetual,  
Gr Growing a Bath and Healthful Remedy  
F. For *men diseased*; but I, my Mistress' Thrall,  
C. Came there for *Cure*, and this by that I prove,  
Lo. Love's Fire heats Water, Water cools not Love.

"The *Worthy Lodge*: The *Craft, Worthy and*  
*Worshipful*: The *Worshipful Grand Free Craft Lodge*."  
(This is Francis Bacon's Last Toast to the Craft.)

NOTE.—That the Reader may realize that Francis Bacon  
was in the habit from his early years of enfolding private  
messages in open letters, a letter from Lady Anne  
Bacon to Anthony Bacon is significant: "I send herein  
your brother's letter. Construe the interpretation.  
I do not understand his *enigmatical folded writing*.  
Let him return me a *plain answer*." 18th April, 1593.  
Letter quoted by Spedding.

## SHAKESPEARE'S DIARY.

"The Sonnets throb with passion, they abound in confidences, they are self-revealing, they are the analysis of a poet's soul. Therefore they are comparable to a diary—*Shakespeare's Diary*." J. Cuming Walters, M.A.

## TRUE SKILL.

"Those who have *TRUE SKILL* in the works of Lord Verulam, can tell whether he was the *AUTHOR* of this or the *OTHER PIECE* though his *NAME* be not to it." Archbishop Tenison, 1679.

## A SECRET ORDER.

The numbering of the Quarto (?) "Yet he (I have heard my Lord say) who looketh attentively shall find they have a Secret Order." Dr. Rawley, "*Sylva Sylvarum*," the first "posthumous" work to be published with the *New Atlantis* in 1627 after Francis Bacon's "Death."

## THE ROSICROSSE.

"Francis Bacon was, next to Apollo, Chief of Parnassus . . . the greatest of poets . . . for a great Secret Society with a bibliography of its own, with means of secret communication and mutual recognition, and a complete system of marks and signs, emblems, symbols and hieroglyphic designs . . . the extensive use of anagrams, inversions confusion of *names and dates*, fictitious biographies, disguised portraits, intentional errata, arranged or, with the utmost ingenuity, deformed for certain well-defined purposes. No High MASON or other person whose dictum is of any weight in such matters has been persuaded to deny that these things are facts . . . *There is at the present day a Secret Society diligently working on the lines laid down by the great Francis St. Alban.*" *Baconiana*, Jan., 1903, p. 37: A scholarly and elaborate anonymous Essay on "Facts."

A NOTE ON  
SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

THE DATING OF THE QUARTO.

The Story of the  
Launching  
of the  
“Saucy little Bark”  
of  
Sonnets.

“The Plays and Sonnets are replete with allusions to the dethroned Prince . . . Francis Tudor-Bacon . . . Shakespeare: one Author, one Person, whose mighty intellect through false representations of history has been purposely belittled. But now there is opened to us a far-embracing Tudor literature from the pen of a Tudor himself.” A. Deventer von Kunow.



## "SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS."

What possible connection can there be between the Sonnets of Shake-speare, published, we are told, in 1609, and Francis Bacon's life and death, which is supposed to have taken place on Easter Sunday, 1626 ?

That is a very pertinent question.

Well : read the re-arranged Sonnets in the light of the brief "Personal Life Story." Read them with an open mind. Ignore for the moment the apparent anachronism of the dates. Refuse to be led away, on *a priori* grounds, by false lights, by literary commentators who know no more of the essential facts of the period than the average man.

It does not follow that a textual authority possesses genuine poetic insight. The pedant is seldom a poet. He often lacks the poetic temperament. I have known academic scholars to be totally devoid of vision. I have known a hod-carrier whose very soul bubbled over with poetry. Was Sir Sidney Lee a poet ? Or Robertson ? It takes a poetic mind to understand a poet. The letter of the law killeth. It is the spirit that giveth life.

What is a Sonnet ?

It is essentially a spasm of personal emotion. A sensitive nature has been touched by some concrete fact. It may be a primrose, some personal abstract joy, a dishonour, a death. Around this "something," the poet weaves his thought in words. The greater the poet, the more magically he hides the coarse grain of sand, transforming it into a wonderfully iridescent jewel.

Beauty on the Body of Truth has produced an imaginative child... a new creation.

Wordsworth thus fashions his poem on "a primrose by the river's brim" : Francis Thompson, "The Hound of Heaven" ; Tennyson, "In Memoriam." And in every great poem, universal man reads into it a bit of his own personal experience. The definite motif of the poet is unknown or forgotten.

Ought these Sonnets to be judged by this standard ?  
Pre-eminently so.

Dismiss from your mind the Lee fiction that they were written as mere technical exercises by someone learning the A.B.C. of his craft. Such a suggestion is ridiculous. All the varying degrees of passion and emotion, tender, fierce, grave and gay, that arise from the heart and from the head, are to be found in individual Sonnets. They not only portray life as microscopic units, but they must necessarily delineate an individual life in one broad sweep. This fact is all important.

Whose life, then, do they portray ? That is the rub. It is the crux of the question.

In trying to answer it, more nonsense has been written than would sink a ship. Dark Ladies, Maids of Honour of easy virtue, procreation ideals, envious jealousy of rival poets, and the unclean love of a man for a boy are some of the unsavoury themes which scholarship has hitherto deciphered.

These, we are gravely assured, are the characteristics of the life of the author.

Wilson Verity says :

“ We tread on dangerous ground. We lack the courage of their interpretation and shrink from the conclusions to which the personal theory leads us.”

Browning wrote :

“ Did Shake-speare with his key of the Sonnets unlock his heart ? If so, the less Shake-speare he.”

George Brandes writes :

“ Some people are repelled from them, feeling that he is belittled by his candour, but great geniuses are not models of correctness.”

Swinburne begs inquirers into the author's morality—

“ not to search too narrowly for that way madness lies. Discussion were dangerous, ‘ how Shakespearé was lame ’ by Fortune's dearest spite.”

J. M. Robertson declares :

"Enigmas emerged for us at an early stage of our examination of the Quarto. There is the obscene jesting of No. 151, and after relieving Shakespeare of fifty odd bad Sonnets—we are not whitewashing Shakespeare—we still leave him associated with a Dark Lady of reprehensible character, who, for the time, has him in thrall, though he takes terrible revenges and we have no clear situation."

These motifs and themes most assuredly do not fit in with the life of Francis Bacon. The views of these eminent critics seem, on the other hand, to be almost confirmed by the little we know of the personal life of the alleged author, the Man of Stratford.

Emerson wrote :

"I cannot marry the man to his verse. An obscure and profane life."

Henry Hallam says :

"All the insatiable curiosity and unwearied diligence hitherto detected about him serves rather to disappoint and perplex us. No letter of his handwriting, no record of his conversations, no character of him drawn with any fullness by any contemporary has been produced. To be told that he played a trick on a brother actor in a licentious amour or that he died of a drunken frolic does not exactly inform us of the man who wrote Lear."

William H. Furness writes :

"I have never been able to bring his Life and his Plays within a planetary space of each other."

Charles Dickens sums up the situation in the following significant sentence :

"The life of Shake-speare is a fine mystery, and I tremble every day lest something should turn up."

The personal poems were first printed in a little book called "The Quarto." It was entitled "Shake-speares Sonnets." There was another poem bound with them called "A Lover's Complaint, by William Shake-speare."

Who, then, was William Shake-speare? Was he the man who wrote his name "William Shaksper" in his six signatures—the only bit of writing we possess of all the voluminous manuscripts of Shake-speare? Very ungodly writing it is, too.

Do the theories advanced by the foregoing authorities fit the facts of the known life of the Actor?

I should be sorry to think they do. I cannot conceive of anything more reprehensible than the suggestion that the author had been guilty of licentious conduct with a Court Wanton, Mary Fitton, and then tried to blast her by passing among his personal friends writings that would discredit her. There is not, however, the slightest evidence that Mary Fitton ever knew Shaksper.

The most important fact that the reader of the rearranged Sonnets will discover is this: *that they do not fit the life of Shaksper, the Stratfordian, at all.*

## SHAKSPER OF STRATFORD

He was born in 1564—three years after Francis Bacon—the son of parents who could not read nor write, in the illiterate village of Stratford. There were only thirty books, all told, in the place (Halliwell Phillips). There is no proof that he ever attended the Grammar School. His name is not on the books. All his relatives were illiterate.

At fourteen he was employed at butchery, leather selling or corn dealing. He is supposed at the age of eighteen to have married "sweet Anne Hathaway," the daughter of John Hathaway of Shottery. But this man had no daughter named "Anne," his three girls being named Agnes, Catherine and Margaret. So the idyllic cottage is, apparently, a false shrine.

Did he marry someone named "Anne Whately"? No one knows, for there is no record of the marriage. The facts are, that on 22nd November, 1582, a bond was given in the Worcester Registry to enable Shaksper of Stratford to marry immediately a person named "Anne

Hathaway," but on the previous day a license had been taken out for "William Shaxper" and a person named "Anne Whately." Whether the bond was entered into by the woman's relatives to prevent Shaksper from deserting her and marrying someone else, we do not know. But we know that marriage haste was necessary for on the 26th of May he is a father. Another twelve months sees him the proud father of twins.

At the age of twenty-one, he leaves his wife and family and goes to London—in 1585 at the earliest. We know nothing about him until 1593, the rumour being that he began his career by holding horses' heads outside the Globe Theatre.

He is then an actor. Three years later he has made sufficient money to apply to the College of Heralds for a Coat of Arms. A year later he buys New Place at Stratford and is sued for five shillings—non-payment of rates.

In 1598 he is sued for non-payment of rates, thirteen shillings and fourpence. He sues John Clayton for £7 money lent. He is sued in turn by the executors of a man who had lent Shaksper's wife £2 after he had left her and gone to London. He purchases a moiety of the Stratford tithes. He engages in law suits and sues for petty debts.

He even pursues one "surety" to the bitter end—prison. He makes a corner in corn at a time of famine. He buys land. He engages with another man in an attempt to enclose some of the common lands, creating trouble with the Stratford villagers. He sells malt and corn. He even debits the village Council for a pint of intoxicant supplied to a preacher. He is regarded as a man of substance.

These are *all* the known *facts* of his life.

When he dies, he leaves a detailed Will in which every item is mentioned down to his second-best feather bed to his wife, but there is not a hint of a library, books or manuscripts.

Were he the author of the Shakespearian Plays, would

not this keen business man have specially mentioned them? Would he not have regarded them as among his most priceless possessions? Would not his next of kin have claimed them as the fount, the veins of his wealth? Most assuredly. And the title to the Plays would have had to be registered at Stationers Hall by conveyance to them.

He died in 1616. The Great Folio of Plays was published in 1623, containing a number that had never been played or heard of previously. If Shaksper's heirs had had any claim on the Publication, would they not at once have protested against unauthorized persons trenching on their just rights? Stealing their father's brains? Of course they would. Dr. Hall, Shaksper's son-in-law, was as fond of litigation and money as Shaksper.

As an actor no one knows what parts he played. Some say "the Ghost in his own 'Hamlet' was the top of his performance."

*There is not a scrap of evidence to show that he ever wrote a single line or that he was regarded as a writer.*

In Henslowe's Diary all the leading writers of the day are mentioned. There is no literary reference to him nor in any other diary of the period. There is not a single letter in existence by him: only one to him—asking for a loan.

The man who is supposed to have written, "Ignorance is the curse of God," lived for years in retirement with daughters who could not read nor write. His daughter, Judith, when thirty years old, made a mark instead of a written signature.

There is only one story about him written in a private diary much too *risque* to repeat; but there are vague tales of his drinking carousals from his early days (when legend says he drank off the effects of a debauch with the Bideford Topers by sleeping all night under the famous crab-apple tree) to his comparatively early death which rumour says was the effect of over-indulgence.

On the other hand, contemporary writers, like Greene and Nash, write bitterly about him not as a writer but as

a *broker* of Plays, as a mask for someone else—from which he derives his wealth to the confusion of honest writers who, with their pens, cannot make a living.

Shaksper died unnoticed by a single literary man save Ben Jonson who, at his death, deliberately republished a poem in which he called him "Poor Poet-Ape who would be thought our Chief." It is a bitter satire which indicates that he dealt in "frippery," cast-off clothes, a second-hand dealer of other men's thoughts. Jonson never receded from this position. The student will find this important point fully proved in Sir George Greenwood's books.

There is not a vestige of the debris of his literary workshop. His only connection with the Shake-spearian Works is a similarity of name in spelling, the pronunciation phonetically being totally dissimilar. "Shaksper," the spelling of the signatures, is necessarily pronounced very differently from "Shake-speare" the printed name attached to the Plays and Poems with its distinctive hyphen in many cases.

The present Stratford Monument is nothing like the original one, which was carefully engraved by Sir William Dugdale, a Rosicrucian and a Mason, a few years after it was erected, so that posterity might know that Shaksper's hand held no large quill pen, but simply hugged graspingly, in a miserly fashion, a well-stuffed money bag to his breast, cunningly engraved like a side of Bacon.

Can you wonder that John Bright wrote :

"Any man who believes that William Shaksper of Stratford wrote 'Hamlet' or 'Lear' is a fool."

## THE ENIGMA OF THE SONNETS

The reader can now more clearly understand the enigma of this mysterious little book of personal poems which has defied critics and scholars for three hundred years. Says Wilson Verity: "They are a veritable

the first quarto of 1611 was a whole lot of acting parts.

There were 16 "Newly corrected" quartos among the first three called "The First Folio," "Palladis Tamia," and "The Temple of Urania"; but they were not the full, complete editions commonly published. A year later, in 1612, they were collected in a collection called "The First Part of the Works." In the Quartos they are numbered 1-16, and in the Folio (No. 17) as though they were the last of the last written. Nothing is known of them. Then, on May 20th, 1609, ten copies of a book called "Shakespeare's Sonnets" were entered at Stationers' Hall by one Thomas Thorpe. The identity of the man we do not know, but the fact that there was a publisher of the name. How he came to be associated in any way with the poems we do not know. It has never been established that he ever had the actual manuscripts in his possession. It has, however, been hitherto supposed that the "T.T." of the "Dedication" refers to Thomas Thorpe if whose name the book was entered; that the manuscript was stolen from Shakespeare's desk; and that Thorpe published them well knowing they were stolen.

Now, every Shakespearean scholar *assumes* that the book was published in 1609.

*Is that all?*

It was published in 1625. It was not issued, then, to the world at large, but to the Rosicrucian and Masonic Brotherhoods. The edition was strictly limited.

The critic will at once ask: "How do you know the book was not published in 1609?"

I answer the question by asking one in return: "How do you know it was published in that year?"

Neither critic nor scholar nor anyone else can *prove* publication in that particular year. Everyone has

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\* The name with the hyphen was on many of the early Quartos of the Plays.



*assumed* that the volume was published round about that date, but it is pure assumption. And *assumptions are not proofs*.

The entire facts are against it.

In 1609 everything written by Shake-speare was in great demand. The Sonnets of other writers sold steadily. There were numerous reprints. The separate Quarto Plays were reprinted over and over again. Books of Sonnets were especially fashionable. Daniel's and Drayton's even went on selling long after the sonneteering vogue went out of date.

If, then, the Shake-speare Sonnets had been on the public market in 1609 at sixpence a time, would there not have been so great a demand for the work of this popular writer that the volume would have been reprinted repeatedly? Of course the Sonnets would—had they *been in existence*.

The absence of reprints is a problem which has vexed the souls of all commentators. It has never been explained. Even Robertson, who will give nothing away unless he is driven to the wall, very feelingly bewails the difficulty when he cried:

“It belonged to the Sonnet Age. Its failure to reach a second edition calls for an explanation that has not yet been forthcoming.”

The first actual reprint was not made until 1640—thirty-one years after this assumed date.

There is, moreover (despite Dowden) absolutely no mention of the “Sonnets” *as a complete body of verse*—or any phrase or quotation, garbled or otherwise, during the period 1609 to 1624-5—either in letters, diaries, printed book or pamphlet. Neither did the busy “Pirates” (that Stratfordians declare existed so ubiquitously) exploit this particular work.

We are solemnly assured by them that unscrupulous printers pirated Shakespearian Works wholesale. Why did they not pirate this one? Why indeed? Would not greed



more. There is no mention of any date. There is no mention in the book anywhere of the date of publication. Neither does it state anywhere that the book was printed in that year, nor that it was published in that year.

What does a mere number prove? Nothing!

In the Elizabethan period it was open for an author to print on the frontispice of a book any particular number or any particular date he wished. There was nothing to prevent him. We know some books were actually ante-dated when published and others post-dated. Instances of false dating by as much as thirty years have been discovered. It has been proved by Mr. A. W. Pollard, of the British Museum; Mr. W. W. Gregg, Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge; and Prof. W. J. Neidig, that four of the Shake-speare Plays numbered 1608 and 1600 were in fact printed in 1619—three years after the Stratfordian's death.

When this book, therefore, neither directly nor indirectly, bears any imprint such as "Printed and Published in 1609," but simply bears a number at the bottom of the page—"1609," the actual date of printing and publication is left an open question—*deliberately*.

There is not the slightest evidence anywhere of publication in 1609. Because the title of a book is entered in Stationers Hall in a particular year, does it necessarily follow that the book itself was published in that year? Certainly not!

In those days when an author contemplated the writing of a book, he had the right to enter the title at Stationers Hall. No one could then appropriate his title. He wrote his book—and published it when it was written and *when it was most convenient*.

When "Shake-speares Sonnets" were thus registered, it prevented any unscrupulous writer from foisting on the public any compositions of his own under such a title. Shake-speare was a name to conjure with. It was popular.

This simple, legal act of registration reserved to the author, the real Shake-speare, the right to use the title whenever it suited him to produce a book under that name.

In this particular case the title was entered. The Sonnets were thus in "sure wards of trust." It stopped anyone else producing a book under such a title. It reserved to the author the right to print and publish his work when convenient. It leaves the date of publication open.

The problem is more a matter of common-sense than a literary one.

If a book numbered at the bottom of the title page "1820" contained words like "boycott," "commandeer," "poison-gas," "aeroplane," "wireless," "Dewarisms," I should know at once that such a number could not possibly refer to the date of publication. I should know that it had either been printed in error, or purposely to mislead slow-witted readers; for these words came into existence long after that date. The internal evidence would at once stamp the number fictitious as an alleged date.

If Messrs. Brandes, Lee, Robertson, Gollancz, swore to the contrary the most solemn oaths, on the holy Shake-spearian Canon, I should reject their testimony as false. An angel from heaven testifying to something palpably untrue, would only impress me with the fact that many false teachers have gone out into the world—blind leaders of the blind.

The Sonnets bear similar internal evidence—a thousand times stronger than mere isolated words. It tells even a tyro in letters the approximate date of publication. It proves that mere textual scholarship is neither infallible nor necessarily possesses the saving virtue of knowing how to tackle a common-sense business problem.

Now, the date of publication is important. On it hang all the law and the prophets—the truth or untruth whether Shaksper of Stratford wrote the works of "Shake-speare" or Francis Bacon.

The Stratfordian died in 1616; Francis, in 1626. *If the Sonnets contain distinct references to public incidents which occurred in 1620/21, the author, whoever he may have been, was not the Warwick lad, Shaksper.* He could never have written in 1609 a poetic prognostication of events which did not take place until 1620/25.

If, on the other hand, they contain the personal records of a man who did not die to the world until 1626; if they describe the last five years of such a man's life, then it is evident that another hand—after Shaksper's was stilled in death—must have been the author, not only of the Sonnets, but also the Dramas: for there is an identity of thought and expression acknowledged by all the textual experts; and if the public, historic records and the imaginative personal details in the Sonnets correspond to this late period, and arise as different descriptions of events out of one man's life, and that one man, Francis Bacon, then who could "the Great Unknown" be but Francis Bacon himself, the vitally interested party? If, then, his was the hand that describes in the Sonnets public events in which he was the leading figure, Francis Bacon was the Immortal Bard—Shake-speare.

## THE PRINTING AND PUBLICATION OF THE QUARTO.

I am happy to be privileged to tell you exactly what happened in those far off days.

After Lord St. Alban's Impeachment and Fall, he returned to Literature. He published his prose works in Science and Philosophy. In conjunction with his friend Ben Jonson, he revised the manuscripts, and the early Quartos of his Plays. In 1623/4, he published the "Great Folio" which contained many Plays that had never been heard of before, specially written for the work.

Then he turned to his private Sonnets—the lyrical out-pourings of his heart, peculiarly personal. He completed the themes. (Many Sonnets he suppressed lest,



corrupt practices. "I may not evermore acknowledge thee, lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame—nor thou with *public* kindness honour me."

The Sonnets, too, dealt with State matters—the Succession to Elizabeth, the attitude of King James towards him as Chancellor. There were still possible claimants to the Crown through Essex's children. Moreover, they contained his last words to the Brethren of the Secret Societies of which he was the Founder and Father. He had been forbidden to enter London. He could not attend the Court precincts for a twelve mile radius. Cut off from his Lodge and Craft, he writes authoritatively his final messages, trenching on Masonic secrets to drive home their importance. He asks the Brethren to maintain his private and personal secrets just as they would the mysteries of Masonry. He actually enfolds privately a phrase no Mason—save the Founder of Speculative Masonry, dare delineate. He "indites" the row known to every Master Mason: "Your Secrets in this of me B..B..T..A..O..T..C.." And in the most ingenious manner possible he gives the penal sign of the Third Degree to his Elizabethan Sons.

Open publication of the Sonnets to the world would at once have brought them under the eye of Authority. The Censorship penalties were fearfully severe against printers and authors who aspersed the Majesty of the State. He knew they would be at once suppressed and destroyed. The very object he had in mind—the revelation of himself after many years when questions of the Succession did not matter and contemporary intrigues were meaningless—would have been defeated. He would have been flung into the Tower. The printer who had dared to set the Sonnets in type would have suffered horribly for complicity. The printer's lightest punishment would have been to have had his hands chopped off or his feet placed in the "iron boot" and pulped.

Francis Bacon chose the only course open to him apart from destroying them. *He mixed all the Sonnets.* The

vague word "Love" would, he shrewdly suspected, keep everyone guessing, save his friends who knew the key, at their real meaning until, when the discovery was ultimately made, contemporary problems had ceased to be.

He, therefore, altered the Canto arrangement in a certain, definite, confused order. He made the Sonnets appear like the disarranged picture-bricks of a child's play-box. As a further safeguard the book was "onlie sold to Brothers."

To throw dust in the eyes of anyone who might accidentally or surreptitiously obtain a copy, the book, when printed, bore the number "1609," which was the year of entry of title at Stationers' Hall. The author surmised that the "uninstructed world" would fall into the "number-trap" blindfold: They have: For three hundred years, critic has followed critic with the dull docility and solemn sagacity of sheep. They are not to be blamed so much as pitied for their lack of vision, their want of perspicuity. The poet wished to give any unauthorised contemporary reader a misleading idea of the year of publication. He sent every "outsider" on the wrong track. He had provided himself with a way of escape if the book had been challenged by the Censor.\*

*The Quarto was carefully printed.* It abounds with "Keys" and enfolded messages which enabled the "Brethren" to read it correctly—to see the very bones of the poet's imaginative thought.

When the time was ripe, the Rosicrosse reprinted the Sonnets openly to the world in 1640, the Editor declaring that the poems were simple to read and easy to understand. So they are from the correct angle when arithmetically re-arranged. He also sent the world astray by putting misleading captions at the head of some of the Sonnets. The curiously worded Dedication directly indi-

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\* "And deeper than did ever Plummet Sound I'le drowne MY BOOKE" . . . The Tempest: His Personal "Booke" of Sonnets (enfolding his Personality) then being slowly compiled.



cates a mystery. The Editor writes, "They appear of the same purity, *the author himself then living avouched*; they had not the good fortune *by reason of their infancie in his death* to have the due accommodation of proportionate glory, with the rest of his everliving works. You shall find them clear and elegantly plain, no intricate or cloudy stuff to puzzle intellect or perplex your brain."

In this cunningly worded phraseology there is a decided hint that the real author of the Sonnets was alive in 1640 and that the original edition of the Sonnets was published immediately prior to his apparent "death to the world" in 1626. "Their infancie in his death" could not apply to Shaksper but did apply with very peculiar significance to Francis Bacon as the Craft in those days well understood. There is a beautiful 1640 edition in the British Museum. It is a mystery book. It positively exhales a subtle atmosphere of secrets concealed. A tyro can see at a glance it enfolds an enigma in the very printing and tooling.\*

When the Sonnets were reprinted, James the King was dead, and men were too excited about the impending civil war between Charles and the Parliament to bother about poetry.

The years slip away.

Critics of later generations, misled by the number "1609," and confused by the jumble of mixed themes, ignore them as being too enigmatical for anyone to understand. They try vainly to make them fit with the little they know of the life of William Shaksper of Stratford. They fail. They turn despairingly away—baffled.

Later commentators arise. The little book is made a cockpit where scholars fight to the death over contending theories.

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\*" Direct evidence that the 1640 edition was the First Sonnet Edition given to the world, and the reason why it was published in the form of a "Medley" and not in the 1609 order, is given in the Complete Volume.

The latest effort of the most erudite critic, Robertson, is to butcher the book by throwing fifty Sonnets to the wolves as non-Shakespearian. It is a futile, unwarranted and pitiable attempt to shelve the difficulties which still await elucidation—"which wait and will not go away—wait and will not be gainsaid."

He claims that he "feels" they are not Shakespearian—"this is he: that is not—versification, phrase, rhythm and feeling."

To such mad lengths do "chaired mandarins go, conscious of innate authority." Well might the Shades of the Mighty Dead smile contemptuously in derision at such utter lack of common-sense. Can any man tell "the Shakes-peare touch" when it is couched in such a variety of style? It defies anyone to dogmatise that by some particular trick of expression he can be identified.

Examine the theories advanced—and *accepted by the Stratfordian Scholars*—respecting this little book of poems—this Quarto which is the "Open Sesame" to the greatest literary problem in the world. We are told:—

(1) The first batch of Sonnets refers to "Procreation"; and that Shaksper actually had the audacity to write a series of Sonnets advising the Earl of Southampton—a mere youth—to marry in order to beget children. Robertson actually makes the silly suggestion that Southampton's mother asked Shaksper to write such Sonnets. It is equally outrageous to ask us to believe that Shaksper would write on such a theme on his own initiative.

How dare any man so interfere with a man's most private and holiest concern? Dare any actor to-day thus write to a leading Peer of the Realm? Dare he address him as "Dear, my Love," or as the "Master-Mistress" of my passion? No poet in his senses would do it to-day, nor was it done in Elizabethan days.

The theory is absurd. There is neither warranty nor proof of its truth. The wild suggestion has simply arisen because Shake-speare dedicated to Southampton "Venus and Adonis," a fact which is quite understandable if

Francis Bacon were the real author for they were students at Grays Inn. But there is not a shred of evidence that Shaksper ever knew Southampton personally.

(2) The second theory is that Shaksper had a "Dark Lady," a wanton who has been identified (!) as one of the Ladies of the Court named Mary Fitton. They say there was an illicit love between them; that she threw him overboard for someone else; that in revenge he wrote the Sonnets and passed them among his private friends denouncing her chastity.

If that be not a despicable theory, never was there a foul line ever written. The dishonouring of a mistress in such a fashion is a thousand times more dishonouring to the writer who would stoop to such a dastardly method. But—do orthodox pedants seriously ask us to believe that a Maid of Honour would bestow her favours on a man whose very profession classed him, in law, with thieves, rogues and prostitutes? Shaksper never knew her, and no one has ever proved that he did. It is merely another wild guess.

(3) We are further told that, out-Heroding Herod, he had a passionate attachment for some beauteous youth because he writes: "O, thou my lovely Boy" and "Lord of my Love." They hint that one of the most horrible of crimes is committed between them. Did anyone read such unsavoury rot out of Bedlam?

(4) We are next informed that Shaksper was terribly jealous of a rival poet, Chapman, or some other dramatist, whom he tries to belittle, simply because as superficial textualists they are unacquainted with psychological problems and personalities. And in a tremendous volume of words, the High Priest of Shaksperism, after much play with the white-wash brush, mournfully confesses that:

"Shaksper is in thrall to a Dark Lady; enigmas emerge; we are left facing the darkest at the close; there is obscene jesting." He further laments that "we do not know what the 'onlie begetter' means, or 'w.h.' or 'r.r.' Enigmas emerge for us at the early stage of the

Quarto. The presentment of Shaksper as given up to sexual passion has borne English fruit with English acclamation in our own times." (ROBERTSON.)

So much, then, for the orthodox views. Let us examine the Sonnets for ourselves. Here is the Dedication as published :—

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF  
THESE . INSVING . SONNETS .  
MR . W . H . ALL . HAPPINESSE .  
AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .  
PROMISED .  
BY .  
OVR . EVER-LIVING . POET .  
WISHETH .  
THE . WELL-WISHING .  
ADVENTURER . IN .  
SETTING .  
FORTH .

T . T .

Note the full stops after each word. What do they indicate? Were they so placed for mere fun? What nonsense!

Had they a serious intention? Of course they had!

Those full stops are one of the leading clues to the solution of the enigmas. The author is telling the reader as grammatically as possible, that each word is complete in itself—that it must not be regarded as joining itself to the next word—that it must be regarded as a separately-written, little picture-brick in a case.

Read the Dedication through again. Is it grammatical? Does it not read awkwardly? Does it not sound unfinished in expression?

It does not require a literary Sherlock Holmes to detect the very open clue that the author has left, so that you can trail him down. He is telling the reader, in short, as plainly as possible that the words must be re-arranged to get his correct meaning. And it does not require the

pertinacity of a cross-word fanatic to hit on the correct order :—

“The Onlie Begetter of Mr. W. H. wisheth all happinesse to the *ADVENTURER* in *SETTING FORTH* these insuing Sonnets, and that Eternity promised by our well-wishing, ever-living Poet. T.T.”

The Dedication now reads smoothly and grammatically. It gives the reader a clear meaning of the Poet's mind.

We can leave the questions of “W.H.” and “T.T.” They are correctly interpreted in an enfolded message in his last Sonnet. The important thing we have discovered is this : that the Sonnets have to be “*SET FORTH*” ; that the “Setting Forth” is like to a great *ADVENTURE*.

Now, is it not obvious to the dullest wit, that the author is suggesting clearly that the Sonnets must be *re-arranged* in order to be understood. There is nothing ambiguous in the call. It is a clear challenge to arouse one's latent, literary-detective instincts. Is it not more than probable that he has left a Key somewhere which will enable the “Adventurer” to find his way accurately through apparently uncharted seas and shallows that lead to hidden treasure ?

Anyway, is there not already a *prima facie* case for inquiry on the assumption that the Sonnets are purposely disarranged ? At least let us try to produce a cosmos out of chaos on the same principle that was successful with the elucidation of the Dedication.

Run the Quarto arrangement through hastily. You will find that at least one Sonnet is out of order at a mere glance—a Sonnet which has a direct connection with the “Mr. W.H.” of the Dedication. It is one of a group called by textualists, “the Will Sonnets,” Two run together, Nos. 135 and 136. Then there is a lapse. Six intervene. Then there is another “Will” Sonnet, No. 143. Is that not very sound evidence of disarrangement ? And if we once start rearranging, must we not, logically, continue to the end ? There are certain italics and Initial

Capitals which may prove of valuable assistance. Letters are even used to-day to denote numbers. The retailer usually puts the cost price of an article by a letter code as well as the selling price by open figures on his sale goods. His "private mark" tells him the cost. His letters are numbers. And the Sonnets contain different founts of type which possess a significance of their own. They are not, however, so simple as a tradesman's letter-word which runs in a count of tens—like "constabled" in which c/a would be the equivalent for 1/6.

The Secret Societies set the Sonnets forth—and re-numbered them—according to a "Wheel Cypher" much too complicated to attempt to explain. After the necessary arithmetical calculations (which move the numbers of the Sonnets about something similar in complexity to the Knight's jump in Chess when he touches every square on the board in proper sequence), what do we find as a result? *That the Poems take on a definite form, shape, appearance.*

Instead of the Sonnets being a meaningless jumble of units, they present a wonderful picture of a life, a real life which lives and moves and has a being—a *PERSONALITY* emerges—not the personality of William Shaksper of Stratford, but the *personality of the greatest man the world has ever seen*—Francis Bacon, Lord St. Alban—"Shake-speare."

Read the Sonnets in their *originally composed, re-arranged manuscript order*. What do you find?

An anxious youth begging his mother, the Queen of England, to acknowledge him as heir to the House of Tudor. He craves the Queen to love him as a mother should love a child since she cannot publicly acknowledge him in the Succession. He touches on the story and tragedy of Essex. He tells of his hopes and fears regarding his sweetheart, Margaret of Navarre. He speaks of his wife. He shows you his literary ideals—Apollo, the God of Poetry; Pallas Athene, the Spear Shaker; his Brain-Child, the wonderful Shake-speare Folio, his lovely

boy by Pallas, and, like a proud father, you see him fingering the volume with the love of an author for his child.

He talks of his secondary personality Shake-speare. He plays cunningly with the subtle conception of a lyrical self-communion which apostrophizes in turn Pallas the Goddess, Shake-speare as his dramatic Second-Self and Himself as Francis Bacon the lyrical poet. The dramatization is so finely executed that everyone has believed that these imaginary personalities had a real existence in living flesh and blood—a lovely youth, a dark lady, a rival poet spun from airy nothings. He tells the story of his Fall and how it came about. He finishes by whispering to the Brethren of the Masonic Craft the most beautiful valediction in the English language.

He seals his work with a private mark, just as a Banker seals his cheques and bank-notes with a private mark known only to bankers. He leaves his name by cipher all over the Sonnets. He writes his names and his titles by enfolded writing over and over again. By secret messages he clears up all mysteries. Every dark saying becomes as clear as crystal.

He gives to the world a new form of cunning versification, contrived with exquisite workmanship, that only a master of language could construct. And the literary mandarins have never suspected for three hundred years that the finest imaginative poetry in the world carried in its heart the concrete motif which called it into being. He chooses his words with such meticulous precision that he "FELLS" into the very fabric of his thought concrete words which show "the birth of his thoughts and where they did proceed."

You can scarcely believe it ? Perhaps not ! But in those days of intrigue when it was dangerous for men to speak openly, people learned to communicate with each other, as I have said, by enfolded secret messages. *The Sonnets* *teem with them. They are so numerous that they cannot be*

*disputed nor explained away as accidents or coincidences. They are facts.*

Even if such messages be abandoned, to suit present-day, high-brow literalism, as being un-literary, despite the fact that they were a characteristic of the Elizabethan Era and that the practice was begot in classic Greece and mighty Rome, the literary beauty of the Sonnets rearranged in all their fresh simplicity, remains impregnable, and will so remain until the end of time. *I am proud to think that I have lit a candle which no literary commentator will ever put out.*

The images run clear that have been marred by modern alterations of the Quarto by Editors who did not know their business. It proves there is no Modernist competent to butcher the text of a Shake-speare. Thought succeeds thought. On the cold anvil of fact the author fashions his own emotions—link after link. He forges a chain of events which disclose a hidden life.

Is this story—*judged purely by literary standards*—inferior or superior to the wild nightmares of orthodox theorists? Which rings the truer—the false theory of the vicious wanton and sensualist, or the true story of the man of sorrows, Francis Bacon? Who are the real heretics? They who darken understanding, or they who illumine? Sir Sidney Lee and J. M. Robertson, or Mrs. Pott and Mrs. Gallup, who have done so much to prevent the mendacious gulling of the public by financial interests and prejudiced Scholarship?

So...exit the Dark Lady that has poor Shaksper in thrall: Exit all those other unclean ideas of prurient minds. In their place emerges from the Shadows a story of a real Prince who became a "beggar borne"—a story for all children at their mother's knee; a Prince who loved a woman and immortalised her in those lines: "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day!"—a story for all lovers; a Prince who loved literature with an abiding passion and wrote proudly to the God Apollo: "Thy gift, thy Tables are within my brain, full charactered with lasting



memory"—a story for all authors ; a Prince who fell on evil days through the plots of wicked men who hated virtue, and wrote when the shades of night were falling : " This time of year thou mayst in me behold, when yellow leaves or none or few do hang upon those boughs which shake against the cold—bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang"—a story for old men sitting in the chimney corner ; a Prince sure of his One-ness with the Eternal, who wrote : " the Pyramids to me are nothing strange, they are but dressings of a former sight " ; a Prince who was so certain that the cloud of unseen witnesses were living realities, that he writes to his Divine Guide : " You are so strongly in my purpose bred, that all the world besides me thinks you are dead " ; a Prince who takes the humblest by the hand into the holy fane of secret recesses, his own emotional heart, to encourage all true hearts to tread even the Via Dolorosa secure in the knowledge that this life is the vestibule to a greater life of larger scope—the glory of which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive.

There is as much difference between the true interpretation of the Sonnets and the false theories of the professional cult as there is between champagne and ditchwater.

As a life-long Stratfordian, now disillusioned, I cannot forbear exclaiming with Caliban, remembering the scene in the " Tempest," where the false crown is torn from the brows of the puppet that seemed to wear it : " What a thrice double asse was I to take this drunkard (sensualist) for a God."

When you ask me : " How can you possibly know the original order ? " I point you to the re-arranged Sonnets, and I say : " By their fruits ye shall know them. Do men gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles ? " They tell their own story. A schoolboy can now read them without a word of comment. That is the test.

You *again* ask : " How did you discover the arrangement, the alleged signatures, the enfolded messages ? "

I reply: "*Perhaps I didn't discover them. Perhaps somebody told me something.*"

More I cannot tell.

I can, however, say this: at the end of the Sonnets in the Quarto in bold lettering run these lines:—

"FINIS.

K. A."

In Elizabethan days the work "Key" was pronounced "Kay."

The phrase is, therefore a Master-Key that will unlock many doors when it is spelt backwards. You will find it run:—

"A KEY (K) IS IN F."

I have no authority to say more.

"'Tis Time!" The hour has struck.

True to the veiled prophecy of Shake-speare's last poem and the prophetic allegory of "A Winter's Tale," the real personality of the author walks abroad to take possession of the minds and hearts of men to the end of time.

Francis Bacon...Shake-speare—...Resurgam...

Then—thrice happy I to have been selected to help crown the labours of all those true hearts, since the days of Delia Bacon, who have tried to make truth manifest.

ALFRED DODD,

"Arrowstone," Archerfield Road,

Allerton,

Liverpool

*Easter Sunday,  
20th April, 1930.*

## THE SHAKE-SPEARIAN MANUSCRIPTS.

When Francis Bacon died, his manuscripts were left to his executors. The Shakespearian manuscripts, however, had already been dealt with. They were not destroyed. The Royal Arch Mason ought to know where some are to be found. The most important were left with the Heads of the Rosicrosse. They were not to be made public until the time was ripe.

When the Author buried his identity in the Sonnets, he hazarded the prophecy that three hundred years would elapse before the world would discover the Sonnet Secret and his identity. The idea is shown quite clearly in "The Phoenix and the Turtle," for the black crow of slander that was to go among "our (Masonic) mourners" had a life of three hundred years ("treble-dated") according to Mythology.

There is the same suggestion on page 303 of the Great Folio which is the last Act of the "Winter's Tale," the plot of which hinges on the return to life of a being supposed to be dead, Hermione, together with the discovery of her lost child, Perdita. Let Hermione stand as a symbol for the Resurrection of a Poet, Perdita her lost child as the Shakespearian Plays, the jewel round the child's neck for Masonry, the discovered letters of Antigonus for the missing manuscripts, and the reunion of mother and child as the reunion of Francis Bacon to his Plays to the astonishment of the world, and the analogy of the 303 page is complete even to the immediate context: "'TIS TIME; Be stone no more, Strike all that look upon with marvel. I'll fill your grave up. . Dear life redeems you."

The Duke in "Measure for Measure" has always been like Prospero, associated with the character of the Author. The Plot turns upon a "judgment or revelation," the Duke returning as a Self-Revealer and Judge. There are numerous enigmatical phrases which indicate that the Poet has hidden himself in his own works, but that

ultimately he will reveal himself in order to disgrace Time and kill the wretched "Mynuits" of commentators through a self-planned Revelation—the discovery of his personality in the Sonnets.

In Sonnet 96 (cxxx) the Poet writes that with respect to the authorship of the Plays, Nature will ultimately proceed to Audit. The accounts will be called for: In other words, a demand for the manuscripts. "*Her Audit though delayed* answered must be."

Now, when the necessary Shakespearian manuscripts to clinch identity were given to the Grand Magister of Rosicrosse-Masonry, the specific instructions were that they had to be hidden, kept secretly from the world, all knowledge of the Founder allowed to die out from the rank and file of Masons even to the "Thirty Second Degree," until a proper demand were made for their production at the proper time by the proper person, until the Sonnet Secret and the personality of the Author being discovered to the world, the Secret was no longer a Secret peculiar to a Masonic Degree or to the custodians of Secrets bequeathed to them by the Rosicrosse Literary Society.

In short, the Author entrusted the necessary manuscript proofs to his Rosicrosse Brethren on these terms: "I have been compelled to hide myself in the Plays and Poems. In my Sonnets my Personality is buried. The 'uninstructed world' will be many years before it discovers me. There will be all sorts of theories regarding the identity of the Author. Some day, however, Nature will bring someone into being who will discover me through my personal poetic utterance—my lyric letters to the Craft—and he will declare my identity to the world. Men will know me: who I am: what I am: the work I have done: the things that have been first in my intentions. One of the 'uninstructed' who is not a Rosicrosse-Mason will solve the problem in a far away time when the State Secrets which now seal my lips, lest my country suffers, are a matter of no moment. Until that day arrives the manuscripts, that will prove my identity, like 'my



Society or some *Institution* likely to exist for many years to come endorsed with directions to open them at the appointed time, whereby his claim and the documentary proof could then be revealed." (Parker Woodward.)

## WHAT DOES IT MATTER ?

Some time ago a well-known literary man wrote words to this effect : " We have the Plays : what does it matter who wrote them ? "

This attitude has well been described as " pig-philosophy." It is a " looking-down " instead of a " looking-up." Nothing but sheer mental flabbiness would prompt such an attitude towards the greatest literary problem of the Age—a problem in which the character of the greatest Personality of all times—apart from Divinity—is involved. Why should this eminent literary critic worry so much about the problem of Jesus—the human Christ—and the Gospel story ? Why worry, in fact, about anything beyond food and raiment, and football matches ? The Truth is that the shirker of Life's problems is neither manly nor intellectual.

It is peculiarly the province of a literary critic to be able to make up his mind on subjects which concern him particularly. There is no virtue in sitting on a fence crying aloud : " What does it matter ? "

Even a Freethinker and Satirist like Bernard Shaw advocates the attitude of dull complacency regarding the subject. He thinks we ought all to fall down and worship Dungara—the " God of Things as They Are "—by leaving the problem severely alone. Writing to a literary friend of mine the other day, he says :

" What is the use of it ? You were rightly warned against betraying the slightest interest in the subject. Consult a psycho-analyst and *give up Stratford*. All Editors, publishers and literary friends put a black mark instantly against anyone who mentions it. It is a bore and a nuisance."



his "Sons"—his children—and how his children must have loved him.

Milton and Addison knew the truth and kept silence loyally, knowing that State Secrets were involved in his birth, life and political death. Pope knew it when he erected the "Shake-speare Monument" in Westminster Abbey, and cunningly adapted Prospero's speech so that the Scroll contains 33 complete words, indicating the cipher number of "Bacon," and exactly 157 letters—the Seal of the Rosicrosse, and the enfolded secret password of the Rosicrosse Mason (correctly spelt by acrostic) "Our Francis."

The Abbey Authorities knew the secret when they allowed the Monument to be erected, for the statue is graced with the head of Francis Bacon, the stockings are engraved with Tudor Roses and a Crown, the lace work on the ruffs of the sleeve is an exact repetition of the ruff worn by Queen Elizabeth. Between his feet are the Sonnet initials "T.T." The finger of the Statue points\* to the Queen at the side. The place of honour in front is given to a beautiful youth—a crowned Prince—young Francis Bacon of the Hilyard Miniature. On the left side is the figure of the Queen's second son, the Earl of Essex, or the Queen's husband, Earl of Leicester.

The Abbey Authorities allowed also the figure of Ben Jonson to be erected at the same time, turning a blind eye to the fact that the sculptor put him in a left-buttoned coat and spelt his name with an "H" to draw attention that his coat-folds were carved to represent a "hitch of Bacon"—in short, that he was a Bacon's man.

Think you that the Abbey Authorities would have allowed all this apparently meaningless foolery if they had not known to whom the Shake-speare Monument was actually being erected—Lord St. Alban, a Prince of the

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\* And rests on the word peculiar to Masons . . . "TEMPLES." The first four initial "T's" on the Scroll represent the Three Craft Degrees and the conclusion the Royal Arch Degree "T."



House of Tudor ? Not likely. Such Monuments could not slip past, unnoticed, the humblest Clerk of Works in a Village Church without being queried *and rejected*.

The High Dignatories knew the truth as a State Secret. And it is known to-day in the Highest Quarters.

The time is now ripe when the inscription on Francis Bacon's Tombstone must be made manifest—"Let Compounds be Dissolved."

I care not whether literary reputations crash and history has to be re-written. No man can read the story in the Sonnets without saying with Ben Jonson :—

"I loved the man and do honour his memory (on this side Idolatry) as much as any. . . . In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him as knowing no accident could do harm to VIRTUE but rather help to make it manifest."

I thank God that I, at last, know that the greatest genius that has walked among men, who did so much for the country of his birth, and for the world, was the living embodiment of VIRTUE.

## AN APPEAL

Let me, then, appeal to every reader of this book, to the innate sense of justice which is inherent in the heart of everyone.

It is neither a literary problem that is involved nor a merely intellectual theory.

It is a moral issue.

The heart-cries of the Sonnets are the cries of a deeply-wronged, innocent man, whose name has "received a brand," who has been robbed of his good name, and they are a mute appeal to a future Age to give him no more than the bare justice that was denied him by his contemporaries.

For three-hundred years Francis Bacon has been almost universally declared to be a corrupt judge, a taker of bribes, a cold-hearted sycophant and hypocrite. Can any reader of the re-arranged Sonnets deny that the writer was a lovable man, a sensitive soul, of lofty character and that he pleaded "Guilty" under the King's duress? Shall we still allow Innocency to be nailed to the Cross? Though the truth of State Secrets could not be revealed in the Sixteenth Century it can be revealed to-day without injury to any existing Dynasty or person. I, therefore, say: "Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by?" Are we going to allow this great soul to continue to be "lame, poor and despised?" Is such self-sacrifice never to be recognised?

If you have read the Sonnets and are convinced that they veil the Personality of Francis Bacon you have a moral duty to perform.

This wonderful genius must be cleared of the Macaulay-Church-Campbell slanders repeated to our children in elementary schools and thoughtlessly elaborated by writers in the public press. You can help to do it. You can help to put a great wrong right. You can help to establish his innocence to the world. Will you not help to do it? You can do so in a very simple way. You can help to awaken the public conscience by letting your friends read this book—by reading and re-reading these simple poems—the most exquisite body of verse in the language—in which Francis Bacon's life is so intimately and personally revealed.

\* Never let it be said—now that the Secret of the Sonnets is disclosed—that we Englishmen and Lovers of Justice, were indifferent to the heart-cry of our greatest genius.

Let me, then, appeal to you in the sacred name of justice to help to touch the public conscience, to restore to one of the noblest of men his good name, so that this generation may hand to posterity the lamp of truth respecting this most lovable character, the pure soul of a World-Master.

You have, therefore, a duty to perform to one of the Mighty Dead. Let it be done with a sense of Pride that you have been privileged to be a partaker in a Moral Crusade to vindicate an innocent man who, when in the agony of Impeachment, wrote a prayer (found in his papers after death) which Addison says sounds more like an angel's utterance than a mortal's.

"Thou soundest the depths and secrets of all hearts—and crooked ways cannot be hid from Thee...Remember how Thy Servant hath walked before Thee. *What I have first sought and what hath been principal in my intentions.* The State and bread of the poor and oppressed have ever been precious in my eyes. I have hated all enmity and hardness of heart. I have (*though in a despised sced*) procured the good of all men. And now, when I thought most of place and honour, Thy hand hath humbled me—keeping me still in Thy Fatherly School—not as a *Bastard* but as a *Child*."

In his agony of soul he goes back in thought to his childhood days—the dark cloud that has hung over his life from birth. Forsaken by father and mother, was the a byword and a reproach, yet he great Father and dear to the heart.

Will you not agree with me that a bribe-taker could never have called at the height of the Tempest—to order of this book, to the written, hypocritically, before the inherent in the heart prayer?

Let me, then, appeal to you to assist what is involved nor a in the Triumph of Truth—the vindication and your Friend—Francis Bacon.

TRUTH CANNOT BE SILENT. cries of a deeply-  
has "received a

There is every probability that this book, name, and they be ignored by the Universities, the Professors no more than critics of our great newspapers. If it be, his a contem- only be because it cannot be answered.

For nearly two hundred years the world has been searching for something "personal" respecting the life of the Author. His lyric letters to his Secret Societies have at last been unearthed. The "revelation" respecting his life, his work, his ideals is complete. The new angle of vision enables us to see the MAN at last. The entire controversy is thus lifted out of paltry, textual hair-splitting into the arena of Life itself. Does not this new pre-sentment rightly demand attention? If, therefore, this personal story be ignored is it not self-evident that none of the Stratford Champions possesses any rebutting evidence? The case necessarily must go against them by default.

If, however, there are any replies, I can promise an adequate rejoinder, given the opportunity.

Like Wilfred of Ivanhoe, confident in the justice of his cause, secure in the knowledge that the God of Battles strengthened his arm, my opponents can choose their own ground; they may claim the advantage of sun, wind and spear—textual scholarship and financial power—yet I fear not to splinter a lance with their doughtiest champion. Let the Brian de Bois-Guilberts of the lists. Let the superiority of horse, armour and weapons to do ~~up~~ <sup>up</sup>—Superiority of horse, armour and weapons help to awaken those of them than they did the haughty friends read this book-horsed because he was mentally simple poems—the distracted.

language—in which F \* \* \* \* \*

and personally revealable. It cannot be slain.  
 \* Never let it be said \* \* \* \* \*  
 is disclosed—that it against the Future. Time is on our

were indifferent to, at some moment, it may droop over our justice to help to it will be borne, perhaps, not to an easy to one of the distant victory." W. E. Gladstone.  
 generation finding what Bacon was, I have always regarded respecting the on as one perfectly serious and to be respected."  
 World-M.

# WAS QUEEN ELIZABETH A MOTHER?

"It is probable that some sort of secret understanding was established between the Princess Elizabeth and Lord Robert Dudley when they were in the Tower." (*Strickland*).

"It is even said that her Majesty visits him in his chamber day and night." (*Letter of Feria, Diplomat, 18th April, 1559*).

"I am told some extraordinary things about this intimacy." (*Bishop de Quadra to Phillip King of Spain, Nov., 1559*).

Anne Dowe of Brentwood was the first of a long line of offenders sent to prison for persisting that Elizabeth was with child by Robert Dudley, and that she had married him in the House of Lord Pembroke. (*See Calendar of State Papers to Burleigh, 13th August, 1560*).

"Dudley is master of the Queen's own person. They were thinking of destroying Lord Robert's wife. They had given out that she was ill. She was very well and taking care not to be poisoned." (*De Quadra, 11th Sept., 1560*). [His wife was found dead at her residence. Her husband, a day's ride away, did not attend the funeral nor the inquest. The Coroner's jury never gave a verdict, 8th Sept., 1560].

Francis Bacon was born on 22nd January, 1561, and registered as "Mr. Franciscus Bacon," at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields on 25th.

"Some say she is a mother already, but this I do not believe." (*De Quadra, 22nd January, 1561*).

"The Queen has made a confession to me." (*De Quadra, 23rd January, 1561*). "Probably she confessed she was no angel." (*Froude*).

"Francis Bacon was born at York House or York Place," (*Rev. Dr. Rastley, his Chaplain and Biographer*). [York Place was the Queen's Palace: York House was Sir Nicholas Bacon's residence].

Lord Essex is stated to have been born on 10th Nov., 1567. There is no record of his baptism, his reputed father being Lord Hereford and his supposed mother first cousin to the Queen and chief Lady of the Bed-chamber. Hereford constantly presses the Queen for money as though he had her in his power. He dies suddenly after a hearty supper. A contemporary book, "*Leicester's Commonwealth*" states he was deliberately poisoned. (*See Devereux's "Lives of the Earls of Essex."*)

"All the public evidence show that Elizabeth's love for the youth, Essex, was the love of a mother for a child." (*See Books by Parker Woodward for numerous details.*)

In 1570 a Norfolk gentleman named Marsham was condemned to lose his ears for saying: "My Lord Leicester has two children by the Queen."

"The Queen's delight (after the execution of Essex) is to sit in the dark and sometimes with shedding tears to bewail Essex." (*A letter of one of the Queen's household quoted by Strickland.*)

"The Queen's body was prepared for burial by her ladies and was not dissected and embalmed as was the rigorous custom in those days for sovereigns. No man touched the body. She went to the grave with her secret inviolate." (*Katherine Anthony. Mother or Virgin?*)

### WAS FRANCIS BACON A POET?

"He concealed his talent as a Poet." (*Aubrey, the old historian.*)

"The most prodigious wit I ever knew is of your lordship's name, albeit he is known by another." (*Sir Tobie Matthew's letter to Bacon.*)

"I have written a Sonnet to the Queen, though I do not profess to be a poet." (*Francis Bacon to Lord Devonshire in 1604.*)

"So desiring you to be good to all concealed poets." (*Bacon's letter to Sir John Davies.*)

"Poetry elevates the mind from the dungeons of the body to the enjoying of its own divine essence.

"The verses of a poet endure without a syllable being lost while States and Empires pass many periods.

"As for poems, it is rather a pleasure or play of the imagination than a work or duty thereat." (*Francis Bacon*).

"He seems to have written his essays with the pen of Shakespeare." (*Alexander Smith*).

"Few poets deal in finer imagery than is to be found in Bacon. His prose is poetry." (*Campbell*).

"In conversation he could assume the most different characters and speak the language proper to each with a facility that was perfectly natural." (*Mallet*).

"Poetry pervaded the thoughts and inspired the similes of the wisest of mankind." (*Lyttton*).

"My memory be at fault, my heart being then wholly employed about *Invention*." (*Francis Bacon to a Friend*). [Invention signified in those days Poetry and the Drama].

## ENFOLDED WRITINGS

"Francis Bacon employed a number of writers decoding messages for the Earl of Essex." (*Spreading*).

"He prepared a work on CIPHERS, when in France, which he published." (*Montague*).

"Whoever would understand Lord Bacon's Cipher, let him consult the fairest and most correct edition of this book." (*Archbishop Tenison*).

"Major Stevenson, Col. Fabyan and General Cartier, responsible heads of the French and American Secret Service, have declared that the Biliteral Cipher discovered in Francis Bacon's works is a genuine one." (*Charles W. Hopper*).

"There be many kinds of ciphers, simple, intermixed, letters under one character, wheel ciphers, ciphers of words, and others—the writing infolding to the writing unfolded.

“ There yet remains the use of Poesy Parabolical wherein *it serves as an infoldment*, the dignity whereof requires they should be seen as it were through a VEIL—the pretence thereof is to reserve unruly capacities from being admitted to the secrets of knowledge and *to reserve them to selected auditors* or wits of such sharpness as can pierce the veil.” (*Francis Bacon*).

## SHAKSPER OF STRATFORD

“ We are not quite sure of the identity of Shaksper’s father, of his wife, whether he ever went to school. No biography which deserves any confidence has ever been constructed without a large infusion of the tell-tale words ‘apparently,’ ‘probably,’ ‘there can be little doubt,’ ‘perhaps,’ and so forth.” (*Dr. Ward, Editor, Cambridge History of English Literature*).

“ There is no contemporary record that he ever appeared in a Shake-speare Play.” (*Thomas Looney*).

“ I could never meet with any further account of him as an actor than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own Hamlet.” [Hamlet=Stratford Village] (*Rowe, Shaksper’s First Biographer*).

“ Whether or not he acted as ‘Manager’ of any theatre we really do not know. We only know that his name in its literary form of ‘Shake-speare’ was lent or appropriated to cover the authorship of a great number of Plays. It seems not unreasonable to assume that he acted as ‘a broker of Plays.’ ” (*Greenwood*).

“ Shake-speare’s name never appeared upon any play until Shaksper had been permanently sent away from London. His wealth was the money—£1,000—given to him in order to induce him to incur the risk entailed by allowing his name to appear on the plays, and New Place, Stratford-on-Avon, purchased for him. Queen Elizabeth had been greatly incensed by the play ‘Richard the Second,’ and was determined to punish the Author. At that period Stratford, for all practical purposes, was



farther from London than Canada to-day." (*Sir E. Durning-Lawrence, Bt.*).

"It was not till the Jubilee of 1769 that the tendency to the fabrication of Shakespeare anecdotes and relics at Stratford Museum became manifest. All kinds of deception have since been practised there." (*Hallixell-Phillips*)

"In the only portrait of Shake-speare that is at all satisfying, that named "the Ely," which seems to be quite possibly the original of the unhappy Droueshout engraving, we look into strangely tragical eyes." (*J. M. Robertson*).

[All the reputed portraits have been proved to be forgeries, the only possible authentic one being "the unhappy Droueshout engraving" in the Great Folio. This is a Rosicrosse-Masonic production, a masked face made out of proportion to the shoulders of a "tailor's dummy cunningly designed to show a left front and a left back, the real author being hidden behind the mask." See Baxter. "The Greatest of Literary Problems," and "Bacon is Shake-speare," by Durning Lawrence].

"Shake-speare was not written with the final 'e' (to denote the Stratfordian) until the last half of last century." (*Hallixell's "Outline" quoting Malone*).

"Dr. Furnival insisted that the correct spelling was Shaksperc because that was the nearest approach to the horrible scrawls called signatures of the Stratford man's Will." (*R. A. Smith*).

"Who is Shaksper (of Stratford)? Did he write half the Plays attributed to him? Did he write a single whole Play? I doubt it." (*Lord Beaconsfield*).

#### THE DANGERS OF PUBLICATION touching State Matters.

"In 1550 Press Censorship was established until 1694. If by chance anything to which her Majesty took exception happened to find its way into print, the unhappy printer, if he was not broken on the rack or his feet smashed into a pulp with boots, had his hands cut off, and the stumps seared with a hot iron." (*Harold Bayley*).

## ROSICROSSE-MASONRY.

"The Rosicrosse Literature was published by printers who were Masons." (*Mrs. Henry Pott*).

"The Rose is one of the most ancient and profound symbols in existence. Shake-speare introduces it with an esoteric or Masonic significance. German philosophers declare that the actual source of Freemasonry ran through the secret Society of the Rose. At the end of the Sixteenth Century *somebody* remodelled in England and re-constituted the Society, says Robert Fludd. In 1646 we hear of a Meeting or Lodge held at Warrington, where Elias Ashmole, the celebrated Rosicrucian was present, and *Lord Bacon's Two Pillars with the Globe on the top* were discussed. The Pillars or Columns shown in the 'Instauration' and the 'Advancement' prove that Lord Bacon was a Mason." (*Wigston*).

"Bacon's most intimate friends and correspondents were Rosicrucians, Freemasons or Illuminati. He did not originate these *Sécret Societies*, but he threw the whole weight of his gigantic intellect into methodising and perfecting previous weak and disjointed schemes; and he designed the exquisite machinery for the widespread distribution of knowledge for the purpose of reviving learning and promoting unity in religion. He built up, step by step and stone by stone the great fabric of learning, 'Solomon's House,' which his descendants have kept in repair." (*Mrs. Pott in "Francis Bacon and his Secret Society."*)

"The Temple of King Solomon was originally known as 'Solomon's House.' King James was the Monarch who granted the Warrant for English Masonry according to the 'famous' Thomas Bushell, as Samuel Hirlibb, Milton's friend, called him. He relates that the plan of his beloved master's (Lord St. Alban) silence of building Solomon's House was acceptable to that King." (*Miss Alicia Leith in Fly Leaves*).

"The Rosicrucians have disappeared from the visible knowledge of mankind, and re-entered the Invisible

Fraternity. The Brethren of the Rosy Cross will never and should not, at peril and under alarm, give up their Secrets. This ancient body has *apparently* disappeared from the field of human activity, but its labours are being carried on with alacrity, and with a sure delight in an ultimate success." (*A writer in the "Royal Masonic Cyclopædia," London, 1877*).

"Dr. Wynn Wescott's lecture in 1894 before his Masonic Lodge proved the connection between Rosicrucianism and Free Masonry and that the unity of the Orders was a fact . . . 'The former,' he said, was 'a Secret Society, the latter a Society with Secrets.' One fact we would gladly be able to state but cannot. It is the *date* at which the mystification and, now, useless dissimulation, suppression and obstruction to the Advancement of Learning is to end (by the production of manuscripts). May we hope it is not far off." *Baconiana*, Jan. 1903, p. 29-42. (Proof had not to be given to the world merely to satisfy vulgar curiosity . . . The manuscripts were to remain "hidden" until the 303 years had passed, the Experiment with Time satisfactorily concluded, the identity of the Founder of Secret Societies established as the Author of "Shakespeare" by Francis Bacon's inductive methods and, above all, the Revelation of his Real Personality given to the world by the Sonnet Elucidation.)

"The Freemasons who were admitted to the highest Degree, the 'Thirty-third,' have always been entrusted with Bacon's Secrets. 'Thirty-Three' spells (in cypher). Bacon. I am at the present time (1912) endeavouring to persuade them to reveal Bacon's secrets, at least so far as concerns the authorship of the Shakespeare Plays." (*Sir E. Durning Lawrence, Bt.*).

### PROPHECY.

"My Lord Bacon has observed that every great event has been accompanied by a presage or prognostic. The principles which even raise it to a science are self-evident.

They are drawn from the heart of man and they depend on the nature and connection of human event. We presume we shall demonstrate the positive existence of such a faculty; a faculty which Lord Bacon describes of 'making things FUTURE and REMOTE as PRESENT.' " (*D'Israeli on "Prediction" in Curiosities of Literature*).

"It seems to us a thought most imprudent but not to his Lordship *who hath so confident regard to the TIME none knoweth*. He doth not take note of PRESENT TIME." (*A cipher message left by Dr. Rawley, Francis Bacon's Chaplain, decoded by Mrs. Gallup*).

[This note makes it quite clear that Dr. Rawley was privy to Francis Bacon's experiment to discover his real personality to his countrymen at a certain fixed time in the future, and that he doubted whether it would be successful. The Master's great experiment with TIME has succeeded. The re-grouping of the Sonnets does indeed reveal his personality, the length of time chosen being 300 or 303 years].

### THE CIPHER SIGNATURES AND ENFOLDED MESSAGES.

These are given in the Complete Volume together with a complete Literary Exposition of the Text, a history of the Rosicrosse Literary Society and Masonry, a Bibliography and many significant photos. The Masonic Sonnets to the Elizabethan Brethren are also dealt with at length. The enfolded messages are of vital interest to all Masons and prove conclusively that Lord St. Alban was Shake-speare.

### FRANCIS BACON'S PROMUS OR NOTE-BOOK.

"Francis Bacon's Promus proves that Bacon and Shakespeare borrowed from some common and at present unknown source, or that one of the two borrowed from the other. 'Good Dawning' in the Promus is used by Shakespeare... Did the phrase suggest itself independently to both?" (*Dr. Abbot*).

"It is a collection of phrases, proverbs, dialogues . . . Why did he make this curious collection of seventeen hundred ? They were quite new to our language. They were for use in the *Dramatic Works* of 'Shake-speare,' Bacon's acknowledged works contain no dialogues. They are to be found in Shakespeare and nowhere else." (*H. Bayley*). (The MS. is in the British Museum.)

### ST. ALBANS

is mentioned twenty-three times in the Plays ! Stratford, not once. The Author ignores Warwickshire and the Avon but is thoroughly familiar with Continental Cities and praises the men of Kent. (*Donnelly*).

### THE NORTHUMBERLAND MSS.

Some time ago a manuscript was found now called the Northumberland MSS. The writing is by a John Davies of Hereford, a scholar of Oxford University, one of Francis Bacon's "good pens," one of his literary "compeers by night." Scribbled on the cover are the words "By Mr. Francis William Shake-speare, Bacon, Richard II." and other titles of Bacon's works. The original MSS. of the Play once rested between the covers . . . now missing. It is the only known instance in which the names of Shakespeare and Bacon are brought together contemporaneously. These facts are never mentioned by orthodox biographers and are virtually unknown, even to students.

### THE NEW ATLANTIS.

"Francis Bacon's New Atlantis seems to be, and probably is, *the key to the Modern Rituals of Freemasonry*." James Hughan, author of many Masonic Books and reputed in his day "to be the highest Masonic Authority in England. The "New Atlantis" was afterwards published as "The Land of the Rosicrucians," by Heydon.

## ELIZABETH, LEICESTER AND FRANCIS BACON.

"When the Court was at Guilford, I went unaware into the Queen's Privy Chamber and found her sitting on the threshold of the door listening with one ear to a *little child* who was singing and playing on the lute to her, and with the other to Leicester who was kneeling by her side." Taken from "The Duke of Norfolk's Confession for High Treason." Francis Bacon would then be about nine years of age . . . "Music to hear . . . Sire and Child and Happy Mother . . ." Sonnet 9 (viii) . . . Similar incidents probably gave rise to this particular Sonnet.

### A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

was published with the "1609" Sonnet Quarto. "It has a distinctly Spenserian flavour . . . much of his stately pathos . . . Its composition could not have come very early, being more difficult and involved than "Venus and Adonis" or "Lucrece" . . . The sense at times is really obscure." (*Wilson Perity*).

This Poem is a key to the underlying Sonnet Theme. It is a pastoral poem allegorically telling of the Rape of Virtue by a Superior Power . . . the betrayal of Francis Bacon by the King . . . a half unwilling victim to the blandishments and force of Authority. The Maid with her "folded schedules" is Francis Bacon. The Ravisher who "did in the general bosom reign of young and old" is King James.

Alterations by modern editors have corrupted the text but the allegory can still be noted quite clearly . . . "the Hell of witchcraft which lies in the orb of one particular tear," which is "but an art of craft," which caused the victim to "shake off his sober guards and civil fears . . ." "I fell! And yet do question make what I should do again for such a sake . . ." in view of the theory that the King can do no wrong. So . . . "again was betrayed, the fore-betrayed."

Francis Bacon was first betrayed of his birth-right as a Tudor, and then betrayed of his good name, Lord St. Alban, as a corrupt judge.

The Poem is no more "obscure" than the Sonnets are "obscure" when one examines the story from the proper angle. The Poem "has a distinctly Spenserian flavour."

But . . . who was Spenser? He is as much a mystery as Shaksper!

### *FRANCIS BACON'S STATUE AT GRAY'S INN.*

This noble and remarkable statue was erected in 1912, tucked away in a secluded spot peculiarly in keeping with the character of a man who lived a concealed life as well as an open one. It must be searched for by visitors to be found. The busy tide of humanity surges past him only a few yards away from where he stands utterly unsuspected in the peaceful atmosphere of the Inns of Court. As one rounds the corner of the narrow alley, the statue is seen with half-turned head and enigmatical smile as though he is musing quizzically . . . . "So you have found me out at last!" It represents Francis Bacon well past middle-age as the philosopher, aristocrat, the Chancellor . . . "My Lord Verulam." If the visitor, with the details fresh in his mind, will take a five-minutes' bus ride to the Abbey he will see the "Shakespeare Monument" and he will also realise that *he again sees a representation of the same man* in his early thirties posed as a dramatist. This figure has not the slightest resemblance either to the Shaksper "Picture" in the Folio or to the original Stratford bust erected before 1623, or to the present one, altered some 150 years afterwards.

### *TO STUDENTS OF LITERARY STYLE.*

Do not be misled by the common objection that there is a fundamental difference in style between Francis Bacon's prose and "Shakespeare's." There is an actual

similarity. A critical analysis proves that Francis Bacon could write in any style to suit the occasion.

"His style varied as much as his handwriting," says Dr. Abbott. "It depended on whether he was addressing a King, a great Nobleman, a philosopher or a friend, composing a State paper, extolling Truth or discussing studies, etc."

There are hundreds of parallelisms in unusual words, thoughts and phrases, proving that both (!) writers must have read the same books, pursued identical studies, used the same quotations, held similar political, ethical, theological and philosophic opinions, even making identical errors.

There are certain identities of style and expression peculiarly characteristic which could only have sprung from ONE MIND alone. When stirred to white heat, Francis Bacon's Mind, replete with knowledge and philosophy, simply *flamed into poetry*.

Common to both sets of writings are (1) Pleonasms, the use of redundant words; (2) a marvellous compactness and condensation; (3) the same tendency to indulge in aphorisms; (4) a marked tendency to triple forms; (5) the use of a perfect catalogue of words in describing an object. For numerous illustrations of these stylist points see Donnelly, Vol. I., "The Great Cryptogram."

THERE ARE TWO BOOKS I earnestly recommend to students, by Bertram G. Theobald, B.A., entitled "*Exit Shakspeare*" (2/-) and "*Enter Francis Bacon*," (3/-) obtainable from The Bacon Society, Inc., London. The proofs are incontrovertible and the evidence for Francis Bacon is marshalled in a masterly manner.

\* \* \* \*



## SHAKE-SPEARE ON QUEEN ELIZABETH'S "HEIR."

In the last lines of "Henry VIII," there is a very remarkable passage put into the mouth of Cranmer in which he foretells that the young infant born to King Henry—the Princess Elizabeth—shall leave behind her a Son, despite the fact that she will be like a "MAIDEN PHOENIX," who will be "*as great in Fame as she was.*"

In the character of Cranmer, Francis Bacon thus tells the world that he was fully conscious of his own supreme genius and that he had sprung from the loins of Queen Elizabeth.

In view of the fact that the Queen left no Issue to succeed her OPENLY, the entire passage is meaningless save as a veiled record of a private State Secret—the motherhood of the Queen and a concealed heir. Only a dramatist acquainted with the hidden truth could have written a prophecy so false apparently to the historic facts.

Cranmer : This Royal Infant. . . . [Elizabeth]  
Though in her cradle. . . . shall be  
A pattern to all Princes. . . . Those about her  
From her shall read the perfect ways of Honour,  
And by those claim their Greatness, not by Blood.  
Nor shall this Peace sleep with her : but as when  
The Bird of Wonder dies, the MAIDEN PHOENIX,  
Her Ashes new create ANOTHER HEIR,  
*As great in admiration as herself ;*  
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,  
When Heaven shall call her from this Cloud of  
Darkness,  
Who from *the Sacred Ashes of her HONOUR*  
Shall STAR-LIKE rise, *as GREAT IN FAME*  
*AS SHE WAS,*  
*And so stand Fixed. Peace, Plenty, Love, TRUTH,*  
*Terror,\**

\* The Dramatic emotions to be found in the Plays.

That were the servants to this chosen Infant,  
Shall then be his, and like a VINE grow to him ;  
Wherever the Bright SUN of Heaven shall  
shine,\*

His Honour and the GREATNESS OF HIS  
NAME

Shall be, and make new Nations : He shall  
flourish,

And, like a mountain Cedar, reach his branches  
To all the plains about him. Our Children's  
Children

Shall see this and bless Heaven. . . .

. . . . Yet A VIRGIN

A most UNSPOTTED LILY shall she PASS. . .

And all the world shall mourn her. . . .

### NIETZSCHE'S "CONVICTION."

One of the most profound Thinkers in this modern age was that marvellous Iconoclastic German Philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche. In "Ecce Homo" (written 1888) this is what he writes with unerring insight regarding the authorship of the Shakespeare Plays by Lord Bacon :—

"I know of no more heartrending reading than Shakespeare. How a man must have suffered to be so much in need of playing the clown !

"Is Hamlet understood ?

"It is not doubt but certitude that drives one mad. . . . But in order to feel this, one must be profound, one must be in an abyss, a PHILOSOPHER. . . .

"We all fear THE TRUTH. . . and, to make a confession, *I FEEL INTUITIVELY CERTAIN AND CONVINCED THAT LORD BACON IS THE ORIGINATOR*, the self torturer of this most gloomy, haunting, uncomfortable kind of literature.

\* The System of Freemasonry.

“What do I care about *the miserable Gabble of Muddlers and Blockheads*.

“But the power for the greatest REALISM in Vision is not only compatible with the greatest Realism in DEEDS, with the monstrous in Decds, with Crime. . . it actually presupposes the latter. . .

“WE DO NOT KNOW HALF ENOUGH ABOUT LORD BACON—the First REALIST in all the highest acceptation of this word—to be sure of everything he did, everything he willed, and *everything he experienced in his Inmost SOUL*. . .

“*Let the Critics GO TO HELL!*” (p. 40-1)



# The Personal Poems OF Francis Bacon

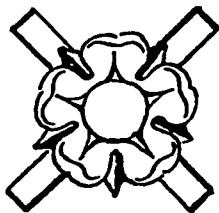
THE SON OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

The Original Manuscript Arrangement  
of Shake-speares Sonnets now published  
to the World after Three-Hundred Years  
for the first time

By  
Alfred Dodd.

*"This is printed  
as my last Secret Book  
to The Craft"*

*Lord St. Alban.  
Worshipful Grand Master  
(G. M.)*



*An Enfolded MESSAGE IN THE PROLOGUE SONNET.*

## Simple Arithmetic in Elizabethan Literature.

"Harold Hardy found in the Record Office that Francis Bacon was the Cypherist to the Government." ("Fly Leaves," London).

It has been definitely established by Messrs. P. Woodward, F. Woodward, W. E. Clifton and Bertram G. Theobald that the Rosicrosse Literary Society used a number count to denote names and words by definite system, the chief being the "Simple Cypher" and the "Kaye Cypher." Every letter had a numerical value thus :—

Simple :	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12

Kaye :	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	10	11	12
--------	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----

Simple :	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	W	X	Y	Z
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24

Kaye :	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
--------	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----

There was also a "Reverse Count," Z being 1, and A, 24 : a "Short Count" from 1 (A) to 9 (I), K being 1 and Z, 6. T was counted 10 or 1.

Francis Bacon was the Imperator of the Rosicrosse and used the numerical system to denote his own name and also the name of his Secret Society—Fra Rosi Crosse—which printed and published his works privately. These productions whether over his own name or a pen-name were sealed so repeatedly with definite numbers that chance must be eliminated.

Here are some of the "Numbers," the names they denote, and the method by which the names and numbers were linked together.

<i>Fra Rosi Crosse.</i>			<i>Bacon.</i>		<i>Francis Bacon.</i>		<i>Shakespeare.</i>	
Simple	Kaye		Simple	Kaye	Simple	Kaye	Simple	Kaye
F 6	32		B 2	28	F 6	32	S 18	18
R 17	17		A 1	27	R 17	17	H 8	34
A 1	27		C 3	29	A 1	27	A 1	27
			O 14	14	N 13	13	K 10	10
R 17	17		N 13	13	C 3	29	E 5	31
O 14	14		---	---	I 9	35	S 18	18
S 18	18		33	111	S 18	18	P 15	15
I 9	35		---	---			E 5	31
					B 2	28	A 1	27
C 3	29				A 1	27	R 17	17
R 17	17				C 3	29	E 5	31
O 14	14				O 14	14	---	---
S 18	18				N 13	13	103	250
S 18	18				---	---		
E 5	31				100	282		
---	---							
157	287							

The prefatory and end pages of all books issued by the Rosicrosse Press were all numbered with a count of words or letters.

The opening pages of the Shakespeare Folio are all sealed with 157 or 287. Every Play is similarly sealed in one of the beginning columns and also at the end part of the Play. The genuine early Quartos and poems carry the same numbers carefully arranged by Francis Bacon's use of "good pens," his "Compleers by right giving hand." (S. 116).

Far beyond the 17th century, the descendants of Francis Bacon's School have left their imperishable footprints . . . all "absolute in their NUMBERS," the pages boast of the Folio Preface. The balladists of the 18th works of Rawley, Tenison, Rowe, the Marston school, Bro., Anderson, Preton, Hutchins, etc.

The Sonnet Quarto is likewise numbered. The Great Folio the Author can say of it is of the 157, 287, 100, 282.

Freemasonry), "No ! It was builded far from accident." (S. 142).

Examine the *fac simile* Title page, noting the two parallel lines. The blank space between them suggests that Francis Bacon has omitted his NAME purposely for the reader to discover.

Above the lines are exactly 39 letters, the number count of F. Bacon. The total letters in the page are IIII =Bacon.

There are other numerical names. No matter how the page be juggled with, simply or twistedly, the number will reveal a Francis Bacon numerical signature. These numbers recur systematically throughout the Sonnets from the first Sonnet page which carries the 287 seal to the last page in the Quarto which finishes with the final verses of "The Lovers Complaint," which is sealed 157.

The following *fac simile* of the last page of the Sonnet quarto shows the IIII signature and the 287 seal of Fra Rosi Crosse.

(See also "Shakespeare's Sonnets Unmasked" by Bertram G. Theobald, B.A., pub. Cecil Palmer 5s. od. obtainable from The Bacon Society, Inc.).

The Last Sonnet in the 1609 Quarto.

~~~~~|

116

SONNETS.

154

154 154

The little Love-God lying once a sleepe,  
Laid by his side his heart inflaming brand,  
Whilst many Nymphes that you'd chaste life to keep,  
Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand,  
The fayrest yotary tooke vp that fire.  
Which many Legions of true hearts had warm'd,  
And so the Generall of hot desire,  
Was sleeping by a Virgin hand disarm'd.  
This brand she quenched in'a coole Well by,  
Which from loves fire tooke heat perpetuall,  
Growing a bath and healthfull remedy,  
For men diseas'd, but I my Mistrisse thrall,  
Came there for cure and this by that I prove,  
Loves fire heates water, water cooles not love.

~~~~~|

117

FINIS.

5

111

327

K

A 2

328

Reproduced from "Secret Shakespearean Seals."  
(Jenkins, Printers, Nottingham).



# Shaksper's Handwriting : "The Immortal Signatures" to Law Deeds.

. . . . . 1612. May 11th.  
 Record Office,  
 London.

. . . . . 1613. March 10th.  
 Guildhall, London.

. . . . . 1613. March 11th.  
 British Museum.

N.B.—Though this is dated a day after No. 2,  
 it was signed just before it.

. . . . . 1616. March 25th.  
 Somerset House.

. . . . . Ditto.  
 Same Document.

. . . . . Ditto.

*Reproduced from "Francis Bacon is Shakespeare,"  
 by Sir E. Durning Lawrence, Bart.*

The above signatures are the only writings extant of Shaksper of Stratford. *There is not a single word in manuscript* of the Plays or Poems to connect him, *by direct evidence*, with the Shakespeare Works. There is not even a letter, a phrase, a word that has ever been known to exist in his handwriting. There is nothing on record to indicate that he could do any more than painfully scrawl his own name. There is not the slightest proof that he could express his thoughts in writing at all. There is not a scrap of paper anywhere of the debris of Shakespeare's workshop. Every chip has mysteriously vanished.

"By me William" is in a different hand . . . the solicitor or clerk.

The Original Shaksper Bust at  
Stratford Church in 1623



This Engraving is reproduced from Sir Will'am Dugdale's  
"Warwickshire," published 1656.

Sir William Dugdale was a Rosicrosse-Mason and carefully engraved the Stratford Bust as it then appeared in Stratford Church in 1656. Its correctness is independently confirmed in its general outlines by the engraving of Shaksper in Rowe's life published in 1709.

Mr. W. F. S. Dugdale of Merivale Hall, Atherstone, possesses the original drawing in Sir William's private manuscript book surrounded by notes in his own handwriting. *It is the only verifiable portrait of the Stratford man.*

The bust was erected before 1623 and it must have been accepted as a good likeness by the illiterate villagers who knew him but who did not, of course, understand the Latin inscription which means that he was "A Nestor in experienced judgment, a Socrates in philosophical genius, and a Virgil in poetic art."

Its erection is another mystery to the outside world. Who placed it there? Who wrote the Latin inscription?

There is nothing in the 1623 bust to connect Shaksper artistically with literature. The "signatures" and the portrait harmonise admirably in their coarseness. They typify a hard business-man devoid of intellectuality.

The Stratford Bust at the Present Time  
Erected in 1748.



The present-day bust was erected in 1748, *the "curious original Monument and Bust, through length of years and other accidents having become much impaired and decayed."* (Rev. J. Greene, Master of Stratford Grammar School, 1746).

It was "repaired and beautified" according to a resolution of a Stratford Committee of Nov. 1748.

The effigy which stands in place of the "curious original" is in general outline the same, but a cushion takes the place of "the bag" and a large quill pen is placed in his hand. His hands no longer suggest that he hugs his money-bag or wool-sack in an almost miserly fashion, and the smirking, doll-like face is very different from the shrewd, hard-faced man who knew excellently well how to drive a bargain.

### The Latin Inscription and English Verse under the Stratford Bust.

INDIGIO FVLVM GENIO SOCRATEM ARTE MARONEM  
TERRA TEGIT. POPVLVS MAEPET OLYMPVS HABET

STAY PASSENGER WHY GOEST THOU BY SO FAST  
READ IF THOU CANST WHOM ENVIOUS DEATH HATH PLACED  
WITH IN HIS MONUMENT SHAKESPEARE WITH WHOM  
QUICK NATURE DIED WHOSE NAME DOETH DECK Y<sup>e</sup> TOMB  
FOR MORE THEN COST. SIKH ALL Y<sup>e</sup> HE HATH WRITT  
LEAVES LIVING ART BUT PAGE TO SERVE HIS WIT

DECEASED AND DOETH LIVE  
AETATIS 51 DIE

Reproduced from Secret "Shakespearian Secrets" (P. & F. Woodward).

Though the Stratfordian Scholar cannot tell who erected the Bust and composed the Inscription, the "letter-count" —287— at once tells the instructed researcher into the "hidden mysteries of nature and science" that it was the work of the Rosicrosse-Masons.

The note of challenge is very significant . . . "Stay . . . *Read if thou canst . . .* WHOSE NAME doth deck the Tomb . . . ?" There is exactly the same touch as in the prologue Sonnet, "Learn to READ . . . Hear with Eyes . . ."

Through the lines is "felled" the name of Francis Bacon.

According to the late Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., the Inscription is one of the most wonderful numerical cryptograms ever composed. In a signed Counsel's opinion he states :—

"I had now examined every part of the Epitaph and the results obtained had proved beyond the possibility of doubt that the whole of the matter engraved had been prepared with the object of placing upon the monument to William Shakespeare the statement that the Works attributed to him were not really his but that the true Author was Francis Bacon." (See "Shakespeare's Identity," J. Denham Parsons).

The outstanding feature of interest to the average Freemason is the fact that the "T" Sign is shown in the seventh line and that the "TAU" Symbol of the Royal Arch is shown repeatedly in the conjoined letters "T" and "H."

# The 1623 Folio Portrait

## MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES,  
HISTORIES, &  
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.

10

12

8

9

9

42



L O N D O N

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

29

6

32

157

"This Figure that thou here seest put, was CUT for gentle Shakespeare (as a Mask for the true Author), the engraver having a strife with Nature to do-out the life. He hath HID his face." ("Hit"=hid in old English).

The quotation is from the Dedication verse to the "Print" by "B.I." usually believed to indicate Ben Jonson. The Capitals serve equally as well for "Baconis Inventus." They actually stood to the Rosicrosse-Mason for the "B . . . and J . . ." which guard certain secrets in a Temple of Knowledge, the total letters on the poem-page counting "287," the Rosicrosse Seal, some of the "W's" being printed as "VV" to obtain the correct count by adding two letters instead of one.

The following facts are significant :—

1. The letters on the Portrait page total 157, the second Seal of the Rosicrosse.
2. There were no collars of the type shown in the print in those days.
3. It is shaped "B" to indicate "Bacon."
4. The edge of the Mask is seen on the right by an unnecessary double line.
5. The length of the face is out of all proportion to the shoulders.
6. There is no neck.
7. The "Body" is a "Tailor's Dummy" on which a Mask rests out of alignment.
8. The engraving shows an impossible Coat for the shoulder-breasts do not correspond, one being a left front-breast and the other a left front-back. They are a mute indication of two left arms and hands, that the Author writes "left-handedly" and that the reader stands behind . . . by the left side of a man whose face cannot be seen.



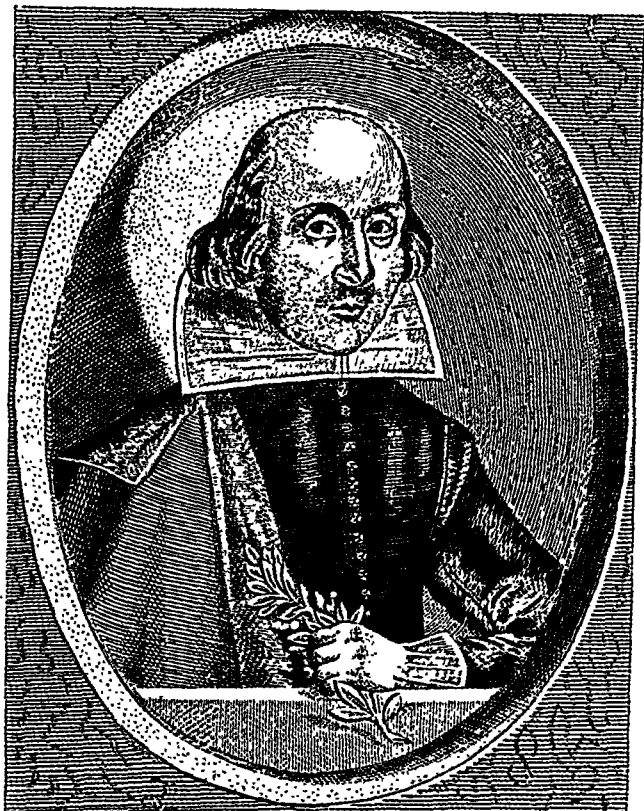
- 9 The "Ear" is not an ear. Within the conjoined two lines, it indicates, esoterically, the Phallic Symbols, the Platonic Conception of Creative Love, a Poet being a creator of Mental Children, (the Plays) . . . "My Brain I'll prove the Female to my Soul; my Soul, the Father, and these two beget a generation of still - breeding Thoughts." (Richard II). Exoterically the ear stands as a tab to the Mask.
10. The "Print" represents a man who has roughly removed a beard and now requires shaving. By the Bertillon system of measurements it has been proved that the engraver had copied exactly Francis Bacon's Portrait by Passe, removing hair and hat, thus introducing a forehead utterly disproportionate to the face.\*
11. The "Picture" gives a view of a "Front-Back" which is an anagram for "Fr. Bacon, Kt."
12. The Dedicatory verse refers to the engraving as a "Picture," a "Print," a "Figure," *i.e.* as a "Mask" but not as a Personality.

For Francis Bacon's number Signatures on this page, see "Francis Bacon Concealed and Revealed" by Bertram G. Theobald, B.A.

\* "The Droeshout Portrait" by William Stone Booth, and "The Greatest of Literary Problems," by J. Phinney Baxter.

**" POEMS "**  
 Written  
 By  
 Wil. Shake-speare.  
 Gent.

Printed at London by Tho. Cotes, and are to be sold by John Benson, dwelling in St. Dunstons Church-yard. 1640."



|  |    |
|--|----|
| <i>This Shadowe is renowned Shakespear's: Soule of th' age</i> | 44 |
| <i>The applause? delight? the wonder of the Stage.</i>         | 37 |
| <i>Nature her selfe, was proud of his designer</i>             | 35 |
| <i>And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines,</i>           | 35 |
| <i>The learned will Confesse, his works are such,</i>          | 36 |
| <i>As neither man, nor Muse, can prayse to much</i>            | 34 |
| <i>For ever live thy fame, the world to tell.</i>              | 32 |
| <i>Thy like, no age. shall ever parallell</i>                  | 29 |
| <i>W. M. sculpsit.</i>   | 10 |

---

292

PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPER  
IN Sonnets, 1640 EDITION

The above Title was attached to the book which contained for the first time for public consumption the Sonnets of Shakespeare. The Quarto numbered "1000" from which they were taken was a *secret Manuscript* and remained unknown to the world for several generations. In the "Benson Medley" the Sonnets were arranged in quite a different order and in groups with headings of a literary and impersonal character. Between the hitherto unknown Sonnet-groups were sandwiched well-known poems of Shakespeare. Such was the way in which the unknown Sonnets were introduced to the world and gradually became accepted as part of the Shakespearean Canon in the absence of Manuscripts.

"An examination of this book shows convincingly that it was another effort to place on record, by secret methods, the true facts of the authorship of 'Shakespeare.'"

"The portrait is a hideous thing very much resembling the Droeshout Mask in the 1623 Folio . . . But the real interest is in the verse . . . Just as Jonson in his quizzical verse facing the Droeshout engraving, calls the effigy a 'figure,' not a portrait, so it is here described as a 'SHADOWE.' Notice the question mark after 'Shakespeare's' and twice in the second line . . .

"But the chief object of these lines is to give us the following piece of Cypher information :—

"Text of Poem            282      Francis Bacon (K)

"W. M. Sculpsit        10

---

202      Wm. Shakespeare (K)

"What could be plainer than this ? How many more hints of this kind will be necessary before we open our eyes to the truth ?" B.G. Theobald, "Francis Bacon Concealed and Revealed," p. 280-300.

Mr. Theobald's revelations on the 1640 edition prove the matter to the hilt numerically. He concludes a masterly analysis with these words . . . "If we are honest

we cannot possibly ignore the weight of Baconian evidence contained in the 1640 edition."

The gauntlet on the wrist, the gloved hand, and the sprig of acacia have a Masonic significance.

### **The Shakespeare Monument at Westminster Abbey.**



This was erected 124 years after Shaksper's death (1616) under the auspices of the third Earl of Burlington, Dr. Richard Mead and Alexander Pope. The Ben Jonson and Gay Memorials were erected about the same time. They are splendid examples as secret proofs of the survival of Francis Bacon's Secret Literary School, and the then powerful prevailing influence on English Art of Rosicrosse-Masonry.

The Memorials adjoin each other. Jo(H)nson's "H" signifies that he is a "Bacon's Man," while Gay, a famous Wit, is so placed that a winged cherub averts his face, disdainfully quizzical, while lifting a veil from Gay's head to enable him to see Francis Bacon in "a Noted Weed" (Disguise) as Shakespeare, which, as a Rosicrosse jest, amuses him: Hence the lines on the Gay Monument, "Life is a Jest and all things show it; I thought so once but now I know it."

The letters total 56=Fr. Bacon. Three Player's Masks are carved above Gay's bust, the only eye that can see the Shakespeare Monument being blinded by a scarf.

The "uninstructed world," similarly, looks elsewhere, completely in the dark. But Gay as one of the Fraternity knows the hidden truth and laughs.

"In general appearance, cast of features and expression, the Shakespeare Memorial resembles Bacon in the National Portrait Gallery and the 1645 Cartoon (See Illustration "The Temple of the 'Mysteries'"). The slight, somewhat frail body conforms with what is known of his personal appearance. The crossed legs—the Sign of the Cross—have a Rosicrucian significance." (Sir Robert Rice. "Hamlet and Horatio").

Very significantly, "near the foot is the Grave of an obscure derelict said to have sought sanctuary of the Abbey and to have borne the name of TUDOR." (Parker Woodward).

Over the head of Shakespeare is inscribed, "Gulielmo Shakespeare. Anno Post Mortem CXXIV<sup>o</sup>, Amor Publicus Posuit." Here again the count of letters is 56=Fr. Bacon.



“Towers”—though there was ample space for the “e”—and actually deleting ten words.

This was done to make the letters count exactly 157 = Fra Rosi Crosse; to give in complete words 33 = Bacon; to FELL through the lines the Rosicrosse-Mason password, “Our Francis.”

The word “rack” was altered to “wreck” to complete an enfolded message, “Our Francis in a Noted Weed.” (see Sonnet 69); hence the significance of the Gay Memorial with its jest at the people—Scholars and mere sight seers alike—those “dull and speechless tribes” (S. 84)—who visit the shrine and worship, in their ignorance, the Unknown God of Literature, Francis Bacon, veiled by a MASK.

A Significant Book Plate  
Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Leicester and  
Francis Bacon





This Title Page embodies the Tragedy of Francis Bacon's life. On the left is Earl Leicester. The Bear and Staff identify him. On the opposite is Queen Elizabeth with the Lion Rampant and the sceptre at her side held by a chain.

Those figures represent "Supporters" in heraldic parlance and sustain between them a shield bearing the Arms of Francis Bacon, "A Boar." It is a little Boar, *a baby one*. It is on a leash, the end of it toward the Queen, representing that his youthful destiny was connected with hers.

In the oval at the bottom we again see the Boar, now fully grown, regarding half-defiantly, half-longingly, a Rose-bush in full flower, the Tudor Emblem inherited by Elizabeth from the House of York. "I breathe not for thee," is the meaning of the scroll, "Non tibi spiro" which the Rose-bush says to the Boar. In other words, "The Tudor Rose and Crown are not for thee, Bacon."

All hope of "Succession" had passed when this Emblem was published. Leicester had been dead twenty-three years and Elizabeth eight. In their day this revealing Title Page would have been a very unsafe venture. It passed, when published, as any other picture page, pointless of veiled meaning.

It carried the number 33—Bacon in three places. It confirms the story that Francis Bacon believed himself to be Queen Elizabeth's son, and it pointedly raises the question "Who was Spenser? Was he Francis Bacon's lyrical Mask as Shaksper was his dramatic?" (See "The Greatest of Literary Problems," James Phinney Baxter).

Note that Spenser is called an "ARCH-POET," a direct reference to the "Royal Arch": and that "33" is a sacred number that enters into the Higher Degrees of Masonry and the Rosicrucian Ritual.

## The Two Pillars of Masonry

Fig. V. Page 53, Upper Half, of Whitney's Choice of Emblems, 1586. Facsimile.

53=S.O.W.

*In dies meliora.*



The S.S. **T**HE greedie Sowe fo longe as shee dothe finde,  
 Some scatteringes lefte, of haruest vnder soote  
 S.W. { She forward goes and neuer lookes behinde,  
 { While anie sweete remayneth for to roote,  
 SE. { Even soe wee shoulde, to goodnes everie daie  
 { Still further passe, and not to turne nor staie.

**See! Senior Warden! The Sanctum Sanctorum**

The Number of the Page 53§=18 14 21 The word

“S.O.W.”

“SOW” constantly appears in Elizabethan literature as a play on the word “Bacon.” But “S.O.W.” are the Initials for “Son of Wisdom” applied to Masons and Rosicrucians in that Era.



The Figure in the Emblem points the “SOW” to the Two Pillars of Masonry which carries the motto “Plus

Ultra ". . . *i.e.*, "More Beyond," a favourite motto of Francis Bacon.

The "SOW" is called "Senior Warden" because he is the special GUARD of the Pillars which lead to the Sanctum Sanctorum. . . hence the message up the Initial Capitals. . . "See, Senior Warden! The Sanctum Sanctorum." In the Ritual it is only the Senior Warden who is immediately outside the Door of the Sanctum. Exoterically, "S.O.W." = "Supt. of Works" in the Craft like the Figure in the Emblem.

The Light and Dark "A's" are seen in the CENTRE forming a Pyramid. . . Francis Bacon's favourite Symbol for his philosophy. They represent also a square and compasses. If the two "A's" are placed across each other instead of by the side, they would form the well known Masonic Symbol.

The three Arches in the centre refer to the Royal Arch.

The name of "F. Bacon" is spelled thus: "F." on the right-hand side in the frame of the building: "B" is placed on the extreme right by the bottom of "F", thus:—  : "A" in the centre: "C" in the third Arch:—  : "O" is the right-hand curl at the end of the scroll across the Pillars: and "N" in the "Two Pillars" with its fancy scroll.

This Emblem proves that Speculative Freemasonry was in being in 1586, the year before Shaksper left Stratford for London.

Whitney was a clerk at one time in the Earl of Leicester's employ and as such was known to Francis Bacon—hence the connection between the publication of the Emblem Book of Francis Bacon's and the clerk Whitney.

This is the first reference to the Pillars of Masonry in literature. They are afterwards attached to Francis Bacon's Works and were known as "Lord Bacon's Pillars."

'The Temple of the "Mysteries."'



LVGD. BATAVORVM  
Apud Franciscum Moiardum,  
Et Adrianum Wijngaerde. *Anno 1645.*

This Title Page was only published with Francis Bacon's printed Works in Latin abroad, remaining unaltered for a hundred years.

The picture shows the rocky Mount of Parnassus to be climbed and the winding steps to a Masonic Temple. Three Volumes are indicated as in the Shakespeare Monument—a Work of Philosophy, a large open book, and a small one with clasps.

The side of the chair is in the form of a Masonic Pillar and Globe, predicating another Pillar that is hidden.

There are 18 full stops on the page where the big book is open in half, there must be accordingly 18 on the second half—as in the invisible Masonic Pillar—could we but see it, a total of 36, the number of Plays in the Folio.

The open Book rests on a philosophic foundation, the “De Augmentis.” Why? Because the “Shakespeare Plays” are the Author's embodied spiritual and philosophic teachings in ART FORM and enunciate the Ethical Concepts of Freemasonry with its Pyramidical Structure of ascending Degrees from a Craft Base.

Francis Bacon wrote these pregnant words openly regarding the application of his principles (the New Organ of Interpretation) to metaphysics in action:—“I mean *actual TYPES and MODELS* by which the entire processes of the Mind and the whole fabric and order of INVENTION, from the beginning to the end, on certain subjects, and those various and remarkable, should be set as it were, *before our eyes*. To *EXAMPLES of this kind*, the Fourth Part of the Work (The Great Instauration) is devoted.”

There is no “Fourth Part” in any of Francis Bacon's *open Works*. It is wanting. The missing Keystone to the Arch of his philosophic principles has confounded many of his biographers. They have concluded that he failed

to apply his principles to abstract psychological passion and therefore never created the "Examples" of "Invention" (Poetry).

Such critics are wrong. The illustration shows Francis Bacon pointing with his right hand in full light to the open Book of his "Shakespeare Plays" where his "Forms, Examples, Types, and Models of Invention," based on a perfect knowledge of the metaphysics of the soul, human character, strut upon the stage before our eyes.

The Shakespeare Folio is the Arch to the Pillars of Masonry for the Plays reek with Masonic Examples and tell of the Genesis and progress of the Order under the Author's direct supervision. His Plays are thus linked with Ethics, for "Shakespeare's" aim throughout was an Ethical one.

With his left hand, the man in the engraving controls the movements of the central "figure" who is starting on his way to place in the Temple a Book held in outstretched hands. Clad in goat-skins (Greek Tragedos, hence Tragedies, actors being then dressed in goat-skins) the "Boy" is given false breasts to represent a woman also (women were not allowed to act in Elizabethan days). "It" represents the sexless "Master-Mistress" of mental creation (S. 77), and is associated with the big, open Book at which the "Figure" gazes, trance-like, with heavy-lidded, downcast eyes. . . the Book which was published "left-handedly" under a pen-name, "Shakespeare."

But the motif of the picture is *the taking of the little Book by the Boy to the Temple*. It is a Book with CLASPS, like the old Masonic Rituals, and therefore a Secret Book. On the side are crossed lines, the Elizabethan Symbol for a Mirror: A Mirror of Personality, which, *in the Light*, held to Nature, signifies the Reflections of Character found in the open pages of the Folio. But, above all, it symbolises a clasped,

secret mirror which reflects the concealed, secret life of the MAN who, left-handedly, in deep shadow, controls the "Figure," the clasped Book, and the Personality reflected within its pages.

The clasped Book is Francis Bacon's Personal Poems, "Shakespeare's Sonnets," which, in the custody of the entranced "Boy," is to be lodged in the Temple of Rosicrosse-Masonry for Three Hundred Years.

The eyes of the Man gaze into the Beyond... a far away future. He sits patiently, *strong in faith*, waiting until someone shall arise who will dare to enter the Shrine of Masonry to awaken the "Sleeper," to unclasp the Book, to reveal the Poetic Diary of a private life.

"Go! Take the Book!" he seems to say. "Tarry till I come! When the Book is unclasped I shall slowly ascend the Mount to claim it mine own... to take up my rightful place among the Immortals."

In the fullness of time, the controlling hand of Francis Bacon has made good the words... "And now I will unclasp a Secret Book," for Nature proceeds to audit. (S.96.)

The letters under the picture with the date (by cross addition 16) total 75: letters in the picture, 62: Numerically the totals spell, "A TUDOR PRINCE."

The total letters on the page are 137=Fr St Alban (Reverse Count).

If the one italic word be deducted, 136=Bacon-Shakespeare.

The Roman letters alone total 117; and if the 4 italic letters be deducted, the number 113="The Catalogue," the term used in the 1623 Folio to describe the Plays.

The letters on the page apart from the date total 121; the Roman letters 117, which less the date and the one italic word give 100. The two totals 121 and 100 are the Rosicrosse count for "Shakespeare's Sonnets."

## The Square and Compasses with Francis Bacon



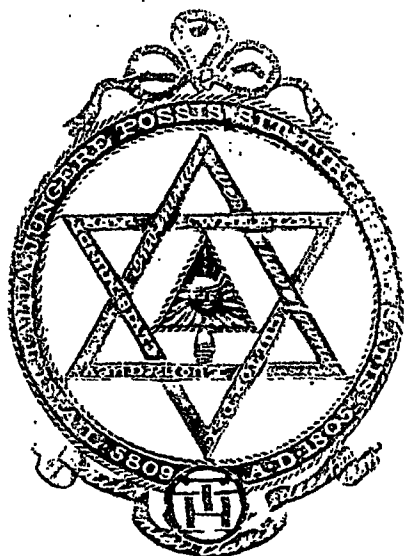
This Tailpiece is from the Collected Edition of Francis Bacon's Prose Works by Dr. Peter Shaw in 1733. . .the first Collection to appear after the Emergence of the Freemasons in 1723. It unmistakably links Francis Bacon with the Craft.

There is the Square and Compasses, the Globe, the "T.T." and Cross Symbol found in the 1723 Book of Constitutions, the Palette denoting that he is a Painter or Poet who PAINTS with Words (like "*F. B. Pictor et Architectus*" in the Rosicrucian "*Fama*") the New Organ—symbolising the New Philosophy told in the Instauration Part VI—and a MASK to denote he was a Concealed Writer.

The Eagle of the Higher Degrees broods over the Engraving.



**The Royal Arch Masonic Jewel of 1805  
which carries the Rosicrosse Seal of 287.**



BY THE COURTESY OF H. SEYMOUR, LONDON.

This illustration indicates the connection of the Royal Arch Degree with Fra Rosi Crosse for it carries the Seal 287. It is very unlikely that this particular Jewel was numbered as a reference to the "Chapter Stone of Friendship," Stockport, formed in 1793. It never has been customary to engrave a Chapter number on the Arch Jewel nor is it done to-day.

The hanging Basket was the Elizabethan Emblem signifying "a collection of things." The sun in the Centre was the Symbol for "God's First Creature which was Light," the "Lux" of the Rosicrucians and the

"All-Seeing EYE"—which Gilded the earth whereupon it gazeth (Sonnet XX-77)—of the Freemason.

The modern Arch Jewel closely follows the above illustration but it carries no number or date. On the circle and scroll is written in Latin two significant sentences—"If thou canst comprehend these things thou knowest enough," and "Nothing is wanting but the KEY."

The only English words on one side are placed upside-down along the base of the triangle above the English Letters which are set in the circle between "stops" thus :—

We have found

---

. AL AD .

It was a favourite Rosicrucian Device to place words upside-down to call attention to them. "The object of upside-down printing was to reveal, to those deemed worthy of receiving it, some secret concerning the Founder," says Sir E. Durning Lawrence. The "Stop," "Stop" on either side of the "AL AD" are intended to make the reader pause and consider that they actually spell "A LAD." The phrase runs, "We have found A LAD." The "Lad" of the Royal Arch Companions was the same "youth" whom the Rosicrucians say was their Founder. He was the "extraordinary young man" whom Bro. De Quincey said, had "hoaxed" the world by burying the genesis of the Craft in a Comedy, "L.L.L."

The numerical totals of the words on both sides of the Jewel associate Francis Bacon with the Craft in a most remarkable manner. Individually and collectively they spell out his cypher signatures. On the face of the Jewel the letters give the correct numbers for Fr. Bacon, Kt., Shakespeare, Francis, F. Bacon, etc. The acrostics on the first letters of words give Bacon-Shakespeare, Fr. Bacon, F. St. Alban, Bacon. The obverse side gives, similarly, consistent results including "Francis Tudor."

This has been confirmed by a recognised authority on numerical Cyphers, B. G. Theobald, B.A., author of "Francis Bacon Concealed and Revealed."

The NAME of the Elizabethan Solomon is thus invisibly written on every Royal Arch Jewel by the NUMBERS of Pythagoras, the Pyramid Emblem being associated with the Higher Degrees; with learning—"Bacon's own IMAGE of Knowledge as a Pyramid," (Prof. Nichol);—and with Alciat's "Emblems" with which "Francis Bacon had a very close connection." (W. L. Goldsworthy.)

## TO FREEMASONS IN PARTICULAR AND LITTERATEURS IN GENERAL.

Writers like A. E. Waite and L. Vibert assert that the THREE CRAFT DEGREES were made in the 1717-23-38 Era with the Royal Arch and Higher Degrees still later, created by unknown men in an unknown decade, also that Dr. Anderson de-christianised the trinitarian beliefs of the Feudal operatives and introduced a new cult which was evolved by the New 1717 Grand Lodge.

I am confident these assertions are false and cannot be established by proof.

*Modern Freemasonry was created as an Ethical System by "William Shake-speare" shortly before 1589. Its progress as an Organised Body is told in the 1623 Shakespeare Folio. It did not evolve from a rude illiterate class of labourers, navvies, plasterers and stone masons—strugglers for a bare pittance and crushed by Church and State—whose right to organise was denied by Parliament and whose Lodge organisation was crushed out of existence by State Edicts from 1350.*

There was no organised body of operative masons in Queen Elizabeth's reign. Their lodges had disappeared years earlier by an edict of 1425.

Francis Bacon conceived the idea of resurrecting the Operative Craft of Temple Builders on an Ethical Basis which did not centre round actual work and wages and was therefore outside the law which forbade meetings respecting such things. It was he who created the Rituals. They did not "evolve." With a band of Law Students at Gray's Inn he organised the first Ethical Craft Lodges, the Arch and Higher Degrees, at Twickenham Park.

The story he buries in "Loves Labour's lost," in which (Act IV. S. III) he writes "spend a minutes time in PRUNING me." When the verbiage of the comedy is cut away we find the Genesis of the Craft revealed. All the literary allusions are based on the Masonry we practise to-day. He also directs attention to "his Page at other side, that handful of Wit" that "is Knit" together, (Act. IV, S.I.) a String of Capital Letters which begin each line, which he uses as Freemasons use letters to-day to denote words, such as "I.G." for "Inner Guard," etc.

"Loves Labour's lost" was written in 1589 and "W.S." left Stratford in 1587.

The second great Masonic Play is "The Tempest," the literary imagery again being purely Masonic. In these Plays are to be found not only the "*Words*" of *Three Degrees* and the "So Mot Yt Be" of the Regius Poem (which was purposely ante-dated by its literary style and penmanship) but the Installed Master's Word, etc.

The Emergence of the Craft in 1723 was the Centenary of the 1623 Shakespeare Folio, the preface of which describes, for the first time in print, a person as being "A WORTHY FELLOW" and associates him as "THE AUTHOR" with *Seven Set-Squares* printed above the name (See Folio), "the Sign of the Master who rules," etc.

Bros. Anderson, Preston, Hutchinson, the first Three Official Historians of Grand Lodge were Rosicrosse-

Masons who knew who the author was and left their knowledge in their works—the 1723 Book of Constitutions, etc. There were no “Symbol-loving Operatives” in 1717 who “piously recited” a creedal “Legend” in Trade Union Lodges: Bro. Anderson did not dechristianise the Craft: He did not create our Ethical Symbolism. The attacks which have been made on his integrity are *unwarranted masonically* and arise out of *sheer ignorance* of the facts.

The following illustrations should be sufficient to show any Freemason that there is a design running through each one. In these two Plays the Ritual Letter Code runs throughout from the first line to the last. Masonic Symbolism and the letter Code occur repeatedly in other Plays; and we are told the story of Hiram which Modernists declare was unknown prior to 1717.

The Editor of Shakespeare’s re-arranged Sonnets is in a position to give complete literary and Ritual Code proofs from his MSS. He holds evidence which should be particularly useful to the Quatuor Coronati Lodge whose scholars are still searching for “*origins*,” and those studious Freemasons who are interested in research.

Tempest Act V, I, L.242.

### THE ORACLE.

And there is in this business more than Nature  
Was ever conduct of: *Some Oracle*  
Must rectify our knowledge.

In a Freemason’s Lodge the Oracle that speaks with authority on things Masonic is a Worshipful Master. Since the Author wishes the discerning reader to know the kind of Oracle he has in his mind, he writes the words so that the first letters of the three lines spell “A.W.M.”

All Masons know that “A.W.M.” is the abbreviated Ritual Code for “A Worshipful Master.”

Tempest Act I. s.2, L. 15.

THE MASON.

|       |     |  |
|-------|-----|--|
| In    | IN. | { N . . .<br>I . . .   |
|       |     | (This line is cut out by brackets :<br>See Folio)  |
| Art   |     | Art ignorant . . .   |
| To    | TO  | { Of whence I am, nor than I am<br>more better<br>Than Prospero, Master of a <i>full</i> ,<br><i>poor cell</i> , |
| A     | A.  | And <i>thy no greater Father</i> .   |
| Mason | M   | More to know.  |

TO A MASON IN ART.

FOUNDER AND FATHER. L.66.

|            |       |                                     |
|------------|-------|-------------------------------------|
| The        |       | T                                   |
| Worshipful |       | { W                                 |
| Master     | W.M.  | { M                                 |
| I          |       | I                                   |
| Be         |       | Be . . .                            |
| Of all     |       | Of all . . .                        |
| The Masons |       | The Ma . . .                        |
| T          |       | T                                   |
| And Prince | A Pr. | And Pr . . . the prime . . reputed  |
| Inspector  | In    | In dignity and for the liberal arts |
| Worshipful | W.    | Without a parallel . . .            |
| The        |       | The                                 |

THE WORSHIPFUL MASTER I BE OF ALL  
THE MASONS: THE WORSHIPFUL INSPEC-  
TOR AND PRINCE T . . .

# THE THIRD MAN.

L 442.

|                     |      |                                  |
|---------------------|------|----------------------------------|
| A                   |      | A word good Sir.                 |
| Junior Warden       | J.W. | { J                              |
| Is                  |      | Why . . . this                   |
| That                |      | Is the third man . . I saw . . . |
| To blind Initiates. |      | That                             |
|                     |      | To b . . . I . . . .             |

A JUNIOR WARDEN IS THAT TO BLIND  
INITIATES.

# THE THIRD DEGREE.

L 466.

|      |               |
|------|---------------|
| O    | O dear Father |
| Most | M             |
| High | H             |

O MOST HIGH.

# THE INNER GUARD.

L 458.

|            |      |   |
|------------|------|---|
| The        | The  | There's Nothing ill can dwell in<br>such a Temple   |
| Inner      |      | { If the ill spirit have so fair a House  |
| Guard      | I.G. | { Good things will strive to dwell<br>with't. Follow me ? ( <i>i.e.</i> , "do<br>you follow what I mean ?") |
| Is         | IS   | { S   |
|            |      | { I   |
| Set        | SET  | { Se  |
| Worshipful |      | { T   |
| Installed  |      | W   |
| Master     |      | I   |
|            |      | M   |

THE INNER GUARD IS SET  
WORSHIPFUL INSTALLED MASTER.

**"THE THREE PILLARS." Act V, s.1 L. 202.**

|           |    |  |
|-----------|----|--|
| A         |    | A  |
| Freemason | F. | For it is you that have chalked<br>forth the way           |
| Worthy    | W. | Which brought us hither . . .                              |
| I         |    | I say A . . G . . . ( <i>i.e.</i> , "Great<br>Architect.") |
| Wisdom    |    | W .  |
| Strength  |    | S . . . O rejoice  |
| Beauty    | B. | Beyond a common joy and set it<br>down                     |
| With      |    | With gold on lasting PILLARS :<br>I on.<br>(Ionic)         |
|           |    | D . . . G . . .<br>(Doric . . Corinthian)                  |

**A WORTHY FREEMASON I : WISDOM STRENGTH  
BEAUTY WITH IONIC DORIC CORINTHIAN.**

Note that the Capitals which follow the "W.S.B." are "I . . . D . . . C . . ." and are all associated with the "PILLARS" in the text according to the Ritual. "But as we have no noble orders of architecture known by the names of Wisdom Strength and Beauty, we refer them to the three most celebrated which are the Ionic, Doric and Corinthian."

**LOVES LABOURS LOST. Act I, s.2, L. 132.**

**THE LODGE.**

|      |     |                                  |
|------|-----|----------------------------------|
|      |     | { S                              |
|      |     | { I                              |
| MISS | MIS | { M                              |
|      |     | { I will visit thee at the LODGE |
| IT   | IT  | { That is hereby                 |
| I    |     | I know where it is situate       |
|      |     | I MISS IT.                       |



“WILL” THE FELLOW CRAFT.

L. 143.

|              |      |   |                   |
|--------------|------|---|-------------------|
| Will         | WIL  | { | L                 |
| Is           | IS   |   | I                 |
|              |      | { | W                 |
|              |      |   | I                 |
|              |      | { | S                 |
| A            |      |   |                   |
| Fellow Craft | F.C. |   | And so farewell   |
|              |      | { | F                 |
|              |      |   |                   |
|              |      |   | Come Jaquen . . . |

WILL IS A FELLOW CRAFT: COME “JAQUEN.”

THE THREE JEWELS.

Act II, s.I, L. 179.

|            |                               |
|------------|-------------------------------|
| The        | T                             |
| Square     | S                             |
| The        | T                             |
| Level      | L                             |
| Plumb-rule | Pr . . . do my commendations. |
| Jewel      | J                             |
| Jewel      | J                             |
| Jewel      | J                             |

THE SQUARE, THE LEVEL, PLUMB-RULE:  
JEWELS.

Note :—THE three “J’s” follow each other in the Folio printing order.

WHO WAS THE MAN THAT WAS "W.M." ?

L. 184.

I  
 { S  
 WAS { A  
 { W  
 { M  
 W.M. { W

WORSHIPFUL MASTER WAS I.

"SAM'S SON" Act IV, s.3, L. 240.

|         |     |                                   |
|---------|-----|-----------------------------------|
| To      |     | To                                |
|         | SAM | { S                               |
| Sam     |     | { A                               |
| Brother |     | { M                               |
|         |     | B . . . doth varnish Age, as if   |
|         |     | new born . . .                    |
| A       |     | A                                 |
|         |     | { O, tis the Sun that maketh all  |
|         |     | things shine.                     |
| BO.     | BO  | { By heaven, thy love is black as |
|         |     | ebony.                            |
|         |     | { J . . . Ebony ! O WOOD          |
|         |     | Divine . . .                      |
| JA.     | JA  | { A                               |

TO SAM: A BROTHER: BO: JA.

NOTE.—"Sam" is a contraction for "Sam's Son." the phrase used for "Solomon's Son" between the Elizabethan Masons.

In the Mysteries, one Pillar was White and one Black.

# THE BUILDERS.

Act V, S.2, L. 130.

|          |   |                                      |
|----------|---|--------------------------------------|
| Hiram    | { | Hold . . . this . . .                |
| Abif     |   | H.A. { A . . . then the King . . .   |
| Hiram    |   | H . . . take this . . . t . . . (10) |
| Solomon. |   | So                                   |

SOLOMON, HIRAM, HIRAM ABIF.

# HIRAM THE ARCHITECT. L. 406.

|                 |      |                         |
|-----------------|------|-------------------------|
| The             |      | T                       |
| Third Principal |      | Three P . . . . .       |
|                 |      | (F                      |
| Ha              | HA   | Ha . . .                |
| BIF             | BIF. | { I                     |
|                 |      | { By this white glove . |
|                 |      | H                       |
|                 |      | I r                     |
|                 |      | A                       |
| HIRAM           |      | M                       |

THE THIRD PRINCIPAL: HIRAM(H)ABIF.

## PARTING A WORD.

Act V, s2.

White handed m . . . one Word.

.....

One WORD in SECRET...

Vouchsafe to CHANGE a  
Word.

Name it, . . .

You have a DOUBLE-TONGUE  
within you Mask.

Let's PART THE WORD.

No ! I'll not be your HALF . . .

{ One Word in private . . . (Line 254)

{ Bleat softly then . . .

T. { The Tongues of Mocking  
Wenches are as keen

Cat. A. { As is the Razor's edge invisible

C. { Cutting a smaller hair than may  
be seen . . .A.S. { Above the sense of sense : so  
sensible

{ Seemeth their conference . . .

Not one WORD more . . .

break off ! Break off.

NOTE.—The Author has "cogged" the words so that the Initial Capitals in the last lines spell two syllables "BO" and "AS" which are split by the introduction of word "CAT" to describe the "mocking wench" in the text. The word is not only parted but *halved and lettered*.

# THE ROYAL ARCH.

"WE Three," etc..

Act V, s.2, L. 122.

TAU. { Their purpose is to parle (speak)  
And every one his love feat  
(FEET) will advance,  
Unto his several . . . *which they*  
*know.*

TAU.

These lines could only have been written by one who knew the peculiar way in which by Feet and Speech the respective Companions, having advanced to each other, close the Chapter.

THE FATHER.

Line 831.

ABBA. { A  
B  
B  
A  
With Three Fold Love I wish  
you all these Three  
O  
NOW { N  
I { I  
SEE { C  
IT { T  
I

ABBA (FATHER) NOW I SEE (C) IT.

NOTE.—Just above the "Abba" is the spelling of "TAU" phonetic and the italic "Y" the ancient Symbol used by Pythagoras to denote the triple path, the trivium, where the road to the infernal regions divides, according to the ancient wisdom, into two ; one to Elysium, the other to Tartarus.

## The Initial Capital Code in the Plays Declare the Poet's Identity.

Francis Bacon associates himself by the above Code in numerous ways with the Plays, declaring his identity most cunningly.

*"The Tempest," The Folio, Page 2, Col. 1, L. 20.  
Prospero and Miranda.*

|                     |       |          |   |
|---------------------|-------|----------|---|
|                     |       |          | D. . . .  |
|                     |       |          | Pros : 'Tis time  |
|                     |       |          | I should inform thee. . .   |
| Dial                | ..    | .. DIAL  | { And plucke my Magick<br>(i.e., Masonic) Garment<br>from me. . . |
|                     |       |          | { Lye there my Art. . .   |
|                     |       |          | { T   |
| Thirty-Three        | ..    | T.T.     | { The very vertue of com-   |
| (The Truth)         |       |          | { passion. . .  |
|                     |       |          | { I. . with such prouision. .                                     |
| Sovereign Inspector | So.I. |          | { So  |
| Know                | ..    | .. No    | .. No.  |
| Worthy Brother      | ..    | W.B.     | { B   |
|                     |       |          | { W   |
|                     |       |          | { For thou must now know  |
| Francis             | ..    | .. F.    | { farther (i.e., FATHER).   |
|                     |       |          | { Mira : You have often   |
|                     |       |          | { Begun to tell me. . .but  |
|                     |       |          | { stopt   |
| Bacon               | ..    | .. BACon | { And left me. . .  |
|                     |       |          | { Concluding, stay : not yet.                                     |
|                     |       |          | { Pros : The howr's now   |
|                     |       |          | { come.   |

**"Dial 'Thirty-Three' (The Truth) Sovereign Inspector : Know Worthy Brother Francis Bacon."**

NOTE : To "Dial" meant to Cypher numerically.

In "The Tempest," The Folio, Page 1, Col. 1, the lines are so printed that the first letters and words of the paragraphs run as follows:—

|                 |      |      |    |                |              |
|-----------------|------|------|----|----------------|--------------|
| Self            | ..   | ..   | .. | selfe. . .     | (Line 13 up) |
| Our             | ..   | ..   | .. | houre. . .     |              |
| William Himself | w.h. |      |    | { w. . . I say |              |
|                 |      |      |    | { h            |              |
| Is              | ..   | ..   | .. | is             |              |
| Hanged-Hog      | ..   | hog. |    | { g            |              |
|                 |      |      |    | { o            |              |
|                 |      |      |    | { hang'd       |              |
| Brother ..      | ..   | ..   | .. | Br.            |              |

**Brother Hanged-Hog is, I Say, "W.H."  
(H)our Self.**

NOTE:—"Hanged-Hog" is but another word for Bacon. The "W.H." refers to the "Mr. W. H." of the Sonnet Dedication which has caused such controversy re his identity. We know that it was but a cover-word for the poet himself—"Mr. William Himself."

On page 53 of the Folio Comedies (Merry Wives, A.IV, s.I.) we are told who "Hang'd hog" is for after the words, "hing, hang hog" follows the line,

"HANG-HOG is latten for BACON I warrant you."

**The End of the Trail.**

The AUTHOR of the Sonnet-Diary declares (1) that his name had received a Brand (convicted of crime): Sonnet 145 (CXI).  
 (2) that he had suffered under the Law of Attainder (extinction of civil rights): Sonnet 131 (LXXXVIII).  
 (3) had been Impeached, and that a Suborned Informer was the cause of his Fall: Sonnet 136 (CXXV).

The REPUTED AUTHOR of the Sonnets is Shaksper of Stratford.

- (1) He was never convicted of Crime.
- (2) He never suffered Attainder.
- (3) He was never Impeached (a commoner could not be "impeached"), nor did any Suborned Informer ever bear false witness against him for monetary gain.

THEREFORE—The AUTHOR of the Sonnet-Diary was not the Stratford Man.

The ONLY AUTHOR of the Era who was

- (1) Convicted of Crime,
- (2) Attainted,
- (3) Impeached and whose Fall was due to a Suborned Informer (Churchil) was . . . FRANCIS BACON.

THEREFORE—The Author of the Sonnet-Diary was Francis Bacon of whom his contemporary Aubrey wrote, "He *concealed* his talent as a poet." His poetic anonymity is proved by his own private letter to Sir John Davies asking a favour for he adds . . . "So desiring you to be good to all *concealed* poets."

The Hand that wrote Shake-speare's Sonnets also wrote Shake-speare's Plays.

THEREFORE—Francis Bacon was the Immortal Bard, "William Shake-speare" being the *Pen-Name* under which he concealed his identity. It necessarily follows that William Shaksper the actor was not "William Shakespeare" the Poet.



MY INDEBTEDNESS is due to the following gentlemen who have materially assisted me :—

T. E. WALLER, Esq., B.A., for his invaluable encouragement and assistance during the progress of the work ;

J. WESTBY, Esq., for his painstaking correction of the text ;

H. SEYMOUR, Esq., who gave me a most valuable list of books on the subject and has also given me considerable information respecting the Author ;

C. Y. C. DAWBARN, Esq., M.A., who was the first to show me in the Folio concrete evidence that the Shake-speare engraving was a Mask behind which the real Author was hidden ;

ALEC GEDDES, Esq., an enthusiastic Lover of Shake-speare, who fostered in me a love for the Plays when I was a boy, through his constant recital of various passages, and who gave me in my early 'teens my first Copy of Shake-speare's Works, Knights Edition, which is still in my possession ;

And to Miss ROWLAND, M.A., B.Sc., for many important suggestions incorporated in the complete work.

#### NOTE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

I owe a deep debt of gratitude to J. CUMING WALTERS, M.A., whose public appreciation of the little Book did so much to bring it to the notice of Scholars and the reading public. His illuminating phrase, "Shakespeare's Diary" in his work on the Sonnets (1899) was the first finger-post which pointed me the way to the heart of the labyrinth.

#### THE SUB-EDITING

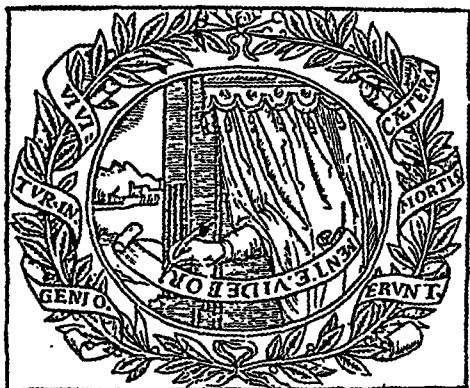
The Sonnet Captions are based on Enfolded Messages in the Verse.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

"Now if any Brother or Well-wisher shall conscientiously doubt or be dissatisfied, touching any particular point contained in this Treatise, because of my speaking to many things in a little room : And if he or they shall be serious in so doing, and will be-friend me so far, and do me that courtesie, to send to me before they condemn me, and let me know their scruples in a few words of writing, I shall look upon myself obliged both in affection and reason to endeavour to give them full satisfaction."

"BY THE MIND SHALL I BE SEEN."

This Illustration is taken from a Rosicrosse Emblem Book, which carries a Secret Francis Bacon Signature, symbolizing his Motto. (Peacham's "Minerva Britannia").



"O Give me leave to pull the Curtayne by." (*Thomas Powell, a contemporary*).

### READ THE SONNETS.

Judge not this Book by the prose statements of the Editor. The direct proofs (in manuscript) are too elaborate for this simple primer. Mistake not the frame for the picture. The Reader is directed to the Sonnets themselves. This little Testament of Love is intended to be read and re-read . . . to serve as a pocket companion. Gradually from out of the old sepia tints of the Elizabethan canvas, the personality of the Real Author will emerge. You shall enter into communion with him. Your outlook will be broadened. The "Immortal Plays" will become more intimate . . . more personal. Hamlet, the Prince, King Lear, Prospero, etc., will be found to be largely autobiographical. You will enter a greater and a nobler Temple of Literature . . . Read, then, the Sonnets . . . Read them again . . . And yet again.

## World Testimonies to the Truth of the Rearrangement by Recognised Authorities.

Although this work was not extensively reviewed by the Press the first edition of a thousand copies was sold within three months of publication. A second edition has also been cleared. For some time the work has been out of print, having had a larger sale than any other annotated edition. As there has been a steady demand for the book this edition has been made much fuller and more complete in annotations and notes, etc., in order to ensure a still larger demand. The additional illustrations tell the story "through the EYE."

The following testimonies are drawn from readers in every walk in life—from all over the world.

Never in the history of Shakespearian literature has such an unsolicited body of praise been given to an edited and annotated edition of Sonnets as has been showered upon this Re-arrangement—testimonies from Princes, Peers, Professional men and women of all types, Academics, Business magnates, humble artizans and thoughtful housewives.

This edition is, therefore, hall-marked by Authorities of many kinds—many exceptionally well qualified from some particular point of view to stand in the witness box and give evidence. This alone constitutes a priori proof that the Sonnet Problem is now solved.

No Stratfordian apologist has yet dared even to attempt to confute this edition of "Shakespeare's Diary." They have all with one accord sought refuge in the safest of all retreats—the cloistered cell of saint-like silence.

The truth of the Rearrangement may be estimated by the fact that the book has been placed in the Libraries of the Universities of London (King's College), Cambridge (Trinity College), Oxford (English Library), Liverpool, Manchester, etc., Grays Inn, London (of

which Francis Bacon was one time Treasurer), the Freemason's Hall, London, the Rosicrucian College, California, the Folger Library, U.S.A., the Royal Society, London, Harvard University, the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Library, Stratford, the "Thirty-Three" Degree of Masonry, etc.

The Book was accepted by H.R.H. the Duke of York (now H.M. the King), H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor (when Prince of Wales), H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Lord Amptill, Viscount Grey, Earl Baldwin (when Prime Minister), Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George, Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald, H. G. Wells, John Masefield (Poet Laureate) etc., etc.

*The following extracts are taken from a few of the letters :—*

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK : " I am desired by the Duke of York to express to you his most sincere thanks for the copy of the Book . . . He is very glad to have it in his Library.—P. R. HODGSON, *Private Secretary*."

THE PRINCESS KARADJA, Locarno, Switzerland :—" A friend has sent me your wonderful little book. I am full of joy at the immense help this will be. I have no doubt you have done the work under the direct guidance of the Master himself . . . a superhuman task to find out the correct sequence without special guidance."

LORD AMPHILL, Bedford : " I have glanced at the opinions of your work. They have made me anxious to find out whether I agree with you or not."

LORD SYDENHAM, London : " Your interesting little Book I shall always value greatly. I think it is a fine piece of work in vindication of the greatest genius ever been produced and a coup-de-grace to the lying and degrading Stratfordian Myth. How you managed the arrangement of the Sonnets I cannot guess but the connected story of Lord Bacon's life, which they now present, is most convincing . . . A fine piece of work which must inspire anyone who maintains an open mind."

Speaking at the Annual Meeting of the "Bacon Society," Lord Sydenham also said :—" I deplore the fact that so little attention has been paid by the London Press to Mr. Alfred Dodd's most remarkable book."

GENERAL CARTIER, of France (*Head of the French Secret Service during the Great War*) : " I have read it with great interest. It is a valuable contribution to a not yet solved problem and a serious vindication of the Baconian theory. English and American scholars will there find new materials to think upon. . . according to the new lines discovered by yourself in the Sonnets . . . A friend of mine will lecture on your Book at the next sitting of our Academic des Sciences morales."

SENATOR CARTER GLASS, Va., *Chairman Committee of Appropriations, United States Senate* : " The little Book on the subject of 'Shakespeare's Sonnets' has been read by me with much interest. It seems to be a valuable contribution to the Baconian theory of authorship and I am greatly indebted to you for bringing the book to my attention."

SIR EDWARD BOYLE, London : " I have long realised that the contentions put forward by such writers as yourself are deserving of very careful consideration and I intend to read your book with the greatest interest and care."

SIR FREDERICK NORMAN, Runcorn : " My dear Dodd—You know you can always count on anything I can do to speed your fame' . . . I will push the publication. Why don't you come to see me oftener. You are ever welcome."

THE BISHOP OF SODOR AND MANN : " I am very interested in the book of Sonnets. . . What a lot of work you have put into it. . . . I am glad to have your poems as a link with the past, the old days when you often reported me for the press at Widnes. . . I hope you will call at Bishopscourt to see me. . . "

SIR J. G. KOTZE, former Chief Justice of the Transvaal and Judge of Appeal of the Union of South Africa : " I have read the little Book with much interest and shall certainly bring it to the notice of my friends. . . . To enable me the better to spread its contents I would much like to have a second copy. . . I regret that there still exists so much prejudiced opposition in literary quarters where one would have expected more interested and impartial treatment. Nevertheless Truth, which is the daughter of Time, is making progress. . . The day will certainly come when Francis Bacon's authorship of the Plays and Sonnets will be generally recognised. . . I shall look forward to your further results and conclusions in the ' Complete Volume ' with great pleasure."

LADY HARRISON, London : " Your Book is very interesting. I hope it will prove stimulating in a literary sense."

J. CUMING WALTERS, M.A., Editor of " City News," Manchester, a *Shakesperian Scholar* : " I think you have got hold of a wonderful clue. Your volume makes most of the obscure matters clear. I must congratulate you on a very notable addition to the literature on the subject."

C. Y. C. DAWBARN, M.A., Liverpool : " The Sonnets just about prove themselves rearranged. . . Even to the orthodox your sensible arrangement ought to appeal."

Miss ROWLAND, M.A., B.Sc., Hons., Le Blanc Medallist, *Principal*, Newcastle-upon-Tyne : " The arrangement is true. I feel in my very bones it is true. The real identity of the author is established indisputably."

G. L. EMMERSON, P.M., P.Z., etc., London : " I have always taken a keen interest in the history of Masonry. . . . Some of my Masonic friends who have had a sight of some of your manuscript would like me to thank you on behalf of the Craft for all the research work that you must have put in to make such a paper possible."

BERTRAM G. THEOBALD, B.A. : " Many have tried to make a coherent story out of the whole, believing that the Sonnets were intensely biographical . . . yet you must have the credit of fashioning a complete and intelligible whole. . . Your wonderful little Book . . . "

Rev. ———, *Author and Editor* : " After reading your book, I am satisfied Francis Bacon wrote the Sonnets as a Secret Book to the Craft. But could the same mind have conceived Hamlet ? I am still in doubt. . . . I spent two years studying the Sonnets but now intend to study the entire subject afresh."

Mrs. ARTHUR LONG (Marjorie Bowen), *Author*, London : " Your suggestion as to the undoubted mystery of the authorship of the Shakespeare Plays is very absorbing. I hope to read the book with more thoroughness very shortly."

Mrs. GRAY, L.L.A., London : " You have set me wondering about the missing Manuscripts and the literary and historic proofs which you say you hold and which are such important essential factors. . . What a mass of research work you must have put into it. I must congratulate you on that, and on your tenacity to prove that your interpretation and arrangement of the Sonnets are incontestably right. . . But I want to 'soak' myself more thoroughly in your work before saying that I am or not 'wholly persuaded.'"

T. E. WALLER, B.A. "The complete work is an astonishing production. As a piece of research work it is unique. It alters one's entire outlook. One cannot wonder at the Tragedies of 'Shake-speare' when the author's life is such a tragedy."

Mr. X——, *Solicitor, a Shakespearian Student*: "I am quite satisfied the case is proved. The Cantos to Elizabeth and James could not possibly have been written to anyone else."

Mrs. LEONORA COHEN, O.B.E., J.P., Leeds: "I have been arrested and thrilled by the perusal of the work you have so ably performed."

HAROLD S. HOWARD, *Archæologist and Author*, Massachusetts, U.S.A. "Your book seems inspired. Fortune has brought in a well-steered boat this time. Congratulations on your piloting the 'Saucy Little Bark' successfully into Fame's Eternal Harbour. With deepest appreciations of your Work."

RICHARD B. INCE, M.A., *Author*, Hazlemere: "I feel I must write a word to thank you for your most interesting book introduced to me by a friend. . . For the first time I have read the Sonnets without the feeling of bewildered weariness which must, I think, overcome the reader without some clue."

Professor GARMON JONES, Liverpool: "I am sure I shall read your book with pleasure and profit."

Mrs. NATALIE RICE CLARKE, *Author*, Ohio, U.S.A.: "I think you have added greatly to the sum of knowledge in this especial field. Your interpretation of the real meanings of the Sonnets seems to me particularly fine in the arrangement of the political ones, King James, his own Muse—a fact you seem to me to have clearly shown. The Sonnets needed a sane interpretation. Many of the theme Arrangements are exquisitely done. Heartiest congratulations."

Miss A. A. LEITH, *Lecturer and Author*, London: "How splendid is your tribute to the Grand Emperor! Thank you ever so much! A wonderful book!"

FELIX H. BRUNS, Esq., Brunswick, Germany, *Author and Journalist*: "Let me congratulate you on your wonderful book . . . the Sonnets you have edited so ably as to make them easily readable. The best wishes."

J. STEEVENS, Esq., London, *over thirty years an Elizabethan Student*: "Your book is nothing less than a joy to me in my seventy-sixth year. I am deeply interested. I tender you my warmest congratulations."

R. ANDREA, Esq., *Secty. Rosicrucian Lodge (A.M.O.R.C.)*, Bristol: "I have read the book with the greatest interest. . . The present Emperor of the Order for North America possesses the most authentic evidence of Francis Bacon's Imperatorship, having access to many secret MSS. of Rosicrosse tradition . . . not available to the public . . . More I cannot say."

FRANCIS CLARKE, Esq., Chelsea, London, *Antiquarian Bookman*: "I am delighted with your little book. . . Your enthusiasm for the great philosopher, the English Ronsard, strengthens my strong views on the matter. . . Have read them twice and am reading the Sonnets again in the light of the life. . . It is wonderful how the meaning springs at you under the new arrangement."

WILLEN VAN ESBROECK, M.A., Brussels, Belgium: "A wonderful book. . . I congratulate you on stating the case so clearly. I rejoice the time for revelation has come. Your revelations confirm most of my own personal guesses. I like your concise collection of 'Notes' . . . a valuable reference store."

H. KENDRA BAKER, *Elizabethan Student*, Hindhead : " I think the way you have set out the facts in the introduction is admirable. If only it could get into the hands of people who have not allowed their preconceptions to dominate their intelligence, it might be the turning point of their opinions. The ignorance on the subject is lamentable."

Miss ANNETTE COVINGTON, Cincinnati, U.S.A., *Author and Lecturer* : " My cordial appreciation of your splendid book. I am telling all my friends and shall mention it with deep appreciation at every opportunity."

Miss CONSTANCE E. ANDREWS, *Minister, Church of New Age*, Manchester : " Thank you for what you have done for the world in telling the truth about the wonderful soul known under the name of Francis Bacon. There is much to study in your book. I will certainly make it known to all."

MEREDITH STARR, Esq., of Combe Martin, *Mystic and Poet* : " What I have long known you have proved in your wonderful arrangement. I send you my book, ' Arrows of Flame ' in the Bond of the Rose and in Gratitude. . . "

Dr. H. SPENCER LEWIS, F.R.C., M.A., *Imperator for North America, Vice-President of the International Rosicrucian Council*, California : " I was delighted from the very first page. There is evidence of Francis Bacon's high connection with both the Masonic and Rosicrucian organisations . . . We know he became the Imperator for the whole of Europe, the secret head of the revival preceding the years 1610 and that he eventually gathered together in London a group of Rosicrucians—including Ashmole, Fludd, etc.—constituting a Lodge which he called the Philadelphia Lodge. We are proud to name our new Auditorium the ' Francis Bacon Auditorium ! ' . . . I will be glad to have further correspondence with you and hope your book will be a wonderful success . . . "

CHARLES W. HOPPER, Esq., *Author, Journalist, Playwright* : You have convinced me of the Dating of the Quarto. You have covered yourself with glory though you may not know it. . . . As a whole I consider the little book irrefutable."

JOSEPH WHITE, Esq., *Author and Journalist* : " The abridged volume is enough for me—apart from any enfolded messages. We have all been gulled on the essential facts of the Elizabethan Era. Shakespeare has always been a mystery to me. It has changed my entire outlook on the period. The genius of the author is amazing. He must have been the greatest man—outside Divinity—that the world has ever known."

Mr. G——, *Head Schoolmaster* (after reading the abridged volume) : " The case is unanswerable. I have read the book three times. I have tried to find a way of escape and failed."

F. COLLINGE, Esq., *Bank Manager* : " Having read your volume I have arrived at the conclusion that the Plays attributed to William Shakespeare of Stratford were written by Francis Bacon. So far as I am concerned the Stratford idol is shattered."

T. W. COOK, Esq., *Clerk to County Court* : " The case admits of no dispute. It is a wonderful story. The Sonnets were always incomprehensible to me."

W. E. LANCASTER, Esq., *Late Head Schoolmaster* : I do not know which is the most wonderful, the writing of the Sonnets or the discovery of the true arrangement and the wonderful Masonic messages. The author evidently believed himself to be Queen Elizabeth's son. That he is the Father of British Masonry in its modern form is proved to the hilt. No one but a Mason could have written the Masonic Sonnets and no one but the Founder dare have written them or would have dreamed of writing them."

J. WESTBY, Esq., *Cartoonist and News Correspondent* : " I have always believed in the Warwick Boy, but I do not any longer. It is a masterpiece. There will be a slump in Stratford Capital Values."

Mr. TIMMIS, *Jr. Master* : I do not claim to know anything about literature, but I have read the book with the keenest interest. It seems true to me. There may be rebutting evidence and I should like to see the work replied to by a Scholar of contrary views. It demands a scholarly answer."

Miss COOK : "I read it through and through, fascinated. It is a wonderful romance. I have never read anything like it—a real Prince in hiding for three hundred years! Has anyone ever heard of anything so wonderful!"

H. SEYMOUR, Esq., *Secretary to the London Baconian Society* : "Your suggestion that 'Shakespeare's Sonnets' was the author's last secret book to the Craft is particularly illuminating."

Mr. AUSTIN, *a Working Man* : I have never had much time for reading—especially poetry, but I did not find the Sonnets difficult to understand. It is quite a straight story. It gripped me and instructed me. It has made me change my opinions because it sounds true. I would like to see the Life Story of the Author on the Films. It would make a grand Picture."

ALEXANDER HAY, Esq., *late Secretary to the Ruskin Society* : The explanations and theories of orthodox Shakespearian Scholars have never satisfied me that their interpretation of the Sonnets was correct. The Sonnets re-arranged convince me of the truth of your interpretation and the identity of the author. I am certain that Scholarship will ultimately accept the arrangement. It should be acceptable to any reasonable person. Apart from the literary beauty—that anyone can now understand—and the interesting story of a real personality, the author's character is completely vindicated. The seal of the Sonnets establishes for ever his greatness."

Mlle. GIBAUD, *a French Lady in London*, studying English literature : "After studying the well-known writers and commentators and the academic interpretations, the reading of the volume quite unfitted me to deal with the examination I was studying for, in the usual orthodox manner. It made me sorry I had read the book. The manner in which the Sonnets are explained was so infinitely superior to the best theories of the commentators, that one could not help being convinced against one's will. The true identity of the author is quite clear and the enigma of the Sonnets explained. I am quite certain you are right."

GEO. BELLAMY, Esq., *Masonic Printer* (after reading the abridged volume) : "It is a remarkable book."

H. HANCOCK, Esq., *Works Manager* : "I have really enjoyed your book. I can see your work will create quite a revolution in the literary world, when accepted by the Professors of Literature, besides clearing the stigma of shame and dishonour from the name of one who made a tremendous sacrifice at the call of his King. He should be carried down in history as one of the greatest men our country has produced."

Professor C——, M.A., B.Litt. Oxon. : "It must have been interesting to form and elaborate your theory. Whether you will succeed in convincing many other people that your theory is sound seems to me rather doubtful. I am afraid I cannot yet be counted among supporters of the hypothesis."

Mr. X——, *Solicitor* : "I have read it with keen interest and am considerably intrigued on a subject in which I had previously no interest. I think your conclusions are far more likely to be right than wrong. I am re-reading the volume to ascertain whether your case can be met. It seems to me you prove it."

F. WOODWARD, Esq., Nottingham, *Author* : "I have read your book with great interest. Please put me down for a copy of the enlarged edition."



HAROLD BAYLEY, Esq., *Author*: "I have read it with great interest and shall go through it again from time to time."

HENR FITZ J. STABBE, Ph.D., Berlin: "My mother who takes a keen interest in English literature, has been won for the Cause and is spreading the Truth among her friends who are entirely teachers."

Rev. H. D. WAWANESA, Canada: "I read it at a sitting. It got me. I read the Sonnets again in my edition and then your Arrangement. The one in a large measure was unintelligible: the other a Revelation. Whatever the truth of the matter, you have made the Sonnets A GREAT HUMAN DOCUMENT, the cry of a self-effacing soul for Justice. It seems to me that you have done for Lord Bacon and English Literature, what Carlyle did for Cromwell and English History. It is a great achievement."

"To A.D." (An anonymous Poem): "I would say 'Thank you' for a gift bestowed: You do not know me: Yet you have conferred A Blessing on me . . . To me you hidden treasure have revealed. And read for me, the Riddle long unsolved . . . Made Flesh and Blood what had been Marble else, And given to me a New Immortal Friend, One to whom I allegiance willing pay."

Dr. H. O. SPATLING, Wellesley, U.S.A.: "Although I already had a book which I was reading, I took yours to look it over and I did not put it down until I turned out the light after midnight . . ."

WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY, *Author*, Limpley Stoke, Wilts.: "I value your book very highly . . . a valuable work."

Professor F. LOWRY CLARKE, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, U.S.A.: "Having had the privilege of going through the MS. of the Complete Work in your own home, I am thoroughly satisfied. The evidence and logical deductions re the 'Dating of the Quarto' are quite irresistible."

Rev. ERNEST UCHY, London: "A remarkable work which quite satisfies me of the Personality of the Author . . . Francis Bacon was a great Mystic."

ESTHER L. SINGELSEN, Switzerland: "I feel it a duty to make your book known as much as possible . . . Send me nine copies for distribution among my friends."

ROBERT BLATCHFORD ("Nunquam"): "On a first reading your case for Francis Bacon seems sound and held my interest . . . When I came to the Sonnets I was puzzled. I must go through them again."

M. E. NICHOLS, Miss., U.S.A.: "I am going to loan your Book . . . hoping my friend will become reconciled to Francis Bacon through it. It was your book that gave me the New Belief."

Rev. R. SHEPPARD, London: "I shall delight in perusing the very great Man's Personal Poems."

ELNOR VON LE COQ (Wife of the late Prof. v. le Coq, of the Berlin Museum for Völkerkunde, and Head of the Turkestan Expedition): "Let me thank you for your most marvellous Book . . . written with your whole soul and your heart's blood. . . It is that which touches me so marvellously . . . I am introducing it to all my friends on the Continent . . . My sister has just written me a letter full of tears of emotion . . . overwhelmed. She says, 'I lost my breath with that Book you sent me.' The truth has conquered her . . . That is your doing . . . I think of the question day and night . . . The agony of a great soul . . . So I must work by propaganda . . . A Professor of Literature wishes to read your MS. on the Dating of the Quarto with its Complete Evidence. Is it possible for him to see it . . . ?"

J. EDWARD MORGAN, *Antiquarian, Bibliopoleist*, Alameda, California :  
From the British Museum I brought back some surprising evidential  
data, facsimiles and transcripts, which, with 200 similar facsimiles that  
have yielded me their secrets, constitute what Bacon evidently considered  
complete and essential proof of his authorship of the Shakespeare Dramas.  
... Whatever you have found in the Sonnets you have struck out with  
delightful and re-vivifying aggressiveness. . . My hand and heart to you  
for your valiant challenge, eloquent, informed and informing . . . not-to-  
be-squelched by any authoritative dogmatist is your inspiring style."

H. PEACH, Wellington, New Zealand : "I determined to read your  
book with an unbiased mind. When I had finished I read it again. . .  
The way you reason your theory is really great. . . It was delightful  
reading the Sonnets. . . The way you handle them, the proofs you quote  
and the open text leave no possible doubt in my mind who really was the  
author of the poems."

Dr. ARTHUR BELL, San Jose, U.S.A. : "Be good enough to advise  
me when the larger edition is ready. . . keenly interested."

Miss M. C. KENNARD, Pretoria, South Africa : "Your book was a  
real joy, the whole explanation fits so satisfyingly. . . The personality  
of the poet is so clear that we cannot help but love our 'Shake-speare'  
when we know him. . . Am ordering five more copies for my friends."

AN AUSTRALIAN P.M. to an English Brother : "I must thank you for  
the book on Francis Bacon. . . the most interesting of the many books  
you have sent. . . It seems to show conclusively that F. Bacon wrote the  
works attributed to the Stratford actor. . .

"I have long thought it was a matter of indifference who wrote them  
for we have them and that was enough for me, but after reading this book  
I am convinced that Bacon should have the credit. . . The references to  
the Craft are most interesting. . . I have made up my mind to lend my  
copy to no one . . . for fear I lose it. Already, I find it possesses a  
sentimental value."

KENNETH ROSS, Connecticut, U.S.A. : "May success attend your  
book . . . In the Bond of the Rose."

I. L. GLEESON (*ex-School Teacher*) : "As a student I have often  
taken part in the controversial subject and I have never really had such a  
lucid and comprehensive explanation. I now see reason where before it  
seemed all conjecture."

EDWARD D. JOHNSON, Birmingham (*Author*) : "I will recommend  
your wonderful little Book to all my friends and shall be glad to know when  
the Complete Edition is published."

A. DEVENTER VON KUNOW, Germany (*Author*) : "A study of years  
in the English and Continental Archives enabled me to discover  
unexpectedly without any previous knowledge or hint from any source,  
that Francis Bacon was a Tudor, the immovable certainty (like a *rocher de  
fronze*) the marriage of Queen Elizabeth with Robert Dudley, and their  
step-by-step that Francis was 'Shake-speare' . . . I write of my  
historical studies as a specialist of the History of the Union of Scotland  
and England. . . I then knew nothing of Mrs. Gallup's Cypher nor that  
there was any Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. Your discovery of the  
Sonnets—now the Key to the Plays—is a wonderful new guide to Francis,  
the Tudor Prince and the Prince of Poets."

JOHN H. WEDGWOOD, Stoke-on-Trent : "It is excellent. The proof  
that the Plays were not written by the Stratfordian is virtually conclusive,  
and the case for Francis Bacon's authorship is very strong. The Book  
will give me something to talk of for years."

MANLEY P. HALL, New York, U.S.A. (*Author*) : " I will be pleased to give it all the publicity possible. . . Full of interesting material."

Mrs. FRANCIS NEILSON, Chicago, U.S.A. : " I have read your Book with great interest and think well of it."

Rev. F. DE P. CASTELS (*Author of numerous works on Freemasonry*) : " I am reading your book with pleasure and profit. . . Personally I feel certain that Francis Bacon was a Rosicrucian. . . I think Mrs. Pott is generally correct in her contentions. . . The double design of the Quarto dedication seems to be intended for the TAU which used to be the Badge of the Speculative Freemason. There is much to clear up about Lord Bacon and I wish you success."

ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON (*Dangle*) : " A three-column review in the 'South Wales Argus.' Who wrote Shakespeare? . . . My attention was roused by a letter from an old literary friend—THE MOST SCHOLARLY MAN AND THE KEENEST JUDGE OF LITERATURE IN MY RANGE OF ACQUAINTANCE—who informed me with unscholarly excitement that he had been converted to the theory that Francis Bacon was 'Shake-speare' by a little book which he had just read on the Shakespearian Sonnets. Such a declaration by such an authority naturally aroused my curiosity. I procured the little book. I read it. Now, I wonder! I wonder! The writer, Mr. Alfred Dodd, has re-arranged the sequence of the Sonnets. These poems have always been a baffling enigma. . . Nothing like them has ever been written. . . intensely charming and profoundly mysterious. Mr. Dodd by an ingenious re-assortment of the units akin to the sorting out of the jig-saw puzzle has pieced them into a more or less coherent autobiography, the life story of Francis Bacon. . . The piecing of the story is to me at least as fascinating as any cross-word puzzle or detective thriller. . . I rather think he tries to prove too much. But he certainly confirms the conviction I reached many years ago that the Authorship of the Plays is by no means so clear and sure as is commonly believed. . . The answer is: I don't know. Nobody knows. Mr. Dodd. . . may be right. The only sure thing is that the whole question is 'wropt in mystery.'"

RAY MOULTON : " I am writing this from the Bay of Biscay to thank you for the Revelation re the Founder of Freemasonry. . . I am proud to think I know you and once sat in Lodge with you many years ago. . . How my old dad, who was a great Shakespearian Scholar would have loved to have known the truth about Francis. . ."

J. WALTON RIPPON, P.M., Chairman of the Merseyside Masonic Research Association, *Author* : " I really cannot express my feeling as to the truly remarkable results of your examination of the two Plays 'Loves Labours Lost' and 'The Tempest.' The more one ponders over it the more remarkable it seems to be. . . Your discoveries amaze me, and it is astonishing that no one has tumbled to it before. . . It seems almost incredible that the Plays should have so much hidden information which has remained undiscovered. It is wonderful how the items hang together to form a continuous story." (NOTE.—Bro Rippon has carefully examined the MS. of the decoded Plays which indicate the Genesis of Masonry, its establishment and growth. They are purely Masonic in their asides and in line with the Sonnets. They prove that 'Shake-speare' was the Father of Speculative Masonry. The 1623 Folio is the greatest Masonic Book in the world).

I. CAMPBELL-FOULKES, Perth, Australia, *M.W. Sov., Pr. of H.R.D.M., Em Preceptor and Prior* : " Your little book shares my waking hours. . . Speaking personally, if I were W.M. of an English Lodge, I would present every newly-raised M.M. with one. In many Lodges abroad the personal touch is stronger. . . I have been a student of origins all my masonic life. . . a contributor on the research side to the Masonic papers. . . The masonic examples in 'Loves Labours Lost' and 'The Tempest' are indisputable. . . There is no doubt of the matter."

W. BAMFORD, *Celebrant, S.R.I.A.*, Littleborough: "I have just returned from Stratford and my visit was all the more interesting after having read with great interest Bro. Dodd's wonderful work. Will you order me two more copies. . . I have friends greatly interested and want to loan them. . . With warm regards for bringing the book to my notice."

STANLEY R. MILLER, P.M., Harrow: "I am very impressed by the theory having for some time in common with many others inclined to the Rosicrucian origin. . . Particularly interesting is the Title Page of the 'Advancement' in your Sonnets with the Pillars, the Worlds and the reference to Solomon's House."

F. S. D. HOGG, Esq., The Hove Club: "I have read your book with very great interest and am looking forward to reading the enlarged book soon."

Col. H. H. HAIG, Cheltenham: "I have read it with great pleasure and shall be glad to have it as a reference. The likeness between Francis Bacon and the Queen is quite extraordinary."

Mrs. K. H. PRESCOTT, Littlejohn's Island, Maine, U.S.A.: "Dr. Prescott and I have owned your little book for some time and found it absorbingly interesting, the first solution to the meaning of these Sonnets that seems worthy of consideration. Especially has Dr. Prescott enjoyed the Masonic part of your work. This appeals to him and he considers it of vital importance to the Order. . . We are looking forward to the fuller edition."

JAMES WM. DUNN, P.M., P.Z., 18<sup>o</sup>, Celebrant Mersey College, S.R.I.A.: "It is now about fifteen months since I was first moved by your lecture on 'The Unknown Founder of Freemasonry.' I felt at once that I was being drawn to the heart of a great Mystery and also a great Tragedy. . . This revelation comes with such a blinding force of illumination that one is never afterwards the same; one walks in the Light and still cries for more Light. . ."

"It is now thirty-two years since I first saw the Light of Masonry. But it seems that I have only been seeing through a glass darkly. I have been searching for a Lost Word. . . I have found many Words. . . Signs . . . Tokens. . . Vows. . . But these things no longer draw me, neither do they awe me nor comfort me. . ."

"There has now been revealed to me A MAN. . . a tragic man. . . ENGLAND'S SUPREME GENIUS, the Immortal Shakespeare whom I have tried to unravel the heart of the Mystery."

"I have studied the Plays and Sonnets (particularly 'L.L.L.' and 'The Tempest') the B. of C. of Bro. Anderson. I have studied the various cyphers and Seals you have shown me in that Book, I have pondered deeply many other Emblems and Figures. I have read Bros. Preston and Hutchinson, and I believe that these early Masons knew what they were talking about. . ."

"The MSS. which you have placed at my disposal makes everything abundantly clear. The amount of research therein displayed and the cumulative effect of the astounding evidence therein produced for the first time, leaves me no longer in doubt."

"I should like every member of our Fraternity to be so impressed. I now know that if we dig among the rubbish of the Elizabethan Era, that we shall find there the Corner Stone about which our superb edifice has been built. . ."

"And what a Stone it is! No rough ashlar; no perfect ashlar, even: but, rather, a many faceted gem-stone of great purity, a product peculiar to the English Renaissance."

## Press Reviews—Pro and Con.

**TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT:** "The Author believes that the Shakespeare Plays and Poems were written by Francis Bacon. . . He examines the Sonnets, finding a new reading in the Dedication that they must be re-arranged to reveal their message, which is an account of Bacon's thoughts in the light of the interpretation of his life that he was Queen Elizabeth's son by Robert Dudley."

**THE MORNING POST, London:** "I have found at least entertainment in the little book. . . Francis Bacon was, we know, a Rosicrucian. Whether his Suffolk rival had any claims in that direction is still to be proved. . . My feeling is, however, that the styles of the two men are utterly different."

**SCIENCE OF THOUGHT REVIEW:** "This little book is perhaps the most convincing testimony we have seen in support of Francis Bacon's authorship."

**WEEKLY NEWS:** "Mr. Alfred Dodd finds a clue to the hidden meaning of Shakespeare's Sonnets. . . New light is thrown upon the mystery. Masonic symbolism and allusions abound in the last four Sonnets especially. . . The re-arrangement cannot be purely arbitrary and the original angle from which he has approached the subject, should, in the absence of flaws in his reasoning, mean the re-writing of Tudor history and spread recognition of the now revealed fact that Francis Bacon was not a corrupt judge but that he stands at the bar of posterity as a self-confessed criminal because he was commanded by the King to plead guilty and abandon his defence."

**BACONIANA, London:** "Probably the most conclusive interpretation ever published. Being a Freemason, the author discovered by concealed signs that Francis Bacon was the first Grand Master and that the Sonnets were purposely confused until future wisps should discover the true sequence of the poet's royal birth whose life and intense sorrow are so eloquently laid bare. . . No strictly reference to it can pretend to indicate its great value as an addition to the literature on the subject."

**BIRMINGHAM MAIL:** "Without the proofs it is sheer balderdash."

**NORTHERN FREEMASON:** "The author has brought together convincing proofs that the writer of the Plays and Sonnets, ascribed to William Shaksper of Stratford, is Francis Bacon. The Scholar is indebted to the Author and to the deliver into the custody of the Rosicrucian Order and Masonry. The Notes will afford many hours of quiet thought and study."

**YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:** "Shaksper's (The Stratfordian) title to the authorship of both Plays and Poems remains unimpaired."

**GLOUCESTER ECHO:** "The Secret of the Sonnets is torn aside by logical arguments. Mr. Dodd has compiled a convincing volume. The meaning of the most abstruse of the Sonnets is made clear. . . an autobiography of the unacknowledged Son of a Tudor."

**BOLTON EVENING NEWS:** "To Mr. Dodd it is clear that the genius who produced the Plays and the Sonnets was the son of Queen Elizabeth and Leicester, writing the Plays secretly under the pen-name of 'Shakspeare'."

**FLY LEAVES, London:** "A Book to chew upon."

**LIGHT, London:** "Mr. Dodd builds up an ingenious case through internal evidence. . . The Re-arranged Sonnets show deep insight into spiritual terms on the part of 'Shakspeare' or was it Francis Bacon?"

**"BEN ARDEN" IN THE WEEKLY POST:** "The Sonnets have long been a puzzle. . . Read the Book. . . It is a wonderfully interesting work by one who is himself a poet as well as a scholar."

**HERTS ADVERTISER, St. Albans :** " Mr. Dodd shows that the Sonnets echo the cry of a deeply injured man appealing for justice to later generations. He tells in a fascinating way the engrossing story. . . He has proved himself a painstaking and discriminating student of Elizabethan Literature."

**THE FREEMASON :** " Readers will do well to get the book to decide the issues for themselves by reading it. . . Mr. Dodd claims that Francis Bacon introduced Freemasonry to England in its present organised form."

**THE LIVERPOOL ECHO :** " The Book is an interesting example of the use of a cipher to make a work tell a story entirely different from that which it apparently sets forth."

**DEVON AND EXETER GAZETTE :** " I have been fascinated with the little Book. It is far too late in the day to scoff at these opinions. A Book of this kind written in a scholarly manner and logically reasoned has to be reckoned with. The short chapter ' What Does it Matter ' is worth the half-crown (the price)."

**LIVERPOOL DAILY POST :** " At first sight Mr. Dodd's claims may be regarded with considerable suspicion but though the claims he makes are astounding enough, he is well worthy of a hearing. His theorising has resulted at least in placing an important part of Shake-speare's work in a new light. . . Undoubtedly many of his readings of particular Sonnets are startlingly fresh and illuminating. The chief attraction of this exciting and excitable little book is that the famous Sonnets are displayed based on the text of the original Quarto in such an order that they actually tell a consistent and intelligible story. . . It is worthy of perusal and one heartily recommends it."

**WARRINGTON GUARDIAN :** " A Notable Publication : The Key to a Mystery : It is a remarkable book and most ingenious. . . It is certainly the most substantial contribution to the controversy that we have met. Mr. Dodd clears away the baser aspect of the Sonnets. . . Piece by piece down to the smallest detail the whole Sonnet Story fits in with the New Life of Francis Bacon."

**TWO WORLDS :** " Whatever controversy may rage round the little Book, Mr. Dodd has added something of real importance to the effort for the discerning of the truth, whether approached from the literary or Masonic standpoint. It is a Book that will have to be reckoned with and will undoubtedly influence future opinion concerning the Authorship of the Sonnets. We congratulate Mr. Dodd on his having added something of permanent value to English literature. It is a Book which cannot be ignored."

**" GOOD NEWS," New York :** " It is a ' Big little Book.' These are wonderful days when the final revelations of age-long puzzles are being broadcasted. What the Higher Criticism did for Genesis, Mr. Dodd has done for Shake-speare's Sonnets. He has transformed a puzzle to a historic demonstration. He who denies Francis Bacon's authorship can only do so by shutting his eyes and stopping his ears."

**NEW AGE MAGAZINE :** " of engrossing interest . . . the result of much research and keen penetration into the mystery that underlies the name of ' Shake-speare.' Mr. Dodd has read between the lines and has arranged the Sonnets so they can now be understood. Rosicrucians will recognise the Rosy Cross and all Mystics will read their own language and rejoice."

**EVENING EXPRESS :** " An admirably discreet compilation. Mr. Dodd proves the identity of the writer of Shakespeare's Sonnets. Historically he has set down a great many shrewdly biographical details which the serious student cannot very well ignore. The whole subject has a perennial interest and Mr. Dodd invests it with a new raiment to such effect that his little Book has an altogether new appeal."

**MINNEAPOLIS CITY NEWS:** "The Sermons have presented a problem which has baffled students and commentators and seems to defy solution. . . . A surprising event has now occurred . . . something more definite and more definite has been produced towards a conclusion than we ever remember to have happened before. Mr. Dodd has, we think, shown at last how the mystery is to be approached. . . . The accomplishment is to be found in this little volume which will probably prove to be *EXCELS MINGO*. Mr. Dodd evinces a wonderful ingenuity in putting together the fragments of the puzzle. . . . He leaves the central and important matter 'almost untouched.' The family now we are deeply impressed though with reasonable opinion in so summarizing a matter. . . . Things are made to fit with cunning skill. . . . There are interpretations of some of the Sermons such as we have never met with before. There is no undue strain, no recourse to blind faith. Mr. Dodd proceeds with almost mathematical exactness to prove his case depending not upon any sweeping hypothesis but upon as little a basis as he can furnish. We commend the volume to the entertainment of all scholars. Much should be heard of it hereafter."

**UNITED INDIAN AND INDIAN STATES, Delhi:** "... *Critics of Scott's 'Kith and Kin'* have often hinted Scott knew something more than he chose to tell about England's 'Maiden Queen's' relationship to the Earl of Leinster and the secret cause of his wife's (Mary Robert's) death. . . . The book is full of information on various things relevant to the subject. . . . The author silences those who sneer as while at school, 'Think how Ellen stirred. The wisest, brightest, warmest of mankind' (Pope means of course the 'brilliant' of men through the garnet and wig.) We hope to be spectators before long of a Great World War in the literary world in which all continents will take part for five years."

**LA VINGTÈME ANNÉE DE LITTÉRATURE, France:** "The Sermons as now arranged tell us much that has hitherto been unknown in the life of Queen Elizabeth historical and literary." (*See appropriate non-columnar review*)

**DE NORTON DAWK, England:** "A remarkable book. Students of Scotland was not the author of the Flays. They were written by Francis Bacon a legitimate Prince Tudor, Queen Elizabeth being his mother through a secret marriage with Dudley. William 'Shakespeare' was the writer's pen-name, the Shonborham being paid as a broker's mark for the use of his name spelled somewhat similar though sounded differently. In those days thought was not free and no writer dare express his thoughts openly save in poet. The author's identity is proved by literary analysis. . . . The most wonderful biography of emotion ever penned. . . ." (*See appropriate non-columnar review*)

**THE MINNEAPOLIS BULLETIN, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.:** "One of the finest contributions in recent years: Francis Bacon wrote the Sermons in times of intense emotion. Sometimes he addressed them to a certain person but the Sermons were not presented in any of his subjects: he kept them and published them out in the original order. . . . They can now be easily read in the correct manuscript order."





**DAILY POST PRINTERS**  
**WOOD ST LIVERPOOL**



affection, that Sir Nicholas assumed that it was the Queen's duty to look after her offspring financially.

In his late 'teens he becomes a law student at Gray's Inn, takes part in the Plays and Masks of the students, writing many. All efforts to persuade the Queen to acknowledge him publicly as her son and heir to the Throne fail. Unofficial records state that he was compelled to keep the knowledge a secret at peril of life, and to swear that he would make no claim to the Succession. He lodges near the Bull Ring where all the leading Plays are produced.

While on the Continent, he had become initiated into the "Mysteries," the "Knights Templar," that evolved the Rosicrucian Fraternity and the Masonic Brotherhood.

The Rosicrucians were a learned and beneficent Order whose avowed objects were the restoration of Science and Art and the alleviation of human misery.

They published educational works, many anonymously. Such books bore the Seal of the Rosicrosse—a count of letters, 157 or 287. The anonymous author usually signed it with a number corresponding to the letters in his name. Bacon's cypher number was 33, viz :

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{B A C O N} \\ \hline 2 \quad 1 \quad 3 \quad 14 \quad 13 \end{array} = 33$$

There were only twenty-four letters in the Elizabethan alphabet, A = 1 ; B = 2, etc., "J" and "V" being represented by "I" and "U."

This secret literary society were adepts in the art of enfolding messages by numbers, anagrams, acrostics in their printed works. They were utterly unsuspected by the "uninstructed world" who were not Rosicrucians.

Their ethical principles were embodied in the organization of Masonry. The Rosicrosse had no Lodges or Meeting-places apart from the "S.R.I.A." College.

When Francis Bacon returned to England he introduced Masonry in its present organised Form of a "Free and Accepted Brotherhood." He compiled the Masonic

Ritual. He was the Founder, Father and First Grand Master of the Craft.

When on the Continent he had become imbued with the New Learning then spreading from Greece to Italy and France. He conceives the idea of teaching the common people the cardinal virtues in great epics of moral passion—the Drama, similar in principle to the way we find truths embedded in the Myths, the Wisdom of the Ancients.

In Elizabethan days the language of culture was Latin. There was virtually no English language save barbarous County dialects. The customs and manners of the people were rude and coarse. He began the Herculean task of giving England a language—building up a vocabulary—refining the ethical standards of the masses.

He takes men into his confidence “on the square.” His “compeers by night” translate numerous text-books on all subjects which affect us—history, geography, science. He experiments with words from the derivative roots of foreign languages. He dramatises emotion, enthroning virtue and dethroning vice. The Shakespearian Plays contain a vocabulary of twenty-thousand words. The prose works of Francis Bacon contain about the same number. The average well-educated man of to-day possesses three thousand. A Stratford country villager in those days would not know any more than three hundred.

In such ways Francis Bacon lays his “great bases for eternity . . .” hidden, in the dark, using many noms de plume. Invested in his “motley,” his pen-name disguise, he speaks with a freedom of expression to medicine the foul diseases of the world.

He spends all the money he can make or obtain to further his aims; so, too, does Lady Bacon and his foster-brother Anthony Bacon, fired by the same ideals. He actually pledges his credit, runs into debt, gets in the hands of money-lenders, is flung twice into prison for monies borrowed and is rescued at last by Anthony from the sponging house—one can thus see the germ of the

Antonio-touch in the Merchant of Venice—yet he remains passionately true to his secret principles, the laying of ethical and intellectual foundations for a Nation.

This hidden work is, of course, known to the Fraternities. When he dies the great Scholars of the day unite to acclaim him as *the greatest Poet who has ever lived*. No less than thirty-two Latin eulogies were published by Dr. Rawley, his chaplain, who suppressed many others lest they revealed too much of his real identity. "I shall not tread too near upon the heels of Truth," he wrote respecting secret MSS of Francis Bacon. Yet Francis never wrote poetry openly, save one or two translations, over his own name any more than he claimed openly to be a Prince of the House of Tudor.

In his early twenties he becomes a barrister. At twenty-four he enters Parliament. Where did this young, landless man get the money or the influence to enter the Mother of Parliaments? Obviously through the instrumentality of the Queen, for he had neither money nor income.

He leads an active public life, is recognised as the greatest orator of the times, but, though desperately impecunious, this wonderful genius cannot obtain an official office in the Government in order that he may earn his living. Why? Is it not obvious that the Queen's advisers—the "fair beseechers"—were afraid to give him an official position lest he used it as a stepping-stone to lift himself to the Throne to which he was the "natural" heir?

Elizabeth cannot acknowledge him because it would be a personal blot on her reputation. He is the son of a four-months secret marriage. Wagging tongues might have whispered of some subtle connection between his birth and Amy Robsart's fatal accident. Her religious and political enemies would have had a powerful weapon placed in their hands to foment incipient rebellion. Yet it is a significant fact that in the Act dealing with the Succession, she specifically introduced a clause making it an offence for

anyone to regard any person as heir to the Throne other than the heirs of her "natural body."

Her intimacy with Leicester has also resulted in another child known to history as the Earl of Essex. He is her favourite. He possessed the imperious Tudor spirit. He is also rash, hasty, impulsive. Francis is cool, wise, far-seeing.

The two men know each other as brothers. Francis recognises that his early birth prevents recognition. He acts as secretary and adviser to Essex. He even writes Plays performed before Queen Elizabeth under the name of Essex. They arrange that if ever Essex is acknowledged heir (the Queen had the sole right to name her Successor), Francis shall have a free hand for his literary and philosophic ideals.

A breach, however, comes between them. Francis learns that Essex, who has been brought up at Court, acts towards the Queen with insufferable arrogance. He warns Essex that the favour of the Queen cannot be won by such methods and that they will lead to his undoing. They part on good terms, but their intimacy is over, and Francis writes to him pointing out that, as a law officer attached to the Court, his duty would always lie in the preservation of law and order . . . to the Queen.

The danger foreseen by Francis happens. Essex commits a treasonable act. His enemies at Court naturally swoop down on him like hawks. Elizabeth is placed in an embarrassing position. Francis intervenes . . . persuades her to extend the Queenly prerogative. She does so. Essex, still foolishly blind, commits another act of treason—in law if not in fact. This time there is no escape. Francis is even commanded to act as prosecutor with other Crown lawyers and Essex is sentenced to death.

Francis, has, however, little fear that Essex will actually go to the block. He knows that the condemned man has the Queen's ring in his possession. He has the Queen's assurance that if the ring be sent her, as a signal of distress,

she will regard this bending of his pride as a plea for mercy and refuse to sign the death warrant.

Her ministers press for her signature. She declines. The days pass. Under continued pressure she signs and Essex dies, having previously carved his name in the Tower (which can still be seen) as "Robart Tidir"—the surname being another form of "Tudor."

In the belief that Essex had sent the ring and that the Queen, in spite of her vows to Essex and to himself as prosecuting Counsel, had treacherously signed the death warrant, he writes bitterly—

"Thou art *twice* forsworn... In act thy bed-vow broke...  
And all my honest faith in thee is lost...

For I have sworn thee fair and thought thee bright,  
Who art as black as Hell... as dark as Night."

The fact is, Essex had sent the ring relying on the Queen's promise. The Countess of Nottingham kept it back. On her death-bed she sent for the Queen and confessed her guilt. History records that the horrified and enraged Queen shook the dying woman on her bed, screaming at her; "God may forgive you but I never can."

She returned to the Palace a broken-hearted woman, refusing even to take food or to go to bed. She lay for ten days and nights on the floor supported by cushions. She refused to name her "Successor." An eye-witness declares that she died with a heart full of remorse, as though weighed down with some guilty secret which she could not disclose even to her clergy...

"The expense of spirit in a Waste of Shame...

Perjured, murderous, bloody-full of blame...

Past reason hunted, and no sooner had

Past reason hated as a swallowed bait

On purpose laid to make the taker mad...

Before a joy proposed; behind, a Dream...

All this the world well knows; yet none knows well,

'To shun the Heaven that leads men to this Hell.'

The Lust of False Pride! The Passion of Anger!

What a Requiem!

For historians to declare that Essex was the Queen's lover is absurd. All the facts point to this: that she had the love of an imperious woman for a wayward child and that false pride on both sides led to their joint undoing. An old lady of sixty—even though she be a Queen—cannot in any sense be a sweetheart to a young fellow of twenty-five, the Earl of Essex.

James of Scotland comes to the Throne, and, at the age of forty-three, "Mr. Francis" is made into Sir Francis, with a batch of other knights.

Two years later he marries "a mother's child," some thirty years his junior, named Alice Barnham, the daughter of a London Alderman. His union to a Commoner indicates to James' Counsellors that he has abandoned any possible Tudor Rights or Claims to the Crown.

All this time he is known as the straightest man in the House of Commons by all the Freeholders of England. At James' first Parliament he is returned by two constituencies—always a rare honour. It is a signal tribute to virtue and ability.

At the age of forty-six he sets his foot on the first rung of the ladder. He is made Solicitor General. He rapidly becomes Clerk to the Star Chamber, President of "The Verge," a new Court to deal with offences within twelve miles of the King's residence. At fifty-one he is made Attorney General, and then, successively, Lord Keeper, Lord Chancellor, a Peer of the Realm.

He holds the office of Lord Keeper for three years, and, at the age of sixty years, he is created Viscount St. Alban.

Yet within three months after receiving this honour, England's greatest Chancellor fell—a catastrophe so surprisingly dramatic that its equal can only be found in the terrible tragedies of a Shake-speare.

It is a tangled tale of the time in which deceit, hypocrisy and corruption were rampant at Court—when Public Offices of State were put up for auction to the